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# STANDARD CLASSICS

WITH  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
AND  
HELPFUL NOTES

ARRANGED AND EDITED FOR USE IN THE HIGHER GRADES OF THE  
COMMON SCHOOLS

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**A Fifth Reader**

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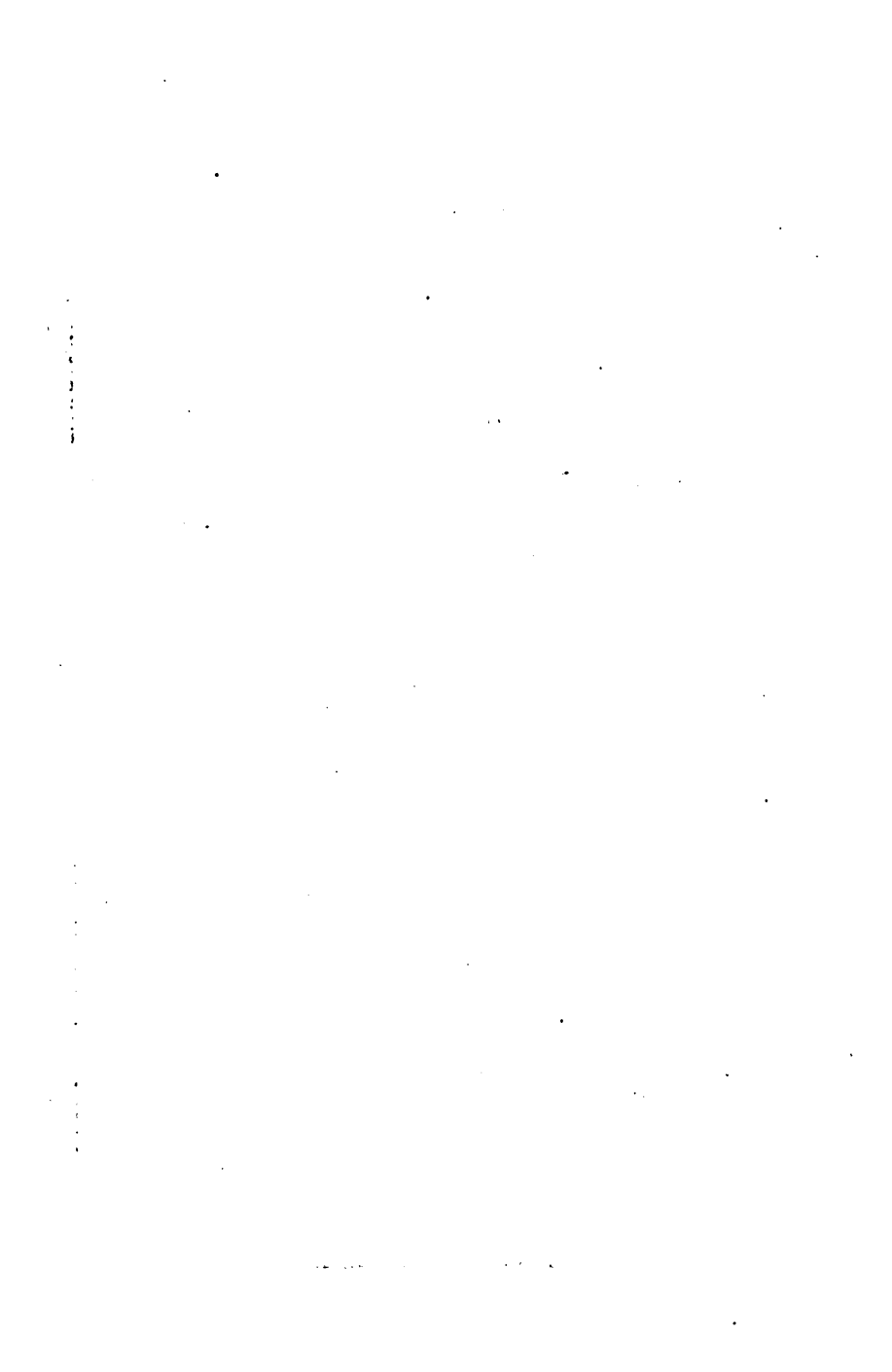
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## PREFACE

In this book an attempt has been made to furnish at a low price and in handy form a carefully selected list of those Standard American and English Classics which all students of Literature recognize as Masterpieces. Since the practice of a thorough study of a number of Classics in the higher grades of the Common Schools has become so general, the demand for such a book has been more and more insistent from year to year. It is in answer to this demand that this book has been published.

The Biographical Sketches are of necessity short, and the aim has been to reveal character and life rather than to state a few bare facts. In the notes to these selections no attempt has been made at technical criticism, only such comments being given as will be directly explanatory and helpful to the pupil.



# STANDARD CLASSICS

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### MACAULAY

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born of good, vigorous Scotch stock (upon the father's side); his great-grandfather, Aulay Macaulay, was minister of Coll, and had fourteen children; his grandfather, John, was minister of Inverary, and had twelve children. His father, Zachary, went to Jamaica when young, and brought thence experience and indignations which made him an efficient co-worker with Wilberforce. Through this latter, Zachary was made governor of the ill-fated colony of Sierra Leone, returning thence to London, there to establish himself as agent of the colony, and African merchant. In the year of his return, he married a pretty Quaker girl of Bristol (a *protegee* of Mistress Hannah More); and, in a twelvemonth thereafter, his oldest child — the subject of this sketch — was born at Rothley, in a beautiful valley of Leicestershire, where the young mother was visiting an aunt (elder sister of Zachary Macaulay), who presided over the charming old country-house of the Babingtons.

The child was sound in wind and limb, and continued exceptionally sound for a space of more than fifty years. The father's first London home was between Threadneedle and Lombard Streets; and the curious in those matters tell us of a bare space — Draper's Garden — near by, where the baby Macaulay was wheeled by his nurse, to catch sunshine. His boyish memories, however, belonged to a later home at Clapham, then an out-of-town village. There was his first schooling, under a private master (his father being fairly rich); and there he budded out into young poems and precocious talk. His pleasant biographer (Trevelyan) tells of a visit the bright boy made at Strawberry Hill — Walpole's old show-place. There was a spilling of hot drink during the visitation, that came near to scalding the lad; and when the sympathizing hostess asked after his suffering, "Thank you, madam," said he: "the agony is abated."

The story is eminently credible; and so are others — of his reading his poetry to Miss Hannah More, and getting an approving nod of her gray curls and mob-cap.

At Cambridge, where he went at the usual age, he studied what he would, and disdained what he would — as he did all through his life. Mathematics were a standing grief to him, and odious; or, if dwelling on them, twisting their certainties into probabilities, and so making them subject to the world of "ifs and buts" which he loved to start buzzing about the ears of those who loved the exact sciences. But, if he missed thus some of

the schedule honors, he won others. Up and down in those Cambridge *coteries* he was a man looked for, and listened to, and applauded. Scholastic honors did come in their time, too, in spite of his lunges outside the traces.

The first writings of Macaulay which came to public issue, were in *Knights' Quarterly Magazine*. Among them were criticisms on Italian writers (Dante and Petrarch); a remarkable imaginary conversation between Cowley and Milton; and the glittering, jingling "Battle of Ivry," — full of that rush and verbal splendor which he loved all his life, and which he brought, in later years, to a re-heralding of the old "Lays of Rome."

On the very next year after this "Battle of Ivry" had sparkled into print, appeared the paper on Milton.

Diarists of those days — such as Crabb Robinson — speak of a young man of five or six and twenty, who has emerged upon the dinner-giving public, and is astounding old *habitués* by his fulness and brilliancy of talk. He has not, to be sure, those lighter graces of conversation which shone shortly thereafter under the mirrors of Gore House and the smiles of Lady Bessington; but he comes to be a table-match for Sydney Smith, and is courted by Lady Holland, and sought after by the poet Rogers who is living on the honors of his "Memory" and his bank. His alliance with *The Edinburgh Review* makes him the pet of the great Whigs; and, through Lansdowne, he finds his way into Parliament, making speeches there which revived the memory of the younger Pitt. He lacked, indeed, the true oratorical manner: he scorned studied graces of utterance. Tory critics said he wrote his speeches, and committed them to memory. There was no need for that. Words tripped to his tongue as easily as to his pen.

Meanwhile the writing for the *Review* went on. An official position assured him a moderate income; but, his father's family being largely dependent on him, he needed more. A Whig government offered him place in India, which he accepted. No Oriental glamor allured him, and he was in chase of no "Light of Asia"; but the new position was worth ten thousand pounds per annum. He counted upon saving the half of it, and returning in five years with a moderate fortune. He did better even than this — shortening his period of exile by nearly a twelve-month, and bringing back thirty thousand pounds.

His father died while Macaulay was upon the voyage home — a father wholly unlike the son in his rigidities and asperities, but always venerated, and in these latter years treated with a noble generosity.

A first visit to Italy was made shortly after the return from India, of which there is pleasant though fragmentary record in the Trevelyan biography. It is in Rome itself that he puts some of the last touches to the "Lays," — goes to the site of the old bridge across the Tiber, that he may determine with his own eyes if Horatius could indeed see, from that scene of his "brave deed," "his home upon the Aventine."

It was not until the year 1842 that he took courage to submit to print that solitary book of his verse; for he did hesitate — did doubt the wisdom of putting in peril his literary reputation by such overture in rhyme. It extorted a pæan of praise from that muscular critic, Professor Wilson; while

the fastidious Leigh Hunt, representing the *dilettanti*, writes, begging for a little money, and regretting that the "Lays" have not the "true poetical aroma which breathes from 'The Faerie Queene.'"

At least, there is virility in them, and no maundering: There is, too, a scholarly handling, with high historic air blowing through; his prosody is up to the rules; the longs and shorts are split to a hair's-breadth — jingling and merry where the sense calls for it, and sober and resonant where meaning is weighty, and flashing — where need is — with sword-play and spear-heads that glitter and waver over marching men.

Meantime that wonderful history had been written, and its roll of magniloquent periods made echo in every quarter of the literary world. Its success was phenomenal. After the issue of its second couplet of volumes, the publishers sent to the author a check for twenty thousand pounds *on account*. With its Macaulay indorsement, it is a trophy which is guarded, and which will find its way to the British Museum.

It was in the year 1856, when Macaulay had done his last work upon the history, that he moved away from his bachelor quarters in the Albany (Piccadilly), and established himself at Holly Lodge.

There was a bit of green lawn attached, which he came to love in those last days of his, though he had been without strong rural proclivities. But now, and there, among the thorn-trees reddening into bloom, and the rhododendrons bursting their buds, the May mornings were "delicious." He enjoys, too, the modest hospitalities he can show in a home of his own. There are notes in his journal or letters of "a goose for Michaelmas," and of "a chine and oysters for Christmas Eve," and excellent "audit ale" on Lord Mayor's Day. There, too, at Holly Lodge, comes to him in August, 1857, when he was "very sad about India," an offer of a peerage. He accepts it, as he had accepted all the good things of life, cheerily and squarely and is thenceforward Baron Macaulay of Rothley.

He appears from time to time in the House of Lords, but never speaks there. His speaking-days are over. A little unwonted fluttering of the heart warns him that the end is not far off. A visit to the English lakes and to Scotland in 1859 does not give him any access of strength. He worries very much because his beloved sister, Lady Trevelyan, was to go away the next year, to join her husband at Madras. "This prolonged parting," he says, "this slow sipping of the vinegar and the gall, is terrible."

And the parting came earlier than he thought, and easier. For on a day of December, in the same year, he died in his library-chair. His nephew and biographer had parted from him in the morning, at which time "he was sitting, with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy reverie." In the evening, a little before seven, Lady Trevelyan was summoned. As we drove up to the porch of my uncle's house, the maids ran, crying, out into the darkness to meet us, and we knew that all was over."

The date was Dec. 28, and his age fifty-nine. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; and the stone which marks his tomb, is at the feet of the statue of Addison.

## HORATIUS

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCLX \*

### NOTE

The story of Horatius is told by the historians Polybius, Dionysius, and Livy. It is Livy's version that Macaulay followed. The tyranny of the Tarquin house culminated in the outrage on Lucretia by Sextus, son of Tarquin the Proud, the seventh king of Rome. The Romans rose under Brutus, and drove the Tarquins into exile, electing two consuls as heads of the state. Tarquin retired to Etruria, where he succeeded in enlisting the arms of the Etruscan confederation on his behalf. Their defeat is told in the following ballad, which "is supposed to have been made about a hundred and twenty years after the war which it celebrates, and just before the taking of Rome by the Gauls."

Macaulay's ballads, and particularly *Horatius*, are among the most popular poems in English literature. He spent great pains on them, and they are models of pure versification and vigorous picturesque narrative. They have much of the freedom and power of the old English ballads, and often remind the reader of Scott. Macaulay knew the extent of his own abilities and never attempted higher flights in poetry.

[*Lars Porsena has resolved to avenge the expelled Tarquins. At his summons warriors flock from all quarters of his dominions. The Singer pictures the deserted countryside.*]

Lars Porsena of Clusium  
By the Nine Gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
5 By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.  
10 East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
15 Who lingers in his home,

\* The date usually given for the founding of Rome is 753 B. C., and the ballad is therefore supposed to have been written about 394 B. C.

When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome.

20 The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place;  
From many a fruitful plain;  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
25 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ,  
Where scowls the far-famed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old;  
30 From seagirt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels descry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky;

35 From the proud mart of Pisæ,  
Queen of the western waves,  
Where ride Massilia's triremes  
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;  
From where sweet Clanis wanders  
Through corn and vines and flowers;  
40 From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
Drop in dark Auser's rill;  
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
45 Of the Ciminian hill;  
Beyond all streams Clitumnus  
Is to the herdsman dear;  
Best of all pools the fowler loves  
The great Volsinian mere.

50 But now no stroke of woodman  
Is heard by Auser's rill;  
No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
Up the Ciminian hill;



Unwatched along Clitumnus  
 55        Grazes the milk-white steer;  
 Unharm'd the water fowl may dip  
           In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,  
           This year, old men shall reap,  
 60        This year, young boys in Umbro  
           Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
           This year, the must shall foam  
 65        Round the white feet of laughing girls  
           Whose sires have marched to Rome.

*[The augurs have foretold good luck, and the muster is complete]*

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
           The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
           Both morn and evening stand:  
 70        Evening and morn the Thirty  
           Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
           By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty  
 75        Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;  
           Go forth, beloved of Heaven;  
 Go, and return in glory  
           To Clusium's royal dome;  
 80        And hang round Nurscia's altars  
           The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city  
           Sent up her tale of men;  
 85        The foot are fourscore thousand,  
           The horse are thousands ten;  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
           Is met the great array.  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
           Upon the trysting day.

90 For all the Etruscan armies  
 Were ranged beneath his eye,  
 And many a banished Roman,  
 And many a stout ally;  
 And with a mighty following  
 95 To join the muster came  
 The Tusculan Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name.

[*At the tidings Rome is stricken with dread. The roads are thronged with country people, fleeing to it for safety. But safety depends on the destruction of the bridge over the Tiber before the enemy arrive.*]

But by the yellow Tiber  
 Was tumult and affright:  
 100 From all the spacious champaign  
 To Rome men took their flight.  
 A mile around the city,  
 The throng stopped up the ways:  
 A fearful sight it was to see  
 105 Through two long nights and days.

For aged folks on crutches,  
 And women great with child,  
 And mothers sobbing over babes  
 That clung to them and smiled,  
 110 And sick men borne in litters  
 High on the necks of slaves,  
 And troops of sun-burned husbandmen  
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses  
 Laden with skins of wine,  
 115 And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
 And endless herds of kine,  
 And endless trains of wagons  
 That creaked beneath the weight  
 120 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
 Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
 Could the wan burghers spy

125           The line of blazing villages  
               Red in the midnight sky.  
 The Fathers of the City,  
               They sat all night and day,  
 For every hour some horseman came  
               With tidings of dismay.

130           To eastward and to westward  
               Have spread the Tuscan bands;  
 Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote  
               In Crustumarium stands.  
 Verbenna down to Ostia  
 135           Hath wasted all the plain;  
 Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
               And the stout guards are slain.

              I wis, in all the Senate,  
               There was no heart so bold,  
 140           But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
               When that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
               Up rose the Fathers all;  
 In haste they girded up their gowns,  
 145           And hied them to the wall.

              They held a council standing  
               Before the River-Gate;  
 Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
               For musing or debate.  
 150           Out spake the Consul roundly:  
               "The bridge must straight go down;  
 For, since Janiculum is lost,  
               Nought else can save the town."

*[The enemy are seen from the walls, and the sight of Tarquin among them raises a fury of indignation. The enemy are hastening on: they will gain the bridge!]*

155           Just then a scout came flying,  
               All wild with haste and fear:  
 "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:  
               Lars Porsena is here."

On the low hills to westward  
 The Consul fixed his eye,  
 160 And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
 Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
 Doth the red whirlwind come;  
 And louder still and still more loud,  
 165 From underneath that rolling cloud,  
 Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
 The trampling, and the hum.  
 And plainly and more plainly  
 Now through the gloom appears,  
 170 Far to left and far to right,  
 In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
 The long array of helmets bright,  
 The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,  
 175 Above that glimmering line,  
 Now might ye see the banners  
 Of twelve fair cities shine;  
 But the banner of proud Clusium  
 Was highest of them all,  
 180 The terror of the Umbrian,  
 The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly  
 Now might the burghers know,  
 By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
 185 Each warlike Lucumo.  
 There Cilnius of Arretium  
 On his fleet roan was seen;  
 And Astur of the fourfold shield,  
 Girt with the brand none else may wield,  
 190 Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
 And dark Verbena from the hold  
 By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,  
 O'erlooking all the war,

195       Lars Porsena of Clusium  
           Sat in his ivory car.  
           By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
           Prince of the Latian name;  
           And by the left false Sextus,  
 200       That wrought the deed of shame.

          But when the face of Sextus  
           Was seen among the foes,  
           A yell that rent the firmament  
           From all the town arose.  
 205       On the house-tops was no woman  
           But spat towards him and hissed,  
           No child but screamed out curses,  
           And shook its little fist.

          But the Consul's brow was sad,  
 210       And the Consul's speech was low,  
           And darkly looked he at the wall,  
           And darkly at the foe.  
           "Their van will be upon us  
           Before the bridge goes down;  
 215       And if they once may win the bridge,  
           What hope to save the town?"

[*Horatius, with two companions, volunteers to check the enemy while the bridge is being hewed down. The Singer takes occasion to eulogize the patriotism of men in the olden days, and deplures the present discord and faction.*]

          Then out spake brave Horatius,  
           The Captain of the Gate:  
 220       "To every man upon this earth  
           Death cometh soon or late.  
           And how can man die better  
           Then facing fearful odds,  
           For the ashes of his fathers,  
           And the temples of his Gods,  
 225       "And for the tender mother  
           Who dandled him to rest,  
           And for the wife who nurses  
           His baby at her breast,  
           And for the holy maidens

230           Who feed the eternal flame,  
To save them from false Sextus  
          That wrought the deed of shame?

          "Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
          With all the speed ye may;  
235       I, with two more to help me,  
          Will hold the foe in play.  
          In yon strait path a thousand  
          May well be stopped by three.  
          Now who will stand on either hand,  
240       And keep the bridge with me?"

          Then out spake Spurius Lartius;  
          A Ramnian proud was he:  
          "Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
          And keep the bridge with thee".  
245       And out spake strong Herminius;  
          Of Titian blood was he:  
          "I will abide on thy left side,  
          And keep the bridge with thee".

          "Horatius," quoth the Consul,  
250       "As thou sayest, so let it be."  
          And straight against that great array  
          Forth went the dauntless Three.  
          For Romans in Rome's quarrel  
          Spared neither land nor gold,  
255       Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
          In the brave days of old.

          Then none was for a party;  
          Then all were for the state;  
          Then the great man helped the poor,  
260       And the poor man loved the great:  
          Then lands were fairly portioned;  
          The spoils were fairly sold:  
          The Romans were like brothers  
          In the brave days of old.

265       Now Roman is to Roman  
          More hateful than a foe,

And the Tribunes beard the high,  
 And the Fathers grind the low.  
 As we wax hot in faction,  
 270 In battle we wax cold:  
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
 In the brave days of old.

*[The enemy advance with pomp. The Romans begin to demolish the bridge, while the Three tighten their armor and calmly await the onset.]*

Now while the Three were tightening  
 Their harness on their backs,  
 275 The Consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an axe:  
 And Fathers mixed with Commons  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote upon the planks above,  
 280 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 285 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host, with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 290 Rolled slowly towards the bridges' head,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 295 From all the vanguard rose:  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 300 To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,  
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
 And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
 305 And Picus, long to Clusium  
 Vassal in peace and war,  
 Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
 From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
 The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
 310 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

[*The fight.*]

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
 Into the stream beneath:  
 Herminius struck at Seius,  
 And clove him to the teeth:  
 315 At Picus brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust;  
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
 Rushed on the Roman Three;  
 And Lausulus of Urgo,  
 The rover of the sea;  
 And Aruns of Volsinium,  
 Who slew the great wild boar,  
 325 The great wild boar that had his den  
 Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
 And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
 Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns:  
 Lartius laid Ocnus low:  
 Right to the heart of Lausulus  
 Horatius sent a blow.  
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!  
 330 No more, aghast and pale,  
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
 The track of thy destroying bark.  
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly



To woods and caverns when they spy  
Thy thrice accursed sail."

340 But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes.  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' lengths from the entrance  
345 Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:  
And lo! the ranks divide;  
350 And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
355 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans  
A smile serene and high;  
He eyed the finching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
360 Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay:  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
365 With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
370 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
375 He leaned one breathing-space;

Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 380 The good sword stood a hand-breath out  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Alvernus  
 385 A thunder-smitten oak.  
 Far o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread;  
 And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

[*Horatius defies the enemy, but his challenge meets no response from their daunted ranks.*]

On Astur's throat Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 395 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here!  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 400 Mingled of wrath, of shame, of dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race;  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 405 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dauntless Three:  
 410 And, from the ghastly entrance  
 Where those bold Romans stood,

All shrank, like boys who unaware,  
 Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 415 Where, growling low, a fiece old bear  
     Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
     To lead such dire attack:  
 But those behind cried "Forward!"  
 420 And those before cried "Back!"  
 And backward now and forward  
     Wavers the deep array;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel,  
 To and fro the standards reel,  
 425 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
     Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
     Stood out before the crowd;  
 Well known was he to all the Three,  
 430 And they gave him greeting loud,  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
     Now welcome to thy home!  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
     Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;  
     Thrice looked he at the dead;  
 And thrice came on in fury  
     And thrice turned back in dread:  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 440 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
     The bravest Tuscans lay.

*[Meanwhile the bridge is falling. Horatius' companions gain the other side, but he is too late, falls all wounded into the stream, yet after a stout struggle, reaches land amid the plaudits of the throng.]*

But meanwhile axe and lever  
     Have manfully been plied;  
 445 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
     Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all.

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!

450

Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;

Herminius darted back:

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

455

But when they turned their faces,

And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder

460

Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck

Lay right athwart the stream:

And a long shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,

465

As to the highest turret-tops

Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken

When first he feels the rein,

470

The furious river struggled hard,

And tossed his tawny mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded,

Rejoicing to be free,

And whirling down, in fierce career,

Battlement, and plank, and pier,

475

Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,

But constant still in mind;

Thrice thirty thousand foes before,

And the broad flood behind.

480

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,

With a smile on his pale face.

"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,

"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning  
485 Those craven ranks to see;  
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus nought spake he;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home;  
490 And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
495 Take thou in charge this day!”  
So he spake, and speaking sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And with his harness on his back  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

500 No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank;  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank;  
505 And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

510 But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain:  
And fast his blood was flowing;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
515 And spent with changing blows:  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
520 Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place:

But his limbs were borne up bravely  
 By the brave heart within,  
 And our good father Tiber  
 525 Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;  
 "Will not the villain drown?  
 But for this stay, ere close of day  
 We should have sacked the town!"  
 530 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,  
 "And bring him safe to shore;  
 For such a gallant feat of arms  
 Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;  
 535 Now on dry earth he stands;  
 Now round him throng the Fathers  
 To press his gory hands;  
 And now, with shouts and clapping,  
 And noise of weeping loud,  
 540 He enters through the River-gate,  
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

*[The Singer tells what Rome did to reward the hero and to commemorate his prowess; and how the story of Horatius is an undying favorite with young and old.]*

They gave him of the corn-land,  
 That was of public right,  
 As much as two strong oxen  
 545 Could plough from morn till night;  
 And they made a molten image,  
 And set it up on high,  
 And there it stands unto this day  
 To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
 550 Plain for all folk to see;  
 Horatius in his harness,  
 Halting upon one knee:  
 And underneath is written,  
 555 In letters all of gold,

How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
560 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
565 In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;  
570 When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;  
575 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close;  
580 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
585 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

## NOTES

1 *Porsena*. Or Porsenna (also spelt *Porsina*), king of the Etruscan town of Clusium, and one of the most powerful chiefs of the period.

1 *Lars*. Lar, or Larth, a title of honor given to almost all the Etruscan kings or chiefs.

1 *Clusium* (the modern *Chiusi*). An inland city on a hill above the fertile valley of the Clanis or Glanis (the modern *Chiana*) (line 38, note), and near a small lake to which it gave its name.

2 *The Nine Gods*. The group of deities whom the Etruscans regarded as possessing the power to hurl thunderbolts.

2 *He*. This repetition of the subject is common in ballad poetry. It is sometimes a device for eking out the metre, but it often serves, as here, to emphasize the subject — "Lars Porsena of Clusium."

3 *House of Tarquin*. The family of Tarquin was of Greek descent, its founder, Demaratus, an exile from Corinth, having settled at the town of Tarquinii and married an Etruscan wife. His son, Lucumo, removed to Rome, gained the esteem of Ancus Martius, and became his successor with the title of Tarquinius Priscus. He was in turn succeeded by his son-in-law, Servius Tullius, afterwards assassinated by Tarquin the Proud, son of the elder Tarquin and last of the Roman kings.

5 Ballads and indeed other kinds of poetry give instances of such repetitions. See lines 8 and 10, 97 and 198, 200 and 232, etc.

6 *Trysling day*. A day appointed for the assembling of friends or military followers. (O. E. and Scotch *tráist*, trust, faith.)

8 Note the galloping effect of this line, due to the regular alternation of accented and unaccented syllables.

11 Note here the change of tense. In stanza 1 it is past; here it is present. This is the "historic" present, used to give vividness to a narrative. Just as a scene actually passing before our eyes is more vivid than the recollection of one that is past, so a description in the present tense gives us clearer images than a description in the past tense. Notice how the tenses are used throughout the poem.

14 Here the Singer dramatically puts himself in the place of a loyal Etruscan.

14 *Etruscan*. A native of Etruria, the division of Central Italy stretching from the Tiber on the east to the Tyrrhenian Sea on the west, and having the Apennines as its northern boundary.

19 *Amáin*. With speed. (Lit. "with force": O. E. *a* — preposition *on*; *mágen*, strength.)

20-25 Here is a general statement: "from town, countryside, and isolated village." At line 26 begins a particular statement; towns and country places are mentioned by name.

25 *Purple*. This is a *picturesque* or *ornamental* epithet: *i.e.*, an adjective which is not strictly necessary to the sense, but which gives particularity to the picture. It is more interesting and vivid to read of "purple" mountains, than of mountains without any qualifying adjective. Cf. "dark Auser," "milk-white steer," "yellow Tiber," and many other instances in this poem.

25 *Apennine*. A chain of mountains traversing almost the whole length of Italy, and forming the backbone of the country.

26 *Volaterra* (modern *Volterra*). One of the chief Etruscan cities, built on a lofty hill, and overlooking all the surrounding heights.

27 *Scowls*. The effect produced on the spectator is poetically ascribed to the inanimate fortress.

28 Great natural works are frequently ascribed to the agency of giants or demons. Cf. "the Giant's Causeway." The imagination of people seeks some explanation of them: hence the invention of stories of "godlike kings" and serviceable giants.

30 *Populonia* or Populonium, the most important maritime city of Etruria, on a lofty hill which rises abruptly from the sea, and forms the north extremity of the promontory (*Cape Moresca*) nearly opposite the island of Ilva or Elba (line 304, note).

31 Macaulay has the authority of Strabo for asserting that from its highest point the mountains of Sardinia were visible. But though Corsica can be seen, Sardinia is invisible, as the line of sight is blocked by the nearer mountains of Elba.

32 *Sardínia*. An island in the Mediterranean Sea, south of Corsica.

34 *Pise* (*Pisa*). A city of Etruria, on the north bank of the Arnus (*Arno*). There seems no doubt that the modern Pisa stands upon the site of the ancient city, but owing to geological changes the city is now more than six miles from the sea, whereas the old city was little more than two.

35 That is, "chief town on the western coast." Pise had extensive trade with Africa, Sicily, and the Mediterranean coasts.



36 *Massilia*. Or *Massalia* (the modern *Marseilles*). A town of Gallia Narbonensis, on the coast east of the Rhone, built on rocky ground. In quite early days it was famous for its trade.

36 *Triremes*. Properly, ships propelled by means of three rows of oars. (Lat. *tri*. — *tres*, three; *remus*, oar.) But the name became general for any kind of ship.

37 *Fair-haired slaves*. The Romans made slaves of the prisoners they took in their numerous campaigns. There was also an organized slave-trade with Gaul.

38 *Clanis* or *Glanis* (*Chiana*). A river of Etruria, formerly flowing from the neighborhood of Arretium (*Arezzo*) (line 58, note), through the Lake of Clusium (*Lago di Chiusi*) into the Tiber.

40 *Cortona*. An inland city of Etruria, on a lofty hill between Arretium and Clusium; about nine miles from Lake Thrasimene (line 192, note).

41 This line contains an implied simile; the towers rose above and encircled the town *like* a diadem, *i.e.*, a headband worn as a sign of royalty. (Gk. *dia*, through, round; *dein*, to bind.)

42-57 These two stanzas must be taken closely together. In the first, attention is particularly drawn to the excellence of the oaks, stags, etc., in order that the fact of their being neglected by woodman, huntsman, etc., stated in the next stanza, may seem all the more striking. This is technically called *antithesis*. Notice how the contrast is heightened by the emphatic position of "tall," "fat," "beyond all streams," "best."

43 *Auser*. Or *Ausar* (the modern *Serchio*). A river rising in the Apennine range on the borders of Liguria, N. Italy; formerly flowing into the Arnus, but now emptying itself into the Mediterranean by a separate mouth 7 miles north of that of the Arno.

43 *Rill*. Lit. a small stream; here used poetically for "river."

44 *Champ*. Munch with continuous action of the jaw.

45 *Ciminius hill*. *Ciminius* was the name of a lake and mountain (still called *Monte Cimino*) between Volsini and Falerii, in South Etruria. The whole tract was formerly covered with dense forest.

46 *Clitumnus*. A small river of Umbria, celebrated for the crystal clearness of its waters and for the fine breed of white cattle which were fed upon its pastures.

49 *Volsinian mere* (*Volsiniensis Lacus*, the modern *Lago di Bolsena*). A lake of considerable size, 9 miles long by 7 broad, deriving its name from the town of Volsinii on its northeast shore. Its sedgy shores were the haunt of large flocks of water-fowl, with which, at a later date, it supplied the Roman market.

49 *Mere*. An O. E. word meaning "lake," from a root meaning "to die": so properly "stagnant water." The word is found in *marsh*, *mermaid*, *Windermere*, etc., it is now only used in poetry.

58 *Arretium* (*Arezzo*). The most inland city of Etruria; situated in the upper valley of the Arnus, about 4 miles south of the river and near the foot of the Apennines. The Arretine territory was renowned for its fertility, producing wheat of the finest quality.

59 The men able to bear arms having been called to the war, the work — harvesting, sheep-washing and shearing, grape-pressing — had to be done by the old men, boys, and women.

60 *Umbro* (*Ombro*). A river of Etruria ranking next in importance to the Arnus, and rising in the hills between Siena and Arezzo.

62 *Vats*. Large tubs or vessels, especially for holding liquids undergoing treatment.

62 *Luna* (*Luni*). An Etruscan city on the left bank of the *Macra* (*Magra*) about a mile from its mouth, and therefore near the Ligurian borders. It was celebrated for its wine and its cheeses.

63 *Must*. New unfermented wine, which the ancients used to boil down during October (Lat. *mustum*).

64 After the grapes had been gathered they were first trodden with the feet in a vat (as in France to this day), and then subjected to the pressure of a heavy beam.

65 *Sires*. Fathers. (Fr. *sire*, Lat. *senior*, elder.)

66 *Thirty chosen prophets*. The Etruscan Haruspices, soothsayers, or diviners, were of the highest repute in Italy. Even those at Rome originally came from Etruria, and on special occasions the Romans long continued to send to the Etruscan college for guidance. They were consulted before any undertaking was entered upon. — Cf. the story in *1 King's*, xxii.

71 Their art is said to have been invented or revealed by a miraculous dwarf with gray hair, named Tages, whom an Etruscan laborer found one day in his furrow while ploughing, and whose sayings, which were delivered always in verse, were recorded in the Etruscan sacred books.

71 *Turned the verses o'er*. This may mean "unwound the scroll upon which the verses were inscribed," or perhaps "turned over in their minds," "puzzled out from the oracular verses a meaning favorable to Porsena's plan." The Latin *volvo* is similarly used in both these senses.

72 *From the right*. Etruscan writing, like that of the Semitic languages, ran from right to left.

73 *Seers*. Those who see into the future, into the will of the gods.

73 *Of yore*. In old time. The word *yore* is used in no other phrase, and only in poetry. (O. E. *gedra*, gen. plural of *gear*, year. Several other original genitives have become adverbs: e.g. "whilst," "twice," "thrice.")

80 *Nurscia's altars*. Nortia, Nurtia, or Nurscia was an Etruscan divinity, worshipped more particularly at Volsinii, where a nail was driven every year into the wall of her temple for the purpose of marking the number of years.

81 Shields and plunder gained in war were frequently given to decorate the shrines of the gods, both by private individuals and by whole nations. Gilded shields, taken from the Samnites, are said to have been among the earliest decorations of the Roman Forum, at the triumph of Papirius in B. C. 309. (Livy, ix. 40.) It is probable that the shields were not literally "golden," but plated with gilt bronze.

83 *Tale*. Specified number (O. E. *tael*, *tal*, reckoning, number). Cf. *Psalm*, cxlvii., 4: "He telleth the number of the stars," i.e., counteth; and Milton's *L'Allegro*, 67 —

"every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale" —

i.e., counts over his flock to see that none have strayed.

86 *Sutrium* (modern *Sutri*). A town of South Etruria, 32 miles from Rome, which became, after its capture by the Romans in 391 B. C., their chief frontier fortress, "the key to Etruria" (Livy).

92 For the taking arms by banished Romans against Rome cf. the famous story of Coriolanus.

93 *Stout*. Probably "proud" here, like German *stolz*. Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro*, 52, the cock "stoutly struts his dames before."

95 *Muster*. Assembly of troops. (O. F. *moster*, Lat. *monstrare*, to show.)

96 *Tusculan Mamilius*. *Tusculan* — of or belonging to Tusculum (modern *Frascati* and *Il Tuscolo*), an old and powerful city of Latium, 15 miles from Rome. Towards the close of the republic and the beginning of the empire it was a favorite resort of the richer Roman citizens, Cato, Lucullus, Cicero, Marcus, Brutus, Cæsar, and others, having villas there.

Octavius Mamilius of Tusculum, concerning whom Macaulay paraphrases Livy's phrase *Latinus dux*, was the chief to whom Tarquin the Proud gave his daughter, when he was desirous of conciliating the Latin peoples. After his expulsion from Rome, Tarquin sought refuge for a time with his son-in-law, who roused the Latins, joined Porsena, and afterwards perished at the battle of Lake Regillus.

96 *Latian*. Of or belonging to Latium, the district of Central Italy on the Mediterranean Sea between Etruria and Campania.

96 *Prince of the Latian name*. That is, prince of all who were known by the name of Latins. This is an instance of the figure of speech called *metonymy*, in which one thing is put for another, chiefly for the sake of brevity.

98 *Yellow Tiber*. The river on which Rome stands. For the epithet "yellow," see note on line 25. But it may also be called a permanent epithet, so frequently does the phrase "yellow Tiber" (or its classical equivalent *flavus Tiberis*) occur. This permanent coupling of adjective and noun is more frequent in classical than in modern poetry. In Homer the queen of heaven is often "the ox-eyed Hera," and Vergil's hero is almost always *pius Æneas*. — The waters of the Tiber bring down quantities of tawny-colored mud.

100 *Champaign*. Flat open country. (O. F. *champaigne*, Lat. *campus*. The district around Rome is still known as the *Campagna*.) — The dictionaries give the accent on the second syllable, but many lines might be quoted from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson in which the accent clearly comes on the first. Perhaps this was due to the M. E. corruption of the word, *champion*.

106 There is no principal verb from this point to line 121.

108, 109 Notice the *naturalness* of the picture; the innocent babes smiling while their mothers wept.

110 *Litters*. Beds supported on framework. (F. *litiere*, Lat. *lectus*.)

115 *Skins*. The leathern "bottles" in which wine was carried, and still is in Spain and Italy.

121 *Roaring*. Notice the metaphor. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, v. 1. 199, "enter . . . like triumphers in their applauding gates"; Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, cxxii. "where the long street roars."

122 *Rock Tarpeian*. In this case probably the whole of the hill afterwards called the Capitoline. Its earliest name was Mons Saturninus, but after the betrayal of the fortress to the Sabines by the vestal Tarpeia, its name was changed to that of Tarpeian Hill. On the erection of the Capitol the hill became known as the Capitoline Hill, one portion of it, however, retaining the name of *Rupes Tarpeia* — the rock of later history over which criminals were thrown.

- 123 *Wan*. This epithet is essential as well as ornamental, because it implies that the citizens were terribly frightened; they were pale with fear.
- 123 *Burghers*. Citizens. (O. E. *burg*, fort or town.)
- 126 *The Fathers of the City*. Senators, members of the *patres conscripti* or select body of three hundred patricians acting as representative of the Roman people.
- 127 *They*. See note on *he*, line 2.
- 129 *Tidings of dismay*. Such tidings as would *cause* dismay. Cf. "Good tidings of great joy." (S. Luke, ii. 10.)
- 132 *Nor ... nor*. Poetical for "not a ... nor."
- 133 *Crustumium*. Crustumeria or Crustumium, an ancient city and district of Latium, between Fidenæ and Eretum, on the borders of the Sabine country.
- 134 *Verbenna*. This, like *Asur* and other names subsequently used by Macaulay, is merely introduced to give greater vividness to his narrative, and not because any hero of that name is known to have taken part in the struggle. Macaulay, it must be remembered, was endeavoring to reconstruct an imaginary lost ballad, and the old popular ballads which he took as model are full of names of individual heroes.
- 134 *Ostia* (from *ostium*, a mouth or entrance). A town of Latium, on the left bank and at the mouth of the Tiber, sixteen miles from Rome, of which it was the port.
- 136 *Janiculum*. The highest of the Roman hills, stretching along the Tuscan side of the river. It is said to have derived its name from Janus, a deified king of Latium who, according to tradition, built a town or fortress there.
- 138 *I wis*. A mistaken form of *iwis* or *ywis* (Ger. *gewiss*), "assuredly," "certainly." This is treated as if meaning "I know."
- 138 *Senate*. The Roman state-council, established originally for the purpose of advising the kings — the "Fathers" of line 126.
- 139, 140 *So bold But ... ached*. So bold as not to ache.
- 142 *Consul*. Upon the expulsion of the kings, the control of affairs was placed in the hands of two magistrates, at first called *prætors* or leaders, but at an early date termed *consuls* or deliverators, because it was their duty to deliberate for the welfare of the state.
- 144 *Girded up*. Fastened about the waist with *girdles*, in order to be able to move more freely. Cf. "And Elijah girded up his loins and ran" (1 Kings, xviii. 46).
- 144 *Gowns*. The *toga*, or long-flowing robe which all Roman citizens of full age wore.
- 145 *Hied them*. Hastened. (O. E. *higan*.) The verb is reflexive.
- 146 *Standing*. It was a hasty informal meeting, not a solemn session in the Curia Hostilia.
- 147 *River-Gate*. The name looks as though Macaulay had the Porta Flumentana in his mind. Strictly, the Porta Trigemina was the gate nearest to the point of danger.
- 149 *Musing*. Lesiurely consideration. (O. F. *muse*, the snout of an animal. The image is that of a dog snuffing idly about.)
- 150 *Roundly*. Plainly, positively, bluntly. In *round* used in this sense the idea is of completeness or thoroughness — as of a circle.
- 151 *The bridge*. The Sublician bridge (Pons Sublicius), formed entirely of wood. It was built by Ancus Martius, and appears to have crossed the river near the Aventine hill, outside the Porta Trigemina, at the place where remains of a wooden bridge still exist.
- 151 *Straight*. Straightway, immediately.
- 155 *Wild*. Excited, beside himself, looking like a crazy man. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1. 28, "Your looks are pale and wild."
- 160 *Swarthy*. Dark. The word is more commonly applied to the complexion. (O. E. *sweart*: cf. Milton's "swart star" and "swart faery.")
- 160 *Storm*: Derived from the root of *stir*.
- 163 *Red*. "Red" is not an unusual epithet of smoke and dust, but here it is more than ornamental. The cloud of dust raised by the advancing army, which looked only "swarthy" in the distance, can now be distinguished as "red" in the sunlight.
- 176 *Might*. Could. (O. E. *magon* meant "to be able.")
- 177 *Twelve fair cities*. The twelve cities of the Etruscan league or confederacy. Though frequently referred to collectively by classic writers, their names have nowhere been fully recorded.
- 180 *Terror*. Another instance of *metonymy*, or change of name. The feeling excited by the thing is put for the thing itself.
- 180 *Umbrian*. Collectively for the natives of Umbria, one of the principal divisions of Central Italy, situated to the east of Etruria, and extending from the valley of the Tiber to the central range of the Apennines.

181 *Gaul*. The Etrurians, having the Gauls of N. Italy (Cisalpine Gaul) for their neighbors, were in frequent conflict with them.

184 *Port*. Manner of movement or walk, carriage. Cf. *Henry V*. Prol. 6, "assume the port of Mars"; Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*, Epilogue, "like a modern gentleman of stateliest port." (O. F. *port*, Lat. *portare*, to carry; cf. "deportment.")

185 *Lucumo* (or *Laukane*). An Etruscan word meaning lord or prince. Each of the twelve cities had its Lucumo.

186 *Cilnius of Arretium*. The Cilnii were a powerful Etruscan family — Lucumos in the town of Arretium. Maecenas, the wealthy patron of the poet Horace, was one of their descendants. The Etruscan form of the name was Cfenle or Cfelne. The hero mentioned by Macaulay is imaginary, probably suggested by the fact that Silius Italicus, a Latin poet of the first century A. D., had also invented a Cilnius of Arretium and given him a steed.

187 *Roan*. Horse of a roan color, *i. e.*, red-brown flecked with gray. (O. F. *roan*, perhaps from Lat. *rufus*, red.)

188 *Of the fourfold shield*. Heroes were often known by some distinguishing mark in their appearance, dress, or arms. Cf. Scott's "Belted Will" (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto v.) Shields were frequently of several thicknesses of materials, a common form being composed of wood or wicker covered with hide and overlaid with metals. The Homeric heroes had sevenfold shields. Thus the shield of Ajax is described in the *Iliad* as consisting of seven bull-hides, covered in front with a plate of burnished brass.

189 *Brand*. Sword; so-called from the flash of the blade. (O. E. *brand*, a burning, from *beornan*, to burn.)

190 There was a Tolumnius Lar, king of the Veientes, to whom the inhabitants of Fidenæ revolted from Rome in 438 B. C., and who was killed shortly after. Macaulay has borrowed the name to furnish the poem with picturesque detail.

191 *Hold*. Fortress, position made strong either by nature or by fortifications. Perhaps Cortona may be meant here; see line 39; or possibly Perugia (modern *Perugia*).

192 *Thrasymene* (*Trasimenus Lacus*; modern *Lago di Perugia* or *Trasimeno*). The largest of the Etruscan lakes; it has low flat banks thickly covered with reeds.

193 *Fast by*. Very close to. Cf. *Ruth*, ii. 8, "abide here fast by my maidens"; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 11. "Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God." (O. E. *faest*, firm, fixed: whence *fasten*. Cf. "hard by," "hard and fast.")

194 *War*. Poetically used for "army," just as "battle" is. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xii 213—

"On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war";

and Tennyson, *The Two Voices*, 155—

"What time the foeman's line is broke,  
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

195-199 The order in which the enemy approach the city is taken from Dionysius of Halicarnassus. "On the left were Titus and Sextus Tarquinius, having about them a band of exiles and the flower of the Gabian youth, besides not a few mercenaries; to the right Mamilius, with the Latins who had seceded from Rome. Porsena was in the centre of the line of battle."

196 *Ivory car*. The ancients decorated their cars with much splendor. In the Vatican at Rome there are to be seen cars of marble and ivory. It was from the Etruscans, according to Livy (i. 8), that the Romans adopted the ivory curule chair.

197 *Mamilius*. See note on line 96.

199 *False Sextus*. The second son of Tarquin the Proud. See Introductory Note, page 10. After the banishment of the Tarquins from Rome, he is said by some authorities to have retired to Gabii and to have been assassinated there; by others, to have been slain in the battle of Lake Regillus. Cf. Macaulay's *Lay* on that battle.

200 Both consuls are said by Plutarch to have been severely wounded in the contest for possession of the Janiculum. — Notice how expressive is the change of rhythm here.

211 *Darkly*. Gloomily, with a frown.

213 *Van*. Front ranks. (Short for *vanguard*, F. *avant garde*.)

217 *Horatius*. Surnamed Cocles, or "the one-eyed," probably from having lost an eye in war.

223 *Ashes*. The Romans and other ancient peoples burnt their dead, the ashes being kept in

sepulchral urns. Hence the word "ashes" has become a common poetical word for mortal remains Cf. Shelley, *Adonais*, xl. 9, "With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

229 *The holy maidens*. The Vestal virgins, priestesses of Vesta, a religious order instituted by Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome. Their chief duty was to watch the ever-burning flame on the altar of the goddess Vesta, and to guard the sacred relics.

236 *Hold ... in play*. Keep the enemy occupied, engage their attention. So in cricket and football, the ball is "in play" when it is actually being used. (O. E. *plega*, from *plegan*, to move briskly.)

237 *Yon*. Yonder, that over there: a demonstrative adjective, often used in Scotland for "that." (O. E. *geond*.)

237 *Strait*. Narrow. Cf. *St. Matthew*, vii. 13. "Enter ye in at the strait gate." (Lat. *strictus*, drawn together: quite distinct from "straight," which is pp. of O. E. *streccan*, to stretch.)

241 *Spurious Lartius*. A Roman of Etruscan descent, the family name, Lartius, being probably connected with Lars, lord or prince.

242 *A Ramnian*. That is, one of the Ramnes or Ramnenses. The original patrician inhabitants of Rome were divided into three tribes: the Ramnes, the Tities or Titenses, and the Luces or Lucerenses. The suggestion that each of the three had a share in the honor of this incident is due to Niebuhr, the historian.

245 *Herminius*. Another imaginary hero.

249 *Quoth*. Past tense of O. E. *cwethan*, to say. This is the only part of the verb now used, and that only in poetry, in imitations of old-time prose, and occasionally with a humorous intention.

257 *Party*. Faction, a party united to work for personal ends or in personal devotions to a leader, and not for the common good.

261, 262 About the time when this ballad was supposed to have been written, the Plebs, or common people, were much embittered against the Patricians because of the unfair distribution among the latter of lands and spoils taken from the enemy. In 301 Camillus, the great general, went into voluntary exile after an accusation of unjust dealing with the spoils of Veii. But in the old days which the Singer praises things were no better. Only a few years after the fight at the bridge the first Secession of the Plebs took place.

267 *Tribunes*. Magistrates, chosen annually by the Plebs to protect their interests. The persons of the tribunes were inviolate, and they possessed sufficient power to obstruct the whole business of the state. Roman history contains many stories of quarrels fostered by the tribunes. Read *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar*.

267 *Beard*. Set at defiance with daring and insolence. The "beard" was an emblem of dignity. The idea of "bearding" is "to pluck the beard."

268 *Grind*. Crush, oppress. Cf. "grinding toil," "grinding poverty." The metaphor is obvious.

269 *We*: That is, the people generally.

269 *Wax*. Grow, become. (O. E. *waxan*: cf. modern Germ. *wechsen*. The word occurs very frequently in the Bible.)

269 *Faction*. See note on line 257.

274 *Harness*. Armor. Cf. *1 Kings*, xxii. 34, "smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness." The word occurs in Shakespeare and Milton with this meaning, and in Tennyson. (O. F. *harneis*, from a Celtic root.)

277 *Mixed*. Past participle attributive to "Fathers."

277 *Commons*. The Plebs, Plebes, or Plebei, who first appeared as a distinct class of citizens, as opposed to the Patricians, in the reign of Tullius Hostilius. It was only after hard struggles that they secured personal freedom and a share in the government.

278 *Crow*. A bar of iron bent at one end like a crow's beak. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 80 "Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow." Now usually called "crow-bar."

280 *Props*. The bridge (see note on line 151) was built on piles or props (*sublicæ*): hence its name, Pons Sublicius.

282 *Right*. Very, most. Cf. "right honorable."

282 *To behold*. This must be called in English a "complementary infinitive": it is equivalent to the Latin supine in *-u*.

284 *Surges*. Waves. (Lat. *urgere*, to rise: cf. "re-surrection.")

287 *Glee*. Spirited music. (O. E. *gleo*, music, sport.)

289 *Advanced*. Held forward, in readiness for attack. Cf. Pope, *Iliad*, xi. 721, "Who spread their bucklers and advance their spears." There is a military command, "advance arms."

289 *Ensigns spread.* Flags unfurled. The Roman standard was not a flag, but a pole surmounted by a brazen eagle.

295 *Vanguard.* See note on line 213.

296 *Spurring.* That is, spurring their horses to a gallop.

301 *Tifernum.* In the upper valley of the Tiber, about 20 miles from Arretium, on the confines of Etruria and Umbria.

303, 304 Notice the *terseness* of poetry. Write in a prose sentence all that is implied in these two lines.

304 *Ilva (Elba).* An island off the coast of Etruria, opposite Populonium. It was famous for its iron mines, the abundance of the metal giving rise to the notion that it grew again as fast as it was extracted. The metal was easily worked, as it was not sunk deeply, and was rather quarried than mined. Macaulay's expression, "sickened in Ilva's mines" must be read, therefore, in another light than that of modern mining experiences. The island is now famous as the place of Napoleon's first exile in 1814.

306 *Vassal.* A follower and dependant who held his lands on condition of doing military service.

307 *Power Forces:* cf. *King John*, iv. 2. 129, "Under whose conduct came those powers of France."

309 *Negunium.* Called, after its conquest by the Romans, Narnia (modern *Narni*), was a city of Umbria, on the left bank of the river Nar, about 8 miles above its junction with the Tiber. It was situated on a lofty hill half-surrounded by the waters of the Nar.

310 *Nar (modern Nera).* A tributary of the Tiber, rising among the Apennines. It is remarkable for its white sulphurous waters, which are alluded to by Vergil (*e. g. Aeneid*, vii. 517, "sulpurea Nar albus aqua," "the Nar white with sulphurous water"), Pliny, and other classic writers.

314 *Clove.* Split: past tense of "cleave": "cleft" is another past tense. (O. E. *cleofan*, to split.)

314 *To the teeth.* That is, the sword cut right through the head.

319 *Falerii.* A city in the interior of Etruria, a few miles west of the Tiber and north of Mount Soracte.

321 *Urgo.* Or Gorgon (*Gorgona*). A small island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, between the coast of Etruria and Corsica, and about 20 miles from the mainland.

322 *Rover.* Robber, pirate. (O. E. *reafere*, one who wanders in search of plunder; cf. Cooper's tale, *Red Rover*.) The Etruscan pirates were dreaded all along the Mediterranean coasts.

323 *Volsinium.* Or Volsinii (*Bolsena*). A leading town of Etruria, on a small lake bearing its name (Lacus Volsiniensis.)

324 Volsinium was particularly favored in the matter of prodigies. Its territory was ravaged by a monster called *Volta*, its heroes appear to have been able to call down fire from heaven, and supernatural occurrences were frequent.

326 *Cosa.* Or Cossa (*Ansedonia*). On the sea-coast, near the southernmost of the two necks of land connecting Monte Argentario with the mainland. The situation is marshy.

327 *Wasted.* The nominative is "that," *i. e.* the boar.

328 *Albinia.* A district about the mouth of a river of the same name, and still called Albegna, flowing into the sea a few miles N. of M. Argentario.

333 *Fell.* Cruel.

334 *Aghast and pale.* Attributive to "crowd."

337 *Campania.* A province of Central Italy, south of Latium, between the mountains of Samnium and the Tyrrhenian Sea. The greater part is a plain of great beauty and fertility.

337 *Hinds.* Peanuts. (O. E. *hine*.)

344 *Six spears' lengths.* About 40 feet.

346 *For a space.* For a short time. Cf. Spenser *Faerie Queene*, II. vi. 33 —

"to me this grace  
Both yield, to stay your strife a space."

(Lat. *spatium*, from a root meaning "to draw out.")

348 *The cry is.* There is a shout of.

350 *Luma.* See note on line 62.

352 *Ample.* Large, bulky. (Lat. *amplus*.)

- 354 *Shakes*. Brandishes in defiance.
- 357 *Serene and high*. Calm and proud.
- 360 *The she-wolf's litter*. Said in scorn of the Roman people. Romulus and Remus, the reputed founders of Rome, are said to have been set adrift on the Anio in their cradle, and to have been borne down by that stream into the Tiber, which overflowed its banks and stranded them at the foot of the Palatine. A she-wolf bore them to her den, and suckled them until the king's shepherd, Faustulus, found them and took them to his house.
- 361 *At bay*. Hunted animals are said to stand "at bay" when they are compelled, by exhaustion or some obstacle, to turn and face their pursuers. (F. *être aux abois*, to be at the baying, *s. e.* of the dogs: O. F. *abai*, barking.)
- 365 *To the height*. To the full extent of his reach.
- 369 *Deftly*. Skilfully. (O. E. *daeft*.)
- 373 *To see*. A gerundial use of the infinitive — "at seeing," "as they saw."
- 374 *Reeled*. Staggered.
- 375 *Breat! pace*. Just enough time to take breath.
- 379 *Sped*. Finished, accomplished. (O. E. *spedan*, to prosper.)
- 384 *Mount Alvernus* (*Monte Alverno*, modern *Alvernia*, *La Vernia* or *Vernia*), a hill of Etruria; the "rugged rock between the sources of the Tiber and Arno" of Dante's *Paradiso*.
- 388 *Augurs*. Diviners who observed lightning, the flight of birds, the feeding of chickens, the cries of beasts, the spilling of salt, sneezing, etc., in order to draw from them omens as to the future.
- 389 *Blasted head*. That is, the head of the oak. The comparison of a stricken warrior to a falling oak occurs in Homer and Virgil.
- 394-397 These of course are ironical taunts.
- 397 *Cheer*. Hospitality. Cf. Tennyson, *Lady of Shalott*, iv. 48 —

"And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer."

("Cheer," from Gk. *kara*, head, through O. F. *cheer*, originally meant "face": then "feeling" as shown by the face: then "pleasant" or "happy" feeling: and so anything that produced this "cheerfulness," such as pleasant food.)

- 402 *Prowess*. Valor, bravery. (O. F. *prou*, brave; Mod. F. *preux*; Bayard was "*un preux chevalier*.")
- 407 *Hearts*. Symbolical of "courage."
- 412 *Unaware*. The usual form is "unawares," adverbial genitive.
- 414 *Lair*. Haunt, resting-place, place where an animal *lies*. (O. E. *leger*, bed; *liegan*, to lie. In Scotland "lair" is used for a grave.)
- 417 *Was none*. There was none.
- 426 *Fitfully*. At intervals; now rising, now falling. Cf. "by fits and starts," and Tennyson, *Aylmer's Field*, "coming fitfully like broken music."
- 435 *Thrice*. A very common number in the poets, especially in epics, typifying completeness. Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid*, vi. 700, where Aeneas "thrice" in vain tries to embrace the shade of Anchises. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, i. 619, where Satan in trying to address the fallen angels is "thrice" interrupted by tears; Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur*, where Arthur sends Sir Bedivere "thrice" to cast "the brand Excalibur" into the lake. So in tournaments the challenge was given and the trumpet sounded "thrice"; and nowadays, in starting a race it is "one, two, *three* and away!"
- 441 *Wallowing*. Lit. "rolling." (O. E. *wealwian*, to roll.)
- 443 *Lever*. Anything used for the purpose of lifting or prising, such as a crow-bar. (Lat. *levare*, to raise.)
- 443 *Plied*. Kept at work. (F. *plier*, Lat. *plicare*, to fold, bend.)
- 450 *The ruin fall*. The bridge fall in ruins. The word "ruin" is used proleptically. (Lat. *ruina*, lit. "a rushing down"; Lucretius writes of a "ruin" of hail.) A striking use of the word intransitively occurs in Shelley's *Alastor* —

"rejoicing in the fearful war  
Of wave *ruining on wave*."

Less unusual instances might be quoted from Milton and Tennyson.

- 458 *Would have crossed*. Were in the mind to cross.

462 *Athwart*. Across. The *a-* is a preposition: see note on "amain," line 19.

467-475 This passage is worth noting as containing a simile transformed into a metaphor. The clause "like a horse . . . feels the rein" contains the simile; then the terms which apply strictly to the horse, the thing to which the comparison is made, are applied metaphorically to the river, the thing compared.

467 *Unbroken*. Unsubdued. The process of teaching a horse to obey the rein is called "breaking in."

470 *Tossed his tawny mane*. The metaphor is Homeric. The river Scamander (*Iliad*, xxi, 306) "reared his crested wave": cf. Scott's *Lay*, i. 303 —

"Each wave was crested with tawny foam,  
Like the mane of a chestnut steed."

Why is "tawny" especially appropriate here?

473 *Career*. The technical term for a horse's charge. (O. F. *carriere*, car-road; Lat. *carrus* a car.) Cf. Scott's *Lay*, iv. 567 —

"Such combat should be made on horse,  
On foaming steed, in full career."

474 *Battlement*. Strictly a fortified wall. It is doubtful whether the word is applicable to the Sublician bridge.

474 *Pier*. Pile, support. (O. F. *piere*, Lat. *petra*, a stone.)

477 *Constant*. Unmoved. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 60, "I am constant as the northern star."

482 *Yield thee*. Reflexive: "surrender," "give yourself up."

483 *Grace*. Favor, mercy. (Lat. *gratia*: cf. French *demandeur grace*, to beg pardon; *par grace*, for mercy's sake.) "Throw yourself on our mercy."

484 *Deigning*. Condescending, thinking worthy of himself. (Lat. *dignari*, to think worthy.)

485 *Craven*. Cowardly. (The derivation is unknown.)

488 *Palatinus*. One of the seven hills on which Rome was built; said to have been the site of the original city of Romulus. It was on the left bank of the river between the Capitoline and Aventine hills, and immediately opposite the Janiculum. During the republic it was the place of residence of most of the important citizens, and later the residence of the Emperors was also there: hence "palace."

492 *Father Tiber*. The Tiber received its name from a king of Alba, Tiberinus or Thybris, who was drowned in its waters and became the river-god. He was regularly invoked by the augurs in their prayers. The river is often called "father Tiber" in Latin authors: cf. the "father Thames" of English poets.

494, 495 This is a paraphrase of Livy's words: "'Tiberine pater' inquit 'te sancte precor, haec arma et hunc militem propitio flumine accipias!'"

502 *In dumb surprise*. Struck speechless with astonishment.

506 *Crest*. Plume of the helmet. (Lat. *crista*, a tuft on the head of animals, especially the comb of a cock.)

507 *Rapturous*. Full of delight (Lat. *rapere*, to carry away; cf. "to be carried away by one's feelings.")

509 *Forbear to cheer*. Refrain from cheering.

514 *Heavy with*. Weighed down by.

515 *Spent*. Worn out. His strength was gone — like money that is "spent."

515 *Changing*. Exchanging, giving in return.

518 *Ween*. Suppose. (O. E. *wenan*.)

522-525 Macaulay quotes in a foot-note as follows: —

"Our ladye bare upp her chinne."  
*Ballad of Childe Waters.*

"Never heavier man and horse  
Stemmed a midnight torrent's force;

Yet, through good heart and our Lady's grace,  
At length he gained the landing place."  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel, l.*



526-533 Note the contrast: the Roman dastard's disappointment, the hostile Etruscan's admiration.

529 *Sacked*. Plundered. (Lat. *saccus*, a sack; plunder was carried off in sacks.)

532 *Feat*. Wonderful deed. (Lat. *factum*.)

535 Another version of the legend, given by Polybius, asserts that Horatius was drowned in the attempt to cross the river.

540 *River-Gate*. See line 147, note.

542, 543 *Corn-land public right*. Known as the *ager publicus*, or public land, acquired by conquest from other peoples.

544, 545 Cf. Livy, ii. 10, "agri quantum uno die circumaravit datum," *i. e.* as much as *Horatius* could plough in a day.

546 *Molten image*. The statue was afterwards struck by lightning, and removed to the Vulcanal above the Comitium.

550 *Comitium*. The name given to that part of the Forum which was most remote from the Capitoline hill. It was set apart for the patrician assemblies and for public meetings.

553 *Halting*. Stopping, resting. (O. F. *halte*; Germ. *halten*, hold.)

558 *Sounds stirring*. Has a stirring or inspiring effect.

561 *Volscian*. The Volsci, an ancient people occupying a district of Central Italy between Latium and Campania; probably a branch of the Umbrian family. They were constantly at war with Rome.

561 *Home*. Effectively, closely. Cf. *King Lear*, ii. 1. 53, "With his prepared sword he charges home My unprovided body," Cf. "home-thrust," "that charge comes home."

562 *Juno*. The chief goddess, wife of Jupiter, queen of heaven, and patron of marriage.

568 *Long*. Prolonged.

572 *Algidus*. An outlying mountain of the Alban hills, in Latium. Its lower slopes were in later times a place of summer resort for the Roman nobles, but anciently it was covered with dense forests. The black foliage of its holm-oaks is alluded to by Horace (*Odes*, iv. iv. 57).

574-580 Macaulay probably imagined some family festival, when the best wine came out, and the company told tales round the fire. No doubt, too, he remembered Horace, *Odes* iv. xv. 25-32.

582 *Goodman*. Husband, father of the family. The word is used in many places colloquially, particularly in Scotland. So *goodwife*, in line 584.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### LINCOLN

The home of Lincoln's boyhood days was a log cabin and he was almost a young man before he knew any home more comfortable than one made of logs.

On February 12, 1809, he was born in one of these rough cabins. There was but one room, one door and no windows, and out on that little clearing in Kentucky Lincoln spent the first seven years of his life. With the wind, rain and snow beating into the room through the cracks between the logs, Lincoln's mother told him all she knew of the Bible, fairy tales and old legends.

Lincoln's love for his mother inspired him to do many good deeds, but in 1818 a terrible disease made its appearance in their settlement, and Mrs. Lincoln, weary and worn with the hardships of their life, bade good-by to her little ones, begging Abraham to remember what she had taught him and be a good boy. A coffin was made of lumber, which Mr. Lincoln cut, and under a great sycamore tree Abraham's mother was laid away to rest. There was no minister to speak words of comfort and this grieved Abraham, who knew how his mother loved God. He determined to have a funeral service for her. He knew of a minister who traveled about the country, so he tried to put his thoughts on paper, and at last was satisfied with the letter begging the minister to come and deliver a sermon over her grave.

Many weeks and months passed, but one bright day the minister came. He had ridden one hundred miles on horse-back, forded swollen streams and followed narrow paths through the wilderness to comfort this little nine-year-old boy. Friends gathered about the lonely grave, sweet hymns were sung and Lincoln never forgot that day. From that time he determined to be a good and noble man. His mother had taught him to be true and honest and he would always remember her wish.

Years afterward, when he became a great man, he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

When seventeen, this strong, ambitious boy heard a famous Kentucky man make a speech in court. Few things had ever inspired him more. From that time he practiced making speeches. Any question of the day, road-making, school tax or farm improvements, served as a subject. He always had many droll stories to tell and people were so attracted when listening to him that they forgot how homely and awkward the earnest young man was. He was in demand at every gathering for pleasure or for work.

He soon began to meet a better class of people. In 1834, when but twenty-five years old, this honest, hard working, roughly built frontiersman,

six feet four inches tall, found himself a popular man and a member of the Illinois State Legislature. He had studied law at every possible moment and in 1837 he accepted an offer to enter into partnership with a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. He soon became a recognized leader in politics.

In 1860, amid much opposition he was elected President of the United States, and was reelected four years later.

Five weeks after the second inaugural address, in April, 1865, the Confederate army surrendered. The four years of sadness, bloodshed, devastation and sorrow were ended. Now, to this over-burdened man peace would take the place of pain and rest would come instead of pressure, but at this very moment of the nation's triumph, rejoicing was turned to grief, for, while seeking recreation at Ford's Theatre, Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth, who, with others, had formed a plot for the assassination of the President, Vice-President, and leading members of the Cabinet.

Kind arms bore the loved and honored President to a friend's house, and kind hearts, who had aided with sympathy and counsel during the long, sad years, watched by the bedside through the night until the morning, when that noblest of all hearts ceased to beat.

Messages of sorrow and sympathy came from all the world to the sorrowing nation, to a nation who each year more deeply reveres the memory of him whose legacy was peace to his country, liberty to the enslaved, and an inspiring example of patriotism to the world.

## FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MARCH 4, 1861

### NOTE

Men have made speeches valuable for their quality of literary style, but Lincoln's speeches are distinctive, individual, original and by his inborn reasoning power, his insight into the right of all questions, he became the most convincing speaker of his time. His speeches have won a permanent place in literature. The speech at Gettysburg is a classic and known to all English speaking people. It is brief, expressive, immortal. The two inaugural addresses are examples of brief, clear, persuasive eloquence.

Lincoln's Gettysburg speech was written in the car on the way from Washington to the battlefield — the National Cemetery. Lincoln held a small piece of pasteboard on his knee and wrote those impressive few lines while persons were talking about him. Hon. Edward Everett, who delivered the oration of the day, said: "I would rather be the author of those twenty lines than to have all the fame my oration of to-day can give me."

On that memorable day in November, 1863, Lincoln, with bowed head stepped out before the vast assembly, slowly, quietly, as if unconscious of the tens of thousands before him. He seemed as if with those to whose memory he was speaking.

The memories, feelingly, simply told, his counsels wisely given, his feelings impressively uttered the prophecies so earnestly expressed, affected the assembly so deeply that they listened as to a voice divine with affection and reverence. He stood before them "an heroic figure in the center of an heroic epoch."

### *Fellow-Citizens of the United States:*

In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take, in your presence, the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary, at present, for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement. Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the southern states, that, by the accession of a republican administration, their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now

addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches, when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists." I believe I have no lawful right to do so; and I have no inclination  
5 to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with the full knowledge that I had made this, and made many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform, for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now  
10 read:

"Resolved, that the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and  
15 endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any state or territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the  
20 case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming administration.

I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given  
25 to all the states when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

30 "No person held to service or labor in one state under the law thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

35 It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the law-giver is the law.

All the members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution — to this provision as well as any other. To the  
40 proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not,

with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by state authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done; and should any one, in any case, be content that this oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

10 Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which  
15 guarantees that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states?"

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hyper-critical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular  
20 acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

25 It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period, fifteen different and very distinguished citizens have in succession administered the executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success.  
30 Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties.

A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that in the contemplation of  
35 universal law and of the Constitution, the union of these states is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions  
40 of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of states in the nature of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it — break it, so to speak; 5 but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it? Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself.

The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, 10 in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen states expressly pledged and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of the Confederation, in 1778; and finally, in 1787, one of the 15 declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was to form a more perfect Union. But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the states be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

20 It follows from these views that no state, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any state or states against the authority of the United States are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

25 I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the states. Doing this, which I deem to be only a simple duty on 30 my part, I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.

I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend 35 and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it is forced upon the national authority.

The power confided to me *will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government*, and collect 40 the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere.

Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people that object. While strict legal right may exist  
5 of the Government to enforce the exercises of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it best to forego, for the time, the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all  
10 parts of the Union.

So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection.

The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events  
15 and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper; and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

20 That there are persons, in one section or another, who seek to destroy the Union, at all events and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny. But if there be such, I need address no word to them.

To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak,  
25 before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes? Would it not be well to ascertain why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step, while any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are  
30 greater than all the real ones you fly from? Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake? All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so con-  
35 stituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this.

Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of a clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of  
40 view, justify revolution; it certainly would if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case.

All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly



assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by state authorities? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities.

If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no alternative for continuing the Government, but acquiescence on the one side or the other. If the minority in such a case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn, will ruin and divide them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why not any portion of a new Confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this. Is there such perfect identity of interests among the states to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession? Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

A majority held in restraint by constitutional check and limitation, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible. So that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism, in some form, is all that is left.

I do not forget the position assumed by some that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court, nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to a very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government; and while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case,

with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice.

At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon the vital question affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, as in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own masters, unless having to that extent practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the Judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink, to decide cases properly brought before them; and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes. One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended; and this is the only substantial dispute; and the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each: This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other. Physically speaking, we cannot separate; we cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after the separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who

inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendment, I fully recognize the full authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself, and I should, under existing circumstances, favor, rather than oppose, a fair opportunity being afforded to the people to act upon it.

I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish either to accept or refuse. I understand that a proposed amendment to the Constitution (which amendment, however, I have never seen) has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of states, including that of persons held to service.

To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix the terms for the separation of the states. The people themselves, also, can do this if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came into his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people. By the frame of the Government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme wickedness

or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.

5 If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it.

Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate  
10 power, if it would, to change either.

If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance  
15 on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of the civil war. The Government will not assail you.

20 You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have a most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We  
25 must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again  
30 touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

## SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG

NOVEMBER 15, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us, to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### IRVING

In his day Washington Irving enjoyed a greater popularity than any other American writer, and he was the first, and for some time the only American who had a reputation in Europe as a man of letters.

He was the youngest son of William Irving, a Scotchman and a descendant of the Covenanters, and was born on William Street in New York City, April 3, 1783. His mother named him for the first President of the United States, whose seat of government was then in New York.

Irving's education was as good as the schools of those days afforded, but was confined chiefly to Latin, English and music, and was finished when he was sixteen. He read much more than most boys, however, especially Romance, for which he had a great fondness. *The Arabian Nights* and *Robinson Crusoe* were his particular favorites, and many a time he stole away to the theatre in John Street, whose forbidden pleasures were very sweet, in spite of the disfavor with which his stern father regarded them.

In 1802, the young man became a law clerk in the office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, but he managed to relieve his studies, which were not very congenial, by reading many delightful books and taking rambling journeys along the Hudson River through the Catskill Mountains and the quiet regions of Sleepy Hollow. These trips were for health as well as for pleasure, for Irving was always delicate.

About this time, too, he made his first literary venture in the form of essays in imitation of the *Spectator* and the *Teller*, written over the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle, and contributed to the *Morning Chronicle*, a paper recently established by his brother, Peter Irving.

Irving's health continued to decline, and in 1804 his brothers determined to send him abroad. This first experience of Europe was wonderfully varied and pleasant. He spent six weeks in Bordeaux, explored Sicily, lingered along the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, and visited Geneva and Rome, where he was mistaken for a relative of General Washington.

He returned to America with restored health and entered the bar, but he soon abandoned the law, and with his brother William and James K. Paulding, published a small periodical called *Salmagundi*, which was full of humor and a great success. Two years later appeared the *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, which was begun in collaboration with Peter Irving, who, however, sailed for Europe after the five introductory chapters were finished. The book is a true masterpiece of humor and became famous at once. This was partly due, no doubt, to the skilful advertisements, which announced in the newspapers that "a small, elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the

name of Knickerbocker," had disappeared from his lodgings without paying his bill, but had left behind him a curious manuscript-book which would be published to pay his creditors if he did not return. Indeed, so cleverly were these announcements made that one of the city officials was on the point of offering a reward for the discovery of the defaulting Diedrich.

Just before the book was finished, Irving's life was changed and saddened by the death of Matilda Hoffman, the beautiful girl whom he was to have married. The blow was one from which he never recovered and he remained single all his life.

The next year he became a partner in the commercial firm of his brothers and did various literary work, principally for the *Analectic Magazine* of Philadelphia. In 1814, he became military secretary to Governor Tompkins, but after four months gave up the position and sailed again for Europe.

In 1818, the business house failed, and Irving went to London, resolved to repay with his pen all the kindness which his brothers had shown to him. Yet, even then, he refused a liberal offer to contribute to the *London Quarterly*, "because," he says, "it has always been so hostile to my country, I cannot draw a pen in its service."

In 1819, the first installment of the *Sketch Book* appeared in America and proved such a great success that Irving offered it to Murray for publication. He at first refused, but afterward was induced by Scott to buy the manuscript for two hundred pounds.

The story of the Saracens had a great fascination for him, and he spent many delightful weeks in southern Spain, revelling in the warm sunshine of that fragrant and lovely land, and lingering amid the faded splendors of the Alhambra. To this journey we owe the *Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada*, and the *Alhambra*.

Irving was recalled to England by his appointment as secretary of the legation in London, and while in that position wrote the *Companions of Columbus*, and received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford University.

Irving had now been abroad for seventeen years, and his longing to see his native country once more became so great that he resigned his secretaryship and sailed for America in 1832. He was no less surprised at the warmth of his welcome than at the immense development of his country. The latter was so astonishing to him that he made a journey through the West and became greatly interested in the Indians. But he was tired of a wandering life and wished greatly for a home; so he purchased Sunnyside, a farm with a quaint, Dutch stone cottage near Tarrytown, one of the loveliest spots on the Hudson. Here he gathered his nieces about him and lived very quietly and happily, although he was as busy as ever.

In 1842, Irving again went abroad, this time as minister to Spain. He returned four years later and wrote the *Life of Mahomet* and the *Life of Washington*. These last years of his life were serene and happy, full of that cheerful contentment that was so characteristic of him. He died on the 28th of November, 1859, just as the sun was sinking at the close of a beautiful day of the Indian summer, and his grave looks over the quiet loneliness of Sleepy Hollow and the winding Hudson.

## RIP VAN WINKLE

### A POSTHUMOUS\* WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

#### NOTE

[The following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch History of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province, during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed, was a little questioned, on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger,"† and it begins to be suspected, that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear among many folk, whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing.]

By Woden, God of Saxons,  
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday  
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep  
Unto thylke day in which I creep into  
My sepulchre. — CARTWRIGHT.

5

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the

\* *Posthumous.* Published after death.

† Vide the excellent discourse of G. C. Verplank, Esq., before the New York Historical Society.



great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky: but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gabled fronts, surmounted with weather cocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man, he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives

of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with 5 joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing 10 a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, 15 with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would 20 never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them: — in a word, Rip was 25 ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of 30 him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his manage- 35 ment, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, 40 promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had

much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can stand the ever-enduring and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by

chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports

of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent, but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or a sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, 10 wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark 15 long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked 20 around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the 25 glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing 30 it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion — a cloth jerkin strapped round the 35 waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, 40 Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed

of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, 5 but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you 10 only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, 15 that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, 20 with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little 25 red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The 30 whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaich, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these 35 folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like 40 rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-

like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were over-powered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

15 On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from which he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have  
20 not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at nine-pins — the flagon — "Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

25 He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed  
30 him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."  
40 With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companions had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming

down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild 5 grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the 10 torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry 15 tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it 20 would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had 25 thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, 30 involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old 35 acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. 40 His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the



Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

5 It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like  
10 Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and appar-  
15 ently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village  
20 inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now  
25 was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peace-  
30 ful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASH-  
INGTON.

35 There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin,  
40 and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean

bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows, as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers — "a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army at the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — Congress — Stony Point! — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wits' end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else, got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

"Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years  
5 since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been  
heard of since — his dog came home without him: but whether he  
shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell.  
I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a falt-  
10 ing voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she had died too but a short time since: she broke a blood-  
vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The  
15 honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his  
daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried  
he — young Rip Van Winkle once — old Rip Van Winkle now!  
— Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among  
20 the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his  
face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle  
— it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor — Why, where  
have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been  
25 to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard  
it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues  
in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who,  
when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down  
the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there  
30 was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter  
Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He  
was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of  
the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient  
35 inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful  
events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at  
once, and corroborated his story in a most satisfactory manner.  
He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his  
ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always  
40 been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that Hen-  
drick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a  
kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-*

*moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he, himself, had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

15 Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man,

woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins: and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

## NOTES

(The figures refer to page and line)

- 51: 4 *Thylke*. That same; an Old English compound of *thus* and *like*.
- 51: 5 *Cartwright*. (1611-1643.) A poet and playwright as well as a lecturer on metaphysics at Oxford.
- 51: 7 *Kaatskill*. Also written Catskill.
- 52: 6 *Barometer*. An instrument for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere.
- 52: 18 *Peter Stuyvesant*. The last governor of the New Netherlands in 1647. It was he who conquered the Swedes on the Delaware.
- 52:29 *Fort Christina*. The Swedish settlement which was not far from the present town of Wilmington.
- 52: 29 *Curtain-lecture*. A scolding administered by a wife to her husband after they have retired.
- 52: 40 *Termagant*. A Saracen god who was depicted in the old dramas as a very violent and quarrelsome character.
- 53: 14 *Tartars*. The people of Tartary, a country in the central part of Asia, who are famous horsemen.
- 53: 42 *Galligashins*. A kind of wide breeches, originally worn by the inhabitants of Gascony in France.
- 54: 38 *George III*. (1738-1820.) He was king of England from 1760 to 1790.
- 55: 7 *Junta*. A band of men joined together for political ends.
- 56: 35 *Jerkin*. From the French *jargot*, a short, close-fitting jacket of rough cloth.
- 57: 8 *Amphitheatre*. The word is of classic origin and signifies a building, elliptical in shape, where games and contests were held.
- 57: 28 *Doublet*. A close fitting, outer garment, extending from the neck below the waist.
- 57: 28 *Hanger*. A broad, short sword which hung at the side.
- 57: 29 *Roses*. That is, rosettes of ribbon in the form of roses.
- 57: 32 *Hollands*. A kind of gin made in Holland.
- 58: 26 *Fire-lock*. An old time musket in which the powder was ignited by striking a spark from a flint and steel.
- 60: 26 *Night-cap*. A red cap on the top of a "liberty-pole" was a sign of freedom. In ancient Rome, when a slave was freed, a red Phrygian cap was put upon his head as a token of freedom. A similar cap was worn by the Revolutionists in France and is now regarded as a symbol of liberty.
- 60: 30 *Metamorphosed*. From two Greek words, meaning transformed.
- 60: 38 *Phlegm*. Dullness, apathy.
- 61: 3 *Bunker's Hill*. A hill in Charlestown, Mass., where the famous battle of that name was fought.
- 61: 4 *Babylonish*. Babylon is supposed to have stood on the spot where the Tower of Babel was built, and hence has become a synonym for confusion of speech.
- 61: 14 *Federal*. The Federals were those who belonged to the party favoring the recently adopted constitution, and inclining to follow the foreign and domestic policy of England. The

Democrats, on the other hand, opposed the adoption of the Constitution, and were inclined to follow the example of France.

61: 27 *Tory*. In the colonies, the party who were loyal to the king.

62: 3 *Stony Point*. A rocky promontory on the Hudson River, forty-two miles north of New York. There was a fort here during the Revolution, which was captured by storm by General Wayne on July 16, 1779.

62: 4 *Antony's Nose*. Another promontory on the east side of the Hudson, just at the north entrance of the Highlands. Irving says, in his *History of New York*, Bk. VI. Chap. X.

"It must be known then that the nose of Antony the Trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Antony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railling of the gallery, contemplating in it the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all its splendor from behind a high bluff on the highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass; the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing-hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon. When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Antony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighborhood."

63: 40 *Hendrick Hudson*. An English navigator who attempted to find a northwest passage to China. He sailed up the Hudson for the first time on September 11, 1609. Two years later he discovered Hudson Bay, where his crew sent him adrift in a small boat and left him to die.

63: 42 *Half-moon*. The name of Hudson's vessel.

64: 12 *Ditto*. From the Latin *dictus*. Literally that which has been said before, likewise.

NOTE. — The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart* and the Kypphauser Mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

The following are traveling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks, and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies, which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, inasmuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized, and made off with it; but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of the Kaaters-kill.

## THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
Forever flushing round a summer sky. — *Castle of Indolence.*

5 In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small  
10 market town or rural fort, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally or properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village  
15 tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook  
20 glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-  
25 shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat  
30 whither I might steal from the world and its distractions and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendant from the original Dutch  
35 settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of



SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high  
5 German doctor, during the early days of the settlement: others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, that the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the  
10 minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions: stars  
15 shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is  
20 the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the  
25 wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre,  
30 allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before day-  
35 break.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished material for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

40 It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time.

However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they were sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative — to dream and see apparitions.

5 I mention this peaceable spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other  
10 parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I  
15 trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy  
20 wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of  
25 frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. This cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His  
30 head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering behind him, one might have  
35 mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at  
40 vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment

in getting out: — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating power of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively, a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of the rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous

burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the 5 cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway, with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion 10 bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instruct- 15 ing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and 20 there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly 25 denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the 30 female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the 35 addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the 40 wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond;

while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

10 He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his

15 delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way,

20 by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden

25 rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor

30 varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their door of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal

35 melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and

40 listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of

the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy.

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homeward. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amid the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted spectre beset his very path. How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness: and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instruction in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grand-

mother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; 5 and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries 10 of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile 15 nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and 20 dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, 25 some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth 30 now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered house-wives, with their peevish, discontented cry. 35 Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling to his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich 40 morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's

eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee — or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the side for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonderful Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey, just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls,



mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave the peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

10 From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had  
15 anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle-keep where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a  
20 Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries  
25 of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal of her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering  
30 blade of the name of Abraham, or according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun  
35 and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock fights, and with the ascend-  
40 ancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal.

He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; and more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, 5 who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail, and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, 10 whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, 15 and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

20 This rantirole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were 25 signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other 30 quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and 35 perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet the moment it was away — jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

40 To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his

advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

20 I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

35 Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those more concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf"; and he was too wary to give him an oppor-

tunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object  
5 of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of his formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor  
10 schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct  
15 her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually  
20 watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of  
25 idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books; or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master,  
30 and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter.  
35 He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's: and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed  
40 over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room.

- The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble, skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word.
- 5 Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.
- 10 The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbushing up his best, and indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed
- 15 a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed,
- 20 The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the
- 25 gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still, he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and
- 30 broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.
- Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like a grasshopper's; he carried
- 35 his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool cap rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the
- 40 appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer  
5 kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive  
10 whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field. The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note,  
15 and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the bluejay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and  
20 white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and hobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of  
30 Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and  
35 garnished with honey or treacle by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which  
40 look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy.

excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty dough-nut, the tender oly-koek, and the crisp

and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of 5 preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want 10 breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in 15 proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how 20 soon he'd turn his back upon the school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face 25 dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room or hall 30 summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-haired negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of 35 the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering 40 about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all



ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot  
10 of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossipping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and  
15 great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of  
20 his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffie Martling, a large, blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be  
25 nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt  
30 a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures  
35 of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first  
40 nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood: so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaint-

tance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailing heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon this grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there, at least, the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they came to the bridge; when

the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed, that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-a-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen. — Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? — Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? — Heaven only knows, not I! — let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable

quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the 5 sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead 10 hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some 15 farm-house, away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

20 All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching 25 the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting 30 down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy 35 for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer 40 he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by

lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of a schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starvelling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was

no answer. Once more he cudgelled the side of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle. His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip — but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin: stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horses' head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping it up, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskilled rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

15 An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; 25 he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled head-long into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast — dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs

deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

5 The brook was searched, but the body of the school-master was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes;  
10 a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled  
15 and blotted, by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good  
20 come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the school-master possessed — and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before — he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on  
25 the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered then all, and compared them with the symp-  
30 toms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

35 It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in  
40 mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been ad-



mitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally, had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day, that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

### POSTSCRIPT

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER

The preceding tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of the Mahattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor — he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds — when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and

sticking the other a-kimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove:

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and 10 pleasures — provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopèrs, is likely to have rough riding of it:

“Èrgo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress, is a certain step to high preferment in the state.” 15 The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed, that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the 20 extravagant — there were one or two points on which he had his doubts:

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one-half of it myself.”

D. K?

## NOTES

(The figures refer to page and line)

67: 4 *Castle of Indolence*. The last published work of the Scotch poet, James Thomson (1700-48), author of *The Seasons*.

67: 7 *Tappaan Zee*. This sea, between Haverstraw and Piermont, is twelve miles long and four wide.

67: 9 *St. Nicholas*. The patron of all sailors, travelers and children. He was bishop of Myra in Lycia, and is reputed to have restored a sailor to life on a voyage to Palestine, and to have caused a storm to cease by his prayers. He is identical with the Dutch Santa Claus.

67: 12 *Tarry Town*. Washington Irving’s home, “Sunnyside,” was in this vicinity, which is twenty-seven miles from New York.

68: 7 *Pow-wows*. Feasts held by the Indians before hunts, war-parties, councils, etc.

68: 8 *Hendrick Hudson*. See note 63:40, *Rip Van Winkle*.

68: 21 *Hessian*. Natives of Hesse Cassel in Germany, who were hired by the English in 1776 to fight against the Colonies in the Revolution.

69:31 *Snipe*. The snipe is a bird distinguished by its very long bill.

69:40 *Withe*. A band made of twisted twigs.

70: 2 *Eel-pot*. A trap for catching eels with a single small, funnel-shaped opening, which once entered, is not easily found again.

70: 12 “*Spare the rod,*” etc. Butler’s *Hudibras*, Part II., Canto I., L. 843. Compare Solomon’s *Proverbs*, XIII., 24. “He that spareth the rod hateth his own son; but he that loveth him chastiseth him betimes.”

70: 35 *Anaconda*. A reptile, able to dilate sufficiently to swallow large animals.

71: 10 *Lion bold.* In the old *New England Primer*, published in 1814, there is an illuminated alphabet, in which the letter *L* is represented by a lion, one of whose paws rests on a reclining lamb, accompanied by the couplet —

"The Lion bold  
The Lamb doth hold."

- 71: 15 *Psalmody.* The art of singing or chanting the Psalms.
- 71: 18 *Carried away the palm.* Surpassed him. In ancient days the palm was carried as an emblem of victory.
- 71: 25 "*By hook,*" etc. That is, by any means. This proverb is variously explained. It may have originated from the Crook in the Waterford Harbor, Ireland, opposite the town of *Hook*, on one side of which it is only safe to land when the wind drives from the other; or it may be due to the old custom of allowing the poor of a manor to go into the forests with a hook and crook to get wood, which they were allowed to pull down with their crooks when it was out of reach.
- 72: 8. *Cotton Mather* (1663-1728.) A celebrated preacher and writer in the early days of Boston, Mass., who was one of the chief instruments in the persecution of "witches."
- 72: 35 "*Linked sweetness.*" See Milton's poem, *L'Allegro*.
- 72: 22 The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.
- 72: 35 *Dutch.* The Dutch first settled in New York on Manhattan Island in 1614.
- 74: 1 *Saardam.* The town in the north of Holland where Peter the Great worked as a ship-carpenter.
- 74: 41 *Mind's Eye.* "In my mind's eye, Horatio."—*Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 1. Also *Henry IV*, Act II., Sc. 4.
- 75: 2 *Pudding in its belly.* Shakespeare.
- 75: 10 *Chanticleer.* A name given to the cock, from the French words meaning to sing clear. Compare Chaucer's, "This chaunticleer his wynges gan to bete."
- 75: 39 *Dresser.* A low table with drawers, on which various dishes were prepared for use.
- 75: 41 *Linsey-woolsey.* A rough cloth with a linen warp and a woolen woof.
- 76: 5 *Mock oranges.* Probably orange gourds, which are yellow, white or variegated.
- 76: 14 *Knight-errant.* A wandering knight, who traveled in search of adventures.
- 76: 17 *Adamant.* First used by ancient Greek writers as the name of a very hard metal for armor.
- 76: 18 *Castle-keep.* The stronghold or donjon.
- 76: 35 *Herculean.* Hercules was a Greek hero famed for his marvelous strength.
- 76: 38 *Tartar.* A wandering tribe of central Asia, who had great skill in horsemanship.
- 77: 13 *Don Cossacks.* A Russian tribe who live along the river Don and render great service in the army as cavalry and scouts.
- 77: 20 *Rantipole.* Swaggering. The word is supposed to have originated from the pole used in the game of sea-saw.
- 77: 35 *Supple-jack.* A vine which grows in the South, from which canes are made.
- 77: 42 *Achilles.* The hero of the *Iliad* and the greatest of the Greek warriors before Troy.
- 79: 33 *Mercury.* The messenger of the gods and the patron of merchants and traders.
- 79: 36 *Quilting frolic.* Irving says in his *History of New York*, Book VII., Chapter II. — "Now were instituted "quilting bees," and other rural assemblages, where, under the inspiring influence of the fiddle, toil was enlivened by gayety and followed up by the dance."
- 79: 37 *Mynheer.* A compound of *mein*, my, and *herr*, sir. Used as we should use "Mr."
- 80: 31 *Filly.* A young mare.
- 81: 16 *Gorge.* A brilliant patch on the throat. Originally a piece of armor protecting the throat and breast.
- 81: 18 *Montero-cap.* A Spanish hunting-cap, with a round crown, surrounded by a flap to be drawn over the ears.
- 81: 36 *Treacle.* A syrup of sugar, named from the Greek *therion*, a viper, perhaps because it was used as a remedy against the bite of a viper.
- 82: 24 *Queued.* Twisted or braided.
- 82: 42 *Oly-kock.* A Dutch cake made of sweetened dough and fried in lard.
- 83: 7 *Higgledy-piggledy.* In confusion.

83: 40 *St. Vitus*. The patron of dancers, and of the countries Saxony, Bohemia and Sicily. According to legend, he was the son of a noble Sicilian who imprisoned him to induce him to renounce Christianity, but who, on looking through the keyhole of the dungeon, saw his son dancing with seven beautiful angels.

84: 17 *Cow-boys*. Plunderers who infested the ground between the hostile lines in the Revolution.

84: 26 *White Plains*. The Americans were defeated here in 1776 by General Howe.

85: 12 *Major André* (1751-1780). An officer of the British army who was associated with Benedict Arnold in the plot to betray West Point. He was captured by the Americans while carrying letters from Arnold, and hanged at Tappan, N. Y., as a spy.

86: 23 *Pillions*. A cushion adjusted at the back of a saddle serving as a seat for a second person on horseback.

86: 29 *Tête-à-tête*. Literally head to head. A familiar conversation.

87: 2 *Timothy*. Herds-grass, so called from Timothy Hanson, who first carried it to England.

87: 3 *Witching time*. See *Hamlet*.

"Tis now the very witching time of night  
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world."

88: 14 *Yeomen*. Dwellers in the country.

89: 20 *Stave*. A single verse, or the portion of a hymn given out by the precentor for the congregation to sing.

88: 21 *Bridge*. It is traditional that witches cannot cross the middle of a stream. Compare Burns' poem, *Tam O'Shanter*.

91: 10 *Dog's ears*. The turned-down corners of leaves.

91: 14 *Foolscap*. A kind of paper named for its water-mark, which was the printed foolscap worn by court jesters.

92: 2 *Ten Pound Court*. One whose jurisdiction did not extend beyond cases involving the sum of ten pounds.

92: 23 *Mahattoes*. New York. The original city was on Manhattan Island.

92: 24 *Burghers*. The free men of a township.

93: 16 *Ratiocination*. Reasoning from certain premises.

93: 17 *Syllogism*. A form of argument consisting of two propositions or premises, and a conclusion, which is necessarily true if the premises are true.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### LONGFELLOW

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow belongs to that small band of truly cultivated men of letters, of whom America may justly be proud. From his early youth he was a scholar and his keenest pleasure was in hard study or in delightful musings over his books.

Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1807. He early showed a remarkable power of acquiring languages and was ready to enter Bowdoin College at fourteen. Here he devoted himself chiefly to languages and literary studies. A foreign tongue, once mastered, was always at his command, even though he had not used it for years.

During the four years in college he wrote his first poems, many of which were printed in *The United States Literary Gazette*. The first poem he ever wrote was called "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," and was published in a Portland newspaper.

In spite of adverse criticism, the young author had determined upon a literary career, and when his college life was over, he persuaded his father to let him spend another year of study at Harvard, instead of beginning the study of law, as the latter wished.

Fortunately for him, a new professorship of languages had recently been established at Bowdoin College and the position was offered to Longfellow with the proposal that he should spend a year abroad in study before commencing his new duties. The offer was gladly accepted and Longfellow spent more than three years in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England, before he finally settled at Bowdoin, at the age of twenty-two. Here he remained for two years, and married the daughter of Judge Potter of Portland.

At the end of that time he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages at Harvard and again went abroad to become more familiar with German. Here he suffered a terrible sorrow, for his beautiful young wife died at Rotterdam, and he was left to come home alone, and enter upon a solitary life at Cambridge.

He chose the fine old Craigie House as his residence and soon gathered about him a delightful company of friends. His life was full of work and everything from his pen was eagerly welcomed, but still he felt keenly the need of a home and so, after many years of loneliness, he married Frances Appleton, a very beautiful and cultivated woman.

Craigie House soon became noted as a delightful centre of hospitality, not only for the many friends at home, but for all the noted foreigners who

visited this country. There were books everywhere and, although no catalogue was ever made of this library, the owner was never at a loss where to look for a needed volume. But it was the poet himself that attracted people, and not the books, the home, nor the delightful guests who assembled there.

"His dignity and grace," says Mr. Winter, "and the beautiful refinement of his countenance, together with his perfect taste in dress and the exquisite simplicity of his manners, made him the absolute ideal of what a poet should be. His voice, too, was soft, sweet, and musical, and, like his face, it had the innate charm of tranquillity. His eyes were blue-gray, very bright and brave, changeable under the influence of emotion . . . but mostly calm, grave, attentive and gentle. The habitual expression of his face was not that of sadness, and yet it was pensive. Perhaps it may best be described as that of serious and tender thoughtfulness. He had conquered his own sorrows thus far; but the sorrows of others threw their shadow over him. . . . There was a strange touch of sorrowful majesty and prophetic fortitude commingled with the composure and kindness of his features. . . . His spontaneous desire, the natural instinct of his great heart, was to be helpful — to lift up the lowly, to strengthen the weak, to bring out the best in every person, to dry every tear, and make every pathway smooth."

Here in Cambridge the poet passed the rest of his life, although he visited Europe again, but after the death of his wife he aged rapidly and he resigned his professorship in 1854. His chief love was for music and little children, and he had many small friends.

One day a little boy, who often came to see him, after examining the great library carefully asked, "Have you got 'Jack the Giant-Killer'?"

Longfellow was obliged to confess that he had not. The little boy looked very sorry and presently went away; but next morning he returned and gravely handed the poet two cents with which he was to buy a "Jack the Giant-Killer" for his own.

In March, 1882, the poet passed quietly away, leaving the legacy of a beautiful, scholarly life, which is even more to be treasured than his poetry.

## EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

### NOTE

Acadia or Acadie (the ancient name of Nova Scotia) is an extensive peninsula on the coast of British North America, originally settled by the French, and after varying fortunes finally ceded to the British by the peace of Utrecht in 1713. At this time the population consisted chiefly of French Acadians, whose wishes seem to have been little consulted in the change of government, and who were with difficulty induced to take the oath of allegiance. Special privileges were conferred upon them by the British government, and in 1749 they had increased to 18,000 persons, living in comparative comfort, and owning sixty thousand head of cattle.

In the wars afterwards waged between the British and French in Canada, however, the Acadians were accused of having in various ways assisted the French, from whom they were descended. On this account, and at the earnest solicitation of the British colonists, it was resolved by the government to confiscate the property of the Acadians, and to banish them from their homes. This resolution was not communicated to the people until everything was ready to carry it into effect, when the governor issued a summons calling the inhabitants together, and informed them that their whole lands, tenements, and cattle were forfeited to the crown, and that they themselves were to be conveyed in vessels to other British colonies. About seven thousand were thus forcibly removed: the rest fled to the woods with their wives and families, where numbers perished by cold and hunger, and others managed to escape to neighboring French settlements.

The poet Longfellow has founded his story of *Evangeline* upon this expulsion of the Acadians. The poem opens with a description of the Acadian land, and the little village of Grand Pré on the shores of the Basin of Minas, where dwelt Benedict Bellefontaine, a well-to-do farmer, and his friend and neighbor, Basil Lajeunesse, the blacksmith, together with their children, Evangeline, the daughter of Benedict, and Gabriel, the son of Basil.

The young people were lovers, and upon the day when their friends are assembled at the house of Benedict to celebrate their betrothal, the summons comes for the assembling in the village church of all the men, to hear the royal commission for the expulsion of themselves and their families and the confiscation of their property.

They are kept close prisoners in the church for four days, and on the fifth are marched down to the beach amid great confusion, hurried on board the transports, together with their wives and children, taking with them only what goods they could hastily collect. The day closes before the whole of the exiles have been shipped, and those who are left have to encamp on the shore: behind them they behold their village in flames. Overcome with grief, the father of Evangeline dies during the night and in the morning he is buried on the beach by his neighbors and the village priest. Basil, Gabriel, and Evangeline are embarked in separate ships, and landed in different parts of the southern states of America.

For many years Evangeline wanders over the continent, with the priest and

some of her companions in exile, seeking for Gabriel. In one of her journeys down the Mississippi to the town of St. Maur, where she has heard that Gabriel, with his father, has found a residence, her boat is passed in the night by that of her lover, who, tired of life without his betrothed, has set out on a hunting expedition to the Western Prairies. When Evangeline and her companions reach the home of Basil the blacksmith, they find him prosperous, being possessed of large flocks and herds, and known to all around as Basil the herdsman. Upon hearing of the departure of Gabriel, Evangeline is inconsolable, until Basil promises to start with her the next day in pursuit of his son, and to bring him back.

They set out upon their journey, and after a long and fruitless search, arrive at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where they find a Jesuit Mission, and hear from the priest that some days before their arrival Gabriel had left that place to go far into the northern wilds, but that he will return in the autumn. Upon hearing this Evangeline begs to stay at the Mission until the return of her lover, her wish is granted, and Basil returns alone.

After long and patient waiting, Evangeline hears that Gabriel will not return, but has gone farther still into the wilds. Leaving the Mission along with some guides returning to the lakes of the St. Lawrence, the sorrowful maiden continues her search, and on arriving at the hut of Gabriel, she finds it deserted and in ruins.

For long years she pursues her fruitless inquiries, and at length finds a home in Pennsylvania, where she becomes a Sister of Mercy. Here she has resided for many years engaged in works of charity, when a dreadful pestilence breaks out in the city, and in one of her visits to the almshouse she finds her lover stricken down by the fever. After mutual recognition Gabriel expires upon the bosom of his betrothed, while she meekly bows her head and murmurs, "Father, I thank Thee!"

Some few of the Acadian exiles found their way back to their old home, and their descendants still tell the tale of Evangeline by the evening fire.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
 Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
 Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on their bosoms.  
 5 Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
 Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of  
 the huntsman?  
 Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers —  
 10 Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
 Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?  
 Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!



Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the  
ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-  
Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is  
patient,

5 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,  
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;  
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

## PART THE FIRST

### I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
10 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the east-  
ward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor inces-  
sant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
15 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-  
fields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the  
northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
20 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables pro-  
jecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

25 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sun-  
set

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels and the songs of  
the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
5 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and  
maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun  
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
10 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
15 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
20 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;  
25 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the  
oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the  
wayside.

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of  
her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that fed in the meadows,  
30 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden,  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its  
turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

5 But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
10 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

Under the Sycamore tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
15 Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary,  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-  
grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns,  
and the farmyard,

20 There stood the broad-wheeled wains, and the antique ploughs and  
the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered  
seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each  
one

25 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates.  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

30 Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand  
Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

- Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;  
 5 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
 Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
 Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
 But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;  
 Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
 10 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;  
 For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
 Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
 Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,  
 15 Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their  
 letters  
 Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the  
 plain-song.  
 But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,  
 Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.  
 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him  
 20 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-  
 wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled around in a circle of cinders.  
 Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
 Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and  
 crevice,  
 25 Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed and said they were nuns going into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.  
 30 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallows!  
 Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children,  
 35 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
5 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

## II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air from the ice-bound, Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

10 Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted

15 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints! Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape

Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.

20 Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun

25 Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.  
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descend-  
ing

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the  
homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each  
other.

5 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening,  
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her  
collar

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the  
seaside,

10 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch  
dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,

15 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves  
howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor,

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their  
fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

20 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

25 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-  
yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
30 Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-  
wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the  
 dresser

- 5 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him  
 Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.  
 Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
 10 Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.  
 Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
 While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a  
 bag-pipe,  
 Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.  
 As in a church when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,  
 15 Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
 So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock  
 clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly  
 lifted,

- Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.  
 Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,  
 20 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.  
 "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed as their footsteps paused on  
 the threshold,  
 "Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle  
 Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;  
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;  
 25 Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling  
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams  
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the  
 marshes."

- Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,  
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside: —  
 30 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!  
 Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."  
 Pausing a moment to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,  
 35 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon pointed against  
us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded  
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty’s mandate  
5 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”

Then made answer the farmer: — “Perhaps some friendlier pur-  
pose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in Eng-  
land

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
10 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and  
children.”

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said, warmly, the black-  
smith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he con-  
tinued: —

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,

15 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all  
kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the scythe of the  
mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer: —

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our corn-  
fields,

20 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,

Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy’s cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village

25 Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe  
round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelve-  
month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover’s,

30 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,

And as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.



## III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;  
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high and glasses with horn  
 bows

5 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch  
 tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a cap-  
 tive,

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the Eng-  
 lish.

10 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,  
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike,  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children:

For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,

15 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
 And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,

20 With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,  
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extended his right  
 hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the  
 village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their  
 errand."

25 Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public —

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;  
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others,

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention

Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"

30 "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible black-  
 smith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the  
 wherefore?"

- Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"  
But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public —  
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
Triumphs: and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,  
5 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."  
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it  
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.  
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,  
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
10 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided  
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above  
them.  
15 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and  
the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.  
20 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,  
Paitently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand  
25 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."  
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the black-  
smith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;  
30 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

- Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of  
Grand-Pré:  
35 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table  
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;  
 5 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,  
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.  
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,  
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,  
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.  
 10 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the  
 king-row.  
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,  
 Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
 15 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.  
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry  
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
 20 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the house-  
 hold.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep  
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-  
 stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer,  
 25 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.  
 Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,  
 Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.  
 Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.  
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-  
 press

30 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded  
 Linens and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.  
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in  
 marriage,  
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a house-  
 wife.  
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moon-  
 light

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart  
of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the  
ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceedingly fair to behold, as she stood with  
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!

5 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,  
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her  
shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness  
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moon-  
light,

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.

10 And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon  
pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,  
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

#### IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,

15 Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at  
anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morn-  
ing.

Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring  
hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses, the blithe Acadian peasants;

20 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen, but the track of wheels in the green-  
sward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the high-  
way.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.

25 Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the  
house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant;  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and glad-  
 ness

5 Fell from her beautiful lips and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary  
 seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

10 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the bee-  
 hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of  
 waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-  
 white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the em-  
 bers.

15 Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,  
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
 Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;

20 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.  
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!  
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonor-  
 ous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum  
 beat.

25 Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the  
 churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves and hung on the  
 headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
 Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among  
 them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and case-  
ment —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the  
altar,

5 Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.  
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his  
kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

10 Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,  
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this  
province

Be transported to other lands. God grant that you may dwell there  
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

15 Prisoners now I declare you: for such is his Majesty’s pleasure!”  
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones  
Beats down the farmer’s corn in the fields and shatters his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the  
house-roofs,

20 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

25 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o’er the heads of the  
others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he  
shouted —

30 “Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them  
allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our  
harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
 Lo, the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
 5 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.  
 "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized  
 you?"

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,  
 10 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?  
 15 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive  
 them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
 Let us repeat it now, 'O Father, forgive them!'"  
 20 Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate out-  
 break,  
 While they repeated his prayer, and said "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the  
 altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people re-  
 sponded,  
 25 Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria  
 Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls with devotion  
 translated,  
 Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.  
 Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all  
 sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
 30 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,  
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed  
 each  
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows,

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-  
flowers;  
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from  
the dairy;  
And, at the head of the board, the great armchair of the farmer.  
5 Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.  
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended —  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!  
10 Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,  
As over the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their chil-  
dren.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden glimmering vapors  
15 Veiled the light of his face, like the prophet descending from Sinai;  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom by the church Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within; and in vain at the doors and the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,  
20 "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the  
living.  
Slowly at length, she returned to the tenantless house of her  
father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper  
untasted.  
25 Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of  
terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window,  
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
30 Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he  
created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of  
Heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul and she peacefully slumbered till  
morning.



## V

Four times the sun has arisen and set; and now on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.  
 Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
 Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,  
 5 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,  
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the wood-  
 land.

Close at their sides their children ran and urged on the oxen,  
 While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of play-  
 things.

10 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the  
 sea-beach,

Piled in confusion, lay the household goods of the peasants.  
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;  
 All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,

15 Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-  
 yard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the  
 church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy pro-  
 cession

Followed the long imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their  
 country,

20 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,  
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their  
 daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and raising together their voices,  
 Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—

25 "Sacred heart of the Saviour! Oh, inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"  
 Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood  
 by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above  
 them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

- Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,  
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction —  
 Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,  
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
- 5 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,  
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and  
 whispered.—  
 “Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another  
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”  
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her  
 father
- 10 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!  
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and  
 his footstep  
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.  
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced  
 him,  
 Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
- 15 Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful pro-  
 cession.

- There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.  
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion  
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw  
 their children  
 Left on the land, extending their arms in wildest entreaties.
- 20 So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,  
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.  
 Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the  
 twilight  
 Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean  
 Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
- 25 Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.  
 Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,  
 Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
 All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near them,  
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
- 30 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pas-  
 tures;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;  
Loving they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-  
yard —

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-  
maid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,  
5 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the  
windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the  
tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.

10 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her  
father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,

15 Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emo-  
tion,

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands had been taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake

not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.

20 "*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a thresh-  
old,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

25 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of  
mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

3 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and  
meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.  
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,  
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the road  
 stand.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were  
 5 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn like the quivering hands  
 of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,  
 uplifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-  
 tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on  
 shipboard.

10 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,  
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle  
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.

15 Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encamp-  
 ments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,  
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the  
 whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the  
 horses

20 Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the  
 meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the  
 maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before  
 them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
 Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-  
 shore

25 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;  
 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near  
 her.

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

5 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people —  
 "Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
 10 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-yard."  
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-  
 side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.

15 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
 Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges;  
 'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying land-  
 ward.

20 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;  
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,  
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

## PART THE SECOND

### I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand Pré  
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,

25 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;  
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the  
 northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of New-  
 foundland.

30 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannahs —

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of  
Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
Dêep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heart-  
broken,

5 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.  
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,

10 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered  
before her.

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.

15 Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,

20 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;  
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and  
tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

25 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and  
known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.

30 He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the  
prairies;

Coueurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.  
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him  
longer?

35 Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses." \*

5 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!  
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not else-  
where.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the path-  
way,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

10 Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within  
thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refresh-  
ment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

15 Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is god-  
like.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made  
godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of  
heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

20 Still in her heart she had heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was a mingled voice that whispered, "De-  
spair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discom-  
fort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps: —

25 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley,

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal  
it,

30 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II

- It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
 Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
 Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
 Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
- 5 It was a band of exiles; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
- 10 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with  
 forests,  
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;  
 Night after night, by their blazing fires encamped on its borders.
- 15 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the  
 current,  
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
- 20 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
 Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
 Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
 They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
 Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
- 25 Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.  
 They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of  
 Plaquemine,  
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
- Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
- 30 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air,  
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar trees returning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
- 35 Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the  
 water,  
 Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,



Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;  
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness —  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.

5 As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
10 Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moon-  
light.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,  
15 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his  
bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast  
rang,

Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music;  
20 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;  
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;  
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the  
silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the mid-  
night,

25 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat songs,  
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,  
While through the night was heard the mysterious sounds of the  
desert,

Far off — indistinct — as of wave or of wind in the forest,  
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

30 Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before  
them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

- Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
5 And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
10 Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the green-  
sward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar,  
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet flower and the grape-  
vine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,  
15 On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,  
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.  
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.  
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven  
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
- 20 Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.  
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.  
25 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.  
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,  
30 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,  
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;  
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the  
sleepers.  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden!  
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
35 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,  
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!  
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders,

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"  
 Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

5 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered—  
 "Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without  
 meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
 10 Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,  
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St.  
 Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bride-  
 groom,

There the long absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.  
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;  
 15 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest,  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.  
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
 20 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;  
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest  
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
 25 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.  
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and the waters around  
 her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking bird, wildest of  
 singers,  
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
 30 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to  
 listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;  
 35 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbb'd with emotion,  
Slowly they enter the Têche where it flows through the green Ope-  
lousas,

5 And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; —  
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

### III

Near to the bank of the river, o'er-shadowed by oaks, from whose  
branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
10 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
Stood, seluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-trees, and carefully fitted together.

15 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,  
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
20 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

25 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending;  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
30 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish som-  
brero

35 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.

- Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing<sup>1</sup>  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 5 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast that resounded  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 10 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of  
 the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet  
 him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and for-  
 ward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;  
 15 When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
 20 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and mis-  
 givings  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the  
 bayous?"  
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
 25 Tears came into her eyes, and she said with a tremulous accent,  
 Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
 Then the good Basil said — and his voice grew blithe as he said it —  
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.  
 30 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses  
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
 35 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;  
 He is not far on his way, and the fates and the streams are against  
 him.

5 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.  
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus.

10 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphant procession; and straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline greeting the old man

15 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,

Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;

20 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would  
 take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do like-  
 wise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the breezy veranda,

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil

25 Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,  
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering

lamplight.

30 Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they  
 listened:—

"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless  
 and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.

5 All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies:

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking and forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.

10 After your houses are built and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

While his huge brown hand came thundering down on the table,

15 So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,

20 Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.

25 Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:

Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.

But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding

30 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,

Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;  
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music

5 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness  
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.  
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the  
moonlight,

10 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.  
Near her and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,

15 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with undefinable longings,  
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies

20 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them "Upharsin."

25 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?"

Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?  
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie:

30 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around  
me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,  
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!  
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee!"  
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded



- Like a flute in the woods: and anon, through the neighboring thickets,  
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:  
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded "To-morrow!"  
5 Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden  
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;  
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
10 And, too, the Foolish Virgin who slept when the bridegroom was  
coming."  
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended  
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.  
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,  
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before  
them,  
15 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.  
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,  
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,  
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain  
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;  
20 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,  
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous  
landlord  
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,  
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

## IV

- Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
25 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a  
gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon.  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
Eastward with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
30 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sand and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful  
 prairies,

- 5 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;  
 Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;  
 10 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 15 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage ma-  
 rauders;  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 20 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.  
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil  
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.

- 25 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-  
 fire  
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,  
 When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.  
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were  
 weary,  
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana  
 30 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before  
 them.

- Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered  
 Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features  
 Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.  
 She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,  
 35 From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,

- Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been  
murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest  
welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among  
them  
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.  
5 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the  
bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering  
firelight  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in  
their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated  
10 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,  
15 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her.  
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended  
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the  
Mowis,  
20 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incanta-  
tion,  
25 Told she the tale of the fair Lillinau, who was wooed by a phantom,  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the  
twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,  
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.  
30 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the en-  
chantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the wood-  
 land.

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
 5 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
 Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
 As the cold poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
 10 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
 With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had  
 vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shaw-  
 nee

Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of these  
 mountains

15 Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.  
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;  
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they  
 hear him."

Then with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,  
 "Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"

20 Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the moun-  
 tains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
 And in a meadow of green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
 25 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,  
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.  
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft through the intricate arches  
 Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,

30 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.  
 But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen  
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the  
 sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant ex-  
pression,

Hearing the home-like sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.  
5 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the  
maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,

10 Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of  
kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes  
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in  
autumn,

15 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and com-  
panions,

20 Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other —

Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were  
springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving  
above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

25 Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,

But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-  
field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

30 “Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith and thy prayer  
will be answered!”

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted  
 Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance.  
 5 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.  
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of  
 nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter — yet Gabriel  
 came not;  
 Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-  
 bird  
 10 Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.  
 But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted  
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.  
 Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,  
 Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River,  
 15 And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Law-  
 rence,  
 Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.  
 When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,  
 She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,  
 Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

20 Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places  
 Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —  
 Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,  
 Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,  
 Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.  
 25 Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.  
 Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;  
 Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.  
 Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,  
 Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.  
 30 Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her fore-  
 head,  
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,  
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

## V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
5 And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they  
molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
There old René Leblanc had died and when he departed,  
10 Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a  
stranger,

And her ears were pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
15 Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
Thither as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her  
footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
20 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below  
her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
25 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence,  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but trans-  
figured;

30 He had become to her heart as one who is dead and not absent;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
35 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow

Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
 5 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
 Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman  
 repeated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
 10 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but  
 an acorn.  
 15 And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,  
 Spread to a brackish lake, the silver streams of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor;  
 20 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger; —  
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-  
 lands; —  
 Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket  
 25 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble wall seemed to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord: — "The poor ye always have with  
 you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The  
 dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
 30 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,  
 35 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.



Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and  
 beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the  
 east wind,

5 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ  
 Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at  
 Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;  
 Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;"

10 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,  
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

15 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,  
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her  
 presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.  
 And as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,  
 Laying his hand upon many a heart had healed it forever.

20 Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;  
 Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,  
 Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from  
 her fingers

25 And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;

30 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment

Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;

As are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,

As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,

35 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

- Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,  
5 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
10 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their  
shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
15 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would  
have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline kneeling beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.
- 20 All was ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “Father, I thank  
thee!”
- 25 Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them.  
30 Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their  
labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!
- Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of  
its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
 5 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;  
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean  
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

## NOTES

(The figures refer to page and line,

- 99: 1 *Primeval*. Earliest, original.  
 99: 1 *Hemlocks*. A kind of spruce fir-trees, common in America.  
 99: 3 *Druids*. Priests among the ancient people of Britain, Gaul, and Germany.  
 99: 5 *Eld*. Old English form of *old*.  
 99: 4 *Harper's hoar*. In allusion to the ancient players upon the harp, who were generally old men wearing long gray or hoary beards.  
 99: 8 *Roe*. A female deer. Mas., hart.  
 100: 8 *Basin of Minas*. In the Bay of Fundy.  
 100: 11 *Giving the village its name* (Grand Pré). Fr. *grand*, great, and *pre*, meadow.  
 100: 12 *Dikes*. Mounds of earth raised to prevent the sea from overflowing the country.  
 100: 13 *Turbulent tides*. The tides of the Bay of Fundy often rise to a height of fifty feet.  
 100: 13 *Floodgates*. Gates in the dikes for the inlet and outlet of the water.  
 100: 17 *Blomidon*. A rocky headland at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.  
 100: 22 *Normandy*. A northern province of France.  
 100: 22 *Henries*. Kings of France. The Acadians emigrated from France about 1633-8.  
 100: 23 *Dormer-window*. An upright window upon the sloping roof of a house, generally in a sleeping room.  
 100: 27 *Matrons*. Elderly women, mothers.  
 100: 27 *Kirtle*. A top skirt worn over a petticoat.  
 101: 1 *Distaff*. The staff or stick which holds the bunch of flax, tow, or wool in spinning.  
 101: 10 *Angelus*. A bell calling to prayer sounded morning, noon, and evening; so called from the first word (*Angelus*) of the prayer then to be repeated.  
 101: 11 *Incense*. A fragrant substance burned before the altar.  
 101: 23 *Stalworth* (or *Stalwart*). Bold, brave, strong. A. S. *steel-weorth*, worth stealing.  
 101: 29 *Kine*. Old plural of *cow*.  
 101: 31 *Flagon*. A drinking vessel with a narrow neck.  
 101: 31 *Sooth*. Truth. A. S. *soth*.  
 101: 33 *The priest with his hyssop*. In Catholic churches the priest sprinkles the holy water over the people with a brush said to have been formerly made of the hyssop plant.  
 102: 1 *Missal*. The book containing the Catholic service, printed in Latin.  
 102: 5 *Ethereal*. Formed of air or ether, spirit-like, heavenly.  
 102: 14 *Penitence*. A shed sloping from a wall. A lean-to, annex.  
 102: 21 *Built o'er a box for the poor*. In some Catholic countries images of the Virgin Mary, or a crucifix, or a box to receive the alms of pious travelers, are often seen by the wayside.  
 102: 20 *Wain*. A wagon.  
 102: 21 *Seraglio* (pron. sĕ-ral'yō). The palace of a sultan or eastern prince.  
 102: 28 *Variants*. Changeful, varying.

- 102: 29 *Mutation*. Change.
- 102: 29 *Weathercocks*. Vanes.
- 103: 15 *Pedagogue*. Schoolmaster.
- 103: 16 *Plain-song*. In the Catholic Church, music of the simplest kind, the tones being of equal length.
- 104: 2 *Saint Eulalie*. A female martyr of the early church; the Norman saying was that, "if the sun shone on St. Eulalie's day (February 12), there will be apples and cider in plenty."
- 104: 7 *Scorpion*. The eighth constellation of the zodiac, or belt in the heavens through which the sun passes in its apparent annual course.
- 104: 16 *Beautiful season*. Indian summer.
- 104: 17 *All-Saints*. A church-feast held in honor of all the saints and angels on the first of November.
- 104: 28 *Plane-tree*. A beautiful plane-tree which the Persian King Xerxes admired so much that he decked it with mantles and jewels.
- 105: 6 *Heifer*. A young cow.
- 105: 14 *Regent*. Ruler, governor.
- 105: 18 *Fetlock*. A tuft of hair behind a horse's foot, also the part where this hair grows.
- 105: 21 *Hollyhock*. A common garden plant with richly colored single and double flowers. There are many varieties of it.
- 105: 22 *Udder*. The milk-bag of the cow.
- 106: 15 *Aisle*. The wing or side of a church.
- 106: 33 *Horse-shoe*. In old times it was counted lucky to find a horseshoe, and even at the present day one is sometimes nailed over a doorway to keep evil from the dwelling.
- 107: 2 *Gaspereau*. A river in Acadia.
- 107: 4 *Mandate*. A command.
- 107: 13 *Louisburg is not forgotten*, etc. Louisburg, a place in the island of Cape Breton, was attacked and taken by the English in 1745. The Fort Beau Séjour was bombarded and reduced in 1749, and Port Royal was taken in the same year. The latter place is now called Annapolis, in honor of Queene Anne.
- 107: 17 *Sledge*. A large heavy hammer.
- 107: 23 *The night of the contract*. The night when the agreement of marriage between Gabriel and Evangeline was to be signed. In ancient times this was an occasion of great importance and festive rejoicing.
- 107: 25 *Glebe*. Soil, ground.
- 107: 27 *Inkhorn*. An ink-holder, formerly made of horn.
- 107: 31 *Notary*. One who attests contracts or deeds, a notary public.
- 108: 1 *Surf*. Swell of the sea breaking on the shore or on rocks.
- 108: 3 *Silken floss of the maize*. An allusion to the fine silk-like threads which hang from the maize or Indian corn.
- 108: 5 *Supernal*. Above, or in a higher region.
- 108: 8 *Languish*. To become feeble, to fade, to be weary. *L. languere*, to be weak.
- 108: 10 *Warier*. Comp. of *wary*, cautious, prudent.
- 108: 10 *Guile*. Cunning, deceit. Fr. *guile*.
- 108: 13 *Loup-garou*. Lit., man-wolf. A human being changed into a wolf and greedy for human flesh. In this and the following seven lines allusion is made to traditional and fairy stories known at that time in Acadia.
- 108: 14 *Goblin*. An evil spirit, a fairy.
- 108: 20 *Lore*. Learning, store of knowledge.
- 109: 9 *Justice*. Justice is represented as a blindfolded female standing with a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other. *L. justitia*, from *jus*, right, law.
- 109: 23 *Bolts of thunder*. Stream of lightning; so named from its darting like a bolt or arrow, Jupiter, the god of thunder, is represented with thunder-bolts in his hand.
- 109: 37 *Dower*. Marriage-portion.
- 110: 2 *Seal*. The impressed wax attached to public, or legal writings, in proof of their being completed, also the stamp by which the impression is made.
- 110: 11 *Manœuvre*. Lit. hand-work, skilful management.

- 110: 13 *Embrasure*. The wide opening of a wall inside where a window or door is placed; an opening in a wall for cannon.
- 110: 19 *Curfew*. Anc. the hour for putting out the house-fire and retiring to rest. Fr. *couvre feu*, cover fire.
- 111: 18 *Hamlet*. A small village, a few houses collected together.
- 112: 00 *Betrothal*. The engagement between two persons for a future marriage. *Be*, and *troth*, truth.
- 116: 16 *Tous les*, etc. "All the Good Folks of Chartres" and "The Chimes of Dunkirk," the names of two old French airs.
- 112: 17 *Anon*. Immediately, at once.
- 112: 23 *Sonorous*. Loud-sounding. L. *sonus*, sound.
- 112: 27 *Garlands*. Crowns or wreaths, composed generally of leaves or flowers.
- 112: 29 *Portal*. A gate, door. L. *porta*.
- 112: 29 *Dissonant*. Not agreeing in sound, not harmonious. L. *dis*, asunder, and *sono*, to sound.
- 112: 29 *Clangor*. A sharp, harsh sound. L. *clangor*, the sound of a trumpet.
- 113: 1 *Casement*. The case or frame of a window.
- 113: 2 *Ponderous*. Heavy. L. *pondus*, *ponderis*, a weight.
- 113: 5 *Commission*. A writing giving one authority to do something.
- 113: 16 *Solstice*. The time in midsummer and mid-winter when the sun seems to stand still or when it arrives at the point farthest north or south of the equator. L. *sol*, the sun, and *sisto*, to make to stand.
- 113: 30 *Allegiance*. The bond between a subject and his king; to bind.
- 114: 2 *Chancel*. The part of a church in front of the altar, formerly inclosed by cross-bars or lattice work, now with rails.
- 114: 3 *Mien*. Appearance of the face, look, air, manner.
- 114: 7 *Tocsin's alarm*. The alarm or warning sound given by the bell of a clock before it strikes the hour. *Tocsin*, a warning bell.
- 114: 11 *Vigils*. Watchings, fastings and religious services during the night.
- 114: 25 *Ave Marie*. The first two words of the invocation "Hail Mary."
- 114: 26 *Translated*. Lit. carried over, carried out of themselves.
- 114: 33 *Emblazoned*. Decked in bright, flaming colors. From *blaze*, a flame.
- 115: 6 *Ambrosial*. Pleasant to the taste or smell, delightful.
- 115: 21 *Gloomier grave of the living*. The church in which the men were shut up.
- 116: 11 *Peasants*. Dwellers in villages, country people.
- 117: 23 *Refluent*. Going back, ebbing.
- 117: 25 *Wasjs*. Things without an owner as what a thief throws away when pursued; what the tide casts on the shore.
- 117: 25 *Kelp*. A sea-weed from which the medicine iodine is made.
- 117: 27 *Leaguer*. A camp.
- 117: 30 *Nethermost*. Lowest.
- 118: 19 *Wan*. Pale, sickly.
- 118: 20 *Benedicite*. The first word of the Latin form of blessing.
- 218: 27 *Unperturbed*. Not disturbed or disordered, unmoved.
- 118: 30 *Titan-like*. The Titans were a fabled race who waged war with the gods. Briareus and his brothers, who engaged in these wars, are said to have had a hundred arms and fifty heads.
- 119: 3 *Roadstead*. A place where ships can lie or ride at anchor.
- 119: 6 *Gleed*. A burning coal, a fire.
- 119: 16 *Nebraska*. The Platte River, Nebraska.
- 120: 1 *Oblivious*. Forgetful. L. *oblivio*, forgetfulness.
- 120: 14 *Without bell or book*. Without the rites or ceremonies of the Church.
- 120: 17 *Dirge*. A mournful song or tune. Contracted from the words beginning the funeral service in Latin, *Dirige, Domine nos*, "Direct us, O Lord."
- 120: 25 *Household gods*. Anc. the gods presiding over the house or family, now objects endeared to us as connected with home.

- 120: 25 *Exile*. Banishment from one's native land.
- 120: 29 *Newfoundland*. A large island in the Atlantic Ocean near Nova Scotia. The Banks are extensive fishing grounds off its coast, where dense fogs often prevail.
- 120: 31 *Savannahs*. Prairies, vast treeless plains.
- 121: 1 *The Father of Waters*, etc. The Mississippi, meaning, "Father of Waters" or "Great Waters," the largest river of North America, above three thousand miles in length. It has a rapid current, loaded with soil carried down from its high banks.
- 121: 3 *Mammoth*. An extinct species of elephant whose bones and tusks are found imbedded in the earth in some parts of the world.
- 121: 25 *Inarticulate*. Not distinctly spoken, low, broken, disjointed.
- 121: 31 *Coureurs-des-Bois*. Lit. runners of the woods, bushrangers, men who bought furskins from the native tribes.
- 121: 31 *Trappers*. Men employed catching beavers and other wild animals in traps.
- 121: 33 *Voyageur*. Lit. traveler, a river boatman.
- 122: 4 *To braid St. Catherine's tresses*. To remain unmarried; a phrase said to be derived from the practice of unmarried women dressing the heads of the statues of St. Catherine, the patron saint of virgins.
- 122: 9 *Father-confessor*. The priest to whom she confessed.
- 122: 23 *Shard*. A piece of broken earthen vessel, or any brittle substance — troubles.
- 122: 24 *Essay*. To try. Fr. *essayer*.
- 122: 25 *Devious*. Out of the common way, rambling. L. *de*, from, and *via*, away.
- 122: 29 *Sylvan* (or *Silvan*). Belonging to a wood or forest, covered with trees. L. *silva*, a wood.
- 123: 1 *The Beautiful River*. This is said to be the meaning of the native Indian name *Ohio*, a large river which bounds part of the state of Ohio, and falls into the Mississippi. The Wabash falls into the Ohio.
- 123: 5 *Raft*. Cut timber fastened together for floating down a river, also a similar structure for saving the lives of persons ship-wrecked.
- 123: 10 *Acadian coast*. Shores of the Mississippi settled by the Acadian exiles.
- 123: 10 *Fair Opelousas*. A fertile and beautiful part of the state of Louisiana.
- 123: 15 *Chutes*. River falls or rapids over which timber rafts are floated.
- 123: 17 *Lagoons*. Shallow lakes or ponds connected with the sea or a river.
- 123: 18 *Wimpling*. Folding one over the other, lapping.
- 123: 19 *Pelican*. A bird larger than the swan, living on the edges of rivers and lakes, and feeding on fish.
- 123: 21 *China-tree*. The soap-berry, a small beautiful tree which grows in the southern states.
- 123: 24 *Golden Coast*. Rich banks of the Mississippi.
- 123: 26 *Bayou*. An outlet or arm of a lake or river.
- 123: 29 *Tenebrous*. Dark, gloomy.
- 123: 32 *Heron*. A large water-bird, with long legs, which builds its nest in high trees.
- 123: 34 *Demoniac*. Like a devil or evil spirit.
- 124: 1 *Vaults*. Arched or turned roofs. Here the coverings formed by the tops of the high trees.
- 124: 6 *Shrinking mimosa*. The sensitive plant whose leaves shrink or fold in on being touched or shaken, as if they had the sense of feeling.
- 124: 14 *Prow*. The fore part of a ship, the place for the look-out.
- 124: 15 *Peradventure*. By chance or accident, perhaps.
- 124: 16 *Bugle*. A hunting-horn.
- 124: 21 *Reverberant*. Lit. beating back, sending back the sound.
- 124: 29 *Whoop of the crane*. The whooping-crane is a large pure white bird, with long legs fitted for wading, and a clear, piercing whoop or cry that can be heard at a distance of two miles.
- 124: 31 *Atchajalaya*. A bayou or outlet of the Mississippi River.
- 125: 2 *Lotus*. A beautiful flower, resembling a water-lily.
- 125: 9 *Wachita*. A river in Louisiana.
- 125: 10 *Moored*. Tied, fastened.
- 125: 12 *Cope*. Lit. a cover for the head, anything spread over the head; roof of a house.

- 125: 13 *Trumpet-flower*. A climbing-plant with showy orange and scarlet flowers.
- 125: 15 *Pendulous*. Hanging, swinging, fastened at one end.
- 125: 23 *Bison*. Buffalo.
- 125: 29 *Lee*. A sheltered place, here the side of the island over which the wind blew.
- 125: 30 *Palm-trees*. A kind of palm-tree, the cabbage-palm of the southern states. The stem grows without branches to a height of 150 feet and is crowned by a head of large leaves.
- 125: 35 *Tholes*. The pins used to keep an oar in its place.
- 126: 8 *Buoy*. A floating cask or piece of wood fastened over the spot where a rock or anchor lies.
- 126: 11 *Tèche (tosh)*. A bayou or river in Louisiana.
- 126: 33 *Frenzied Bacchantes*. Those who took part in keeping the feasts of Bacchus, the god of wine and drunkards, at which there was much mad or frenzied riot and dancing.
- 127: 9 *Spanish moss*. A plant which appears like a mass of gray fibres or threads hanging down from the trees in the southern states.
- 127: 9 *Mystic mistletoe*. A plant which grows on the trunk of the oak and other trees. It was held in great reverence by the ancient Celtic nations, and used in the mystic or secret religious rites of their priests, the Druids.
- 127: 10 *Yule-tide*. Christmas time. A. S. *Iule*, Christmas, and *tíd*, time.
- 127: 33 *Doublet*. A close-fitting garment reaching to a little below the waist. From *double*, because it was originally made of two plies or double cloth for defence against blows.
- 127: 34 *Sombrero*. A hat with a broad brim for shade.
- 128: 37 *Adayes*. In Texas.
- 129: 1 *Trails*. Indian paths through the forest, tracks followed by the hunter.
- 129: 1 *Ozark Mountains*. A range of mountains west of the Mississippi in the states of Arkansas and Missouri.
- 129: 4 *Fates*. The goddesses who were supposed to hold the lot or fate of men in their hands.
- 129: 9 *Olympus*. A mountain in ancient Greece, the home of the gods.
- 129: 18 *Ci-devant*. Former. Fr. *ci*, for *ici*, here, and *devant*, before.
- 129: 19 *Domains*. The lands ruled over by a king or lord, the land around one's house and which one possesses.
- 129: 19 *Patriarchal*. Like a patriarch or ruler and father of a family, aged and reverend looking.
- 129: 19 *Demeanor*. Behavior, carriage, bearing.
- 129: 32 *Natchitoches*. The name of a district in Louisiana.
- 130: 4 *Keel*. The principal timber in a ship, extending along the bottom and supporting the whole frame; a ship itself.
- 130: 20 *Cured*, etc. The poet here refers to an old charm for the cure of disease. Eli is Ashmole, in his diary, April 11, 1681, says, "I took early in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove my ague away. Thanks be to God."
- 130: 23 *Creoles*. In Spanish America natives of that country descended from European ancestors.
- 131: 13 *Carthusian*. One of the orders of monks named Carthusians, from Chartreuse, a village in France where they were established. They are not allowed to go out of their cells except to church, nor speak to any person without leave.
- 131: 23 *That temple*. The sky.
- 131: 24 *Upharsin*. See *Daniel* v., 25.
- 132: 3 *Oracular*. Belonging to or speaking like one of the ancient oracles, with authority as from the gods, Oracles were supposed answers given by the gods at certain places to men's inquiries; one of these places was a cave in the island of Crete. L. *oro*, to speak.
- 132: 21 *Garrulous*. Inclined to talk; talkative.
- 132: 24 *Far in the West*, etc. The poet here describes the vast regions of the United States around and beyond the Rocky Mountains.
- 132: 25 *Perpetual*. Continuing without end, here, never absent. Fr. *perpetuel*, from L. *perpetuus*.
- 132: 26 *Ravine*. A long, deep hollow formed by a mountain stream, a deep glen with steep sides. Fr. *ravin*, from *ravir*, to tear away.
- 132: 26 *Gorge*. A narrow passage or entrance, especially between mountains.
- 132: 28 *Oregon*. Now named the Columbia River.

- 132: 30 *Nebraska*. Nebraska or Platte River, flows into the Missouri.
- 132: 00 *Precipitate*. With headlong haste, very rapidly.
- 132: 31 *Fontaine-qui-bouit*. Fr. boiling spring; the name of a creek running into the Arkansas River.
- 132: 31 *Sierras*. Masses of mountains with jagged tops like the teeth of a saw. Span. *sierra*, a saw.
- 133: 5 *Amorpha*. A plant with a dark purple flower. It is so named from the irregular form of the flower, sometimes called false indigo or lead-plant.
- 133: 7 *Elk*. The largest living species of the deer family.
- 133: 7 *Roebuck*. A species of deer much smaller than the elk.
- 133: 10 *Ishmael's children*. The Indians, who wandered up and down like Ishmael without a fixed home and always at war.
- 133: 17 *Taciturn*. Silent by habit or nature.
- 133: 17 *Anchorite*. One who retires into a solitary place to give himself up to meditation and religious duties, a hermit. Gr. *anachoretēs*, from *ana*, back, and *choreō*, to retire.
- 133: 22 *Trappers*. See note on 121: 31.
- 133: 29 *Fata Morgana*. A name given to a striking deception of the eyesight, which has been principally remarked in the Strait of Messina, between the coasts of Sicily and Calabria. The images of men, horses, towers, palaces, columns, trees, etc., are occasionally seen from the coast, sometimes in the water, and sometimes in the air or at the surface of the water. It is a kind of mirage. Italian, because supposed to be the work of a *fata* or fairy called *Morgana*.
- 133: 34 *Shawnee*. An Indian tribe now situated west of the Mississippi.
- 133: 35 *Comanches*. An Indian tribe of Mexico and Texas, extremely warlike and fond of plunder.
- 134: 19 *Mowis*, etc. The Indian woman here relates traditions current among her people.
- 134: 24 *Weird*. Unearthly, not human.
- 134: 24 *Incantation*. A magical song, spell, or charm.
- 125: 15 *Black Robe chief*. The priest, in allusion to the color of his dress.
- 135: 23 *Jesuit*. One of the Society of Jesus, a religious order founded by Ignatius Loyola, a Spaniard, in the sixteenth century. They soon spread over most parts of the world as missionaries.
- 135: 29 *Aerial*. High in air, airy.
- 135: 29 *Vespers*. The evening service in the Catholic Church.
- 135: 30 *Susurrus*. A continued hissing sound, a whisper.
- 135: 33 *Benediction*. The blessing pronounced by the priest on the congregation before dismission.
- 137: 6 *Water-gourd*. A vessel for holding water, so named from being shaped like the outer shell of the fruit called a gourd.
- 136: 8 *Six suns*. Six days, or the number of times that the sun has risen.
- 136: 18 *Betimes*. Early, soon, before it is late.
- 136: 25 *Cloister*. An arcade or long passage arched over, in which the monks walked for exercise.
- 136: 25 *Mendicant*. Begging, living upon charity. It is the name of an order of begging friars or monks.
- 137: 1 *Compass-flower*. A handsome American plant, allied to the sunflower. Certain of its leaves, when growing, turn to the north and south.
- 137: 7 *Asphodel*. A plant of the lily kind, with flowers of different colors and great beauty.
- 137: 7 *Nepenthe*. A magic drink anciently believed to make persons forget their sorrow; the word is now used of a medicine which relieves pain.
- 137: 10 *Wold*. A plain, an open country.
- 137: 12 *Saginaw*. A river of Michigan, flowing into Saginaw Bay, a branch of Lake Huron.
- 137: 13 *St. Lawrence*. The river which issues from Lake Ontario, and drains the chain of great lakes in North America. It has a total length of over two thousand miles.
- 137: 22 *Moravian*. A name given to a religious body which took its rise in Moravia in Austria at the time of the Reformation. The Moravians are distinguished for their humble piety, and have established missions in almost every part of the world.
- 138: 1 *Delaware*. The river forming the eastern boundary of the state of Pennsylvania and falling into Delaware Bay.



138: 2 *Penn the apostle*. William Penn, an Englishman, and member of the Society of Friends. He suffered imprisonment in England for preaching the Gospel, and emigrated to America with some of his brethren to enjoy liberty of conscience. He founded the state of Pennsylvania in 1682 which was so named in honor of him. In his dealings with the native Indians he was noted for his love of justice.

138: 3 *City he founded*. Philadelphia (meaning "brotherly love").

138: 5 *Streets still re-echo*. Many of the streets of Philadelphia bear the names of trees that formerly grew where the city now stands, or still grow in the neighborhood.

138: 6 *Dryads*. The nymphs or goddesses who presided over trees or woods.

138: 13 *Thee and Thou*. The Society of Friends or Quakers use *thee* and *thou* instead of *you* when addressing anyone.

138: 29 *Transfigured*. Changed in form or appearance.

138: 31 *Abnegation*. Denial.

138: 34 *Aroma*. The sweet smell of plants, or the quality which gives them a sweet smell.

139: 2 *Sisters of Mercy*. An order of women belonging to the Catholic Church, bound by religious vows to spend their lives in visiting the sick and criminals, and such like acts of charity and mercy.

139: 7 In early days before the advent of policemen, watchmen patrolled the streets of cities at night time, calling out the hours, finishing with the cry, "All is well."

139: 9 *Suburbs*. Now Germantown.

139: 13 *Presage*. To foreshow, to show by a present sign what is about to happen.

139: 18 *Brackish*. Salt in some degree, a word applied to fresh water mixed with salt water, so that it is spoiled for use.

139: 24 *Wicket*. A small door in a large one.

140: 11 *Assiduous*. Attentive, regular in attendance.

140: 14 *Pallet*. A small bed, originally of straw.

140: 24 *Flowerets*. Small flowers.

141: 4 *Reverberation*. Act of echoing or sounding backward and forward.

142: 2 *Misty Atlantic*. So called from the fogs which prevail in the Atlantic off the coast of Nova Scotia. See note on 120: 29.

142: 6 *Norman caps*. High white caps still worn by the women in the ancient province of Normandy in France.

142: 8 *While from its rocky caverns*, etc. See lines 5, 6. The poet beautifully concludes his tale of the vicissitudes of human life by repeating some of the opening lines of the poem. The heroes of his drama have long since passed away, a few descendants alone are left to tell the story of their love and trials; but the same unchanging Ocean "speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the Forest."

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### GRAY

Thomas Gray was born in London, the birthplace likewise of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Pope, on December 26, 1716. His father, Philip Gray, a selfish and extravagant man, was what we should now call a stock-broker. His mother, Dorothy Antrobus, a native of Buckinghamshire, kept a milliner's shop in the city. Thomas was the only survivor of their twelve children. He was educated at Eton, where he made the acquaintance of Horace Walpole, son of the great statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, and formed with him a friendship that, with brief intervals of estrangement, lasted through life. On leaving Eton, Gray, who seems to have been a shy and studious lad, proceeded to Cambridge, first to Pembroke College, and afterwards to Peterhouse, where he remained until 1738. In the next year he started with Horace Walpole to make, as was then the custom with young men, the grand tour of Europe, and was away from England three years. They travelled through France and Italy. Some dispute over a trivial matter caused a separation in 1741, and each proceeded on his way alone. But the breach was healed within three years, and notwithstanding the marked difference of their temperaments the two men remained intimate for the rest of their lives. On the death of his father Gray had to face poverty, and determined to study law as a means of livelihood. But his pecuniary position improving, he abandoned the idea, and went to live at Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire. Until 1759 he divided his time between Cambridge and Stoke. He published poems in 1747 and 1748, and the famous *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard* in 1751. To his great and lasting grief Gray lost his mother in 1753. Habitually reserved, it was this event that called forth perhaps the only outward expression of his feelings. On her tombstone he inscribed the words that he "had the misfortune to survive her"; and in a letter to a friend written in 1766 he says: "I have discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother." In 1759 Gray left Stoke for good, and spent the next three years in London, chiefly occupied in making researches at the British Museum. The rest of his life was, if possible, even less eventful than what had gone before. Like Wordsworth, Gray was satisfied with the contemplative life. He never married, although it is supposed that at one time he thought of becoming the husband of Miss Harriet Speed, the niece of Lady Cobham, Gray's neighbor at Stoke. Gray died at Cambridge, July 30, 1771, and was buried at Stoke, in the vault containing the remains of his mother.

Gray wrote but little. In a letter to Horace Walpole he calls himself "but a shrimp of an author." Yet that little is of so fine a quality that it places Gray among the greatest of our poets. He has been well described as an artist in verse.

## ELEGY

### WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

#### NOTE

This poem was begun at Stoke in 1742, and finished at Cambridge in 1750. It was then circulated in manuscript by Horace Walpole, and finally published by Dodsley in 1751. The poem is a fine expression of the thoughts that occur to most serious-minded men when contemplating the great mystery of death. Gray possessed in a very high degree the art belonging to all great poets of expressing finely and for once and always the ordinary thoughts of men. Thus it is that so many of the lines of the poem (more than in any other poem in the language of a like length) have become familiar in our mouths as household words.

The scene of the poem is probably the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, where Gray and his mother are buried.

The *Elegy* has been highly praised by most of Gray's critics, but perhaps the most interesting criticism is that of General Wolfe, who, while visiting his ships the night before the taking of Quebec, spoke of Gray's *Elegy*, and said, "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow." And he then repeated the stanza beginning, "The boast of heraldry."

The form of the poem is perfect. Each stanza is composed of four lines, each containing five iambic feet (*i. e.* a foot of two syllables, the second accented) rhyming alternately. This metre is known as the Heroic Quatrain, and was used by Sir John Davies in the *Nosce Teipsum* (1599), by Davenant in *Gondibert* (1651), and by Dryden in the *Annus Mirabilis* (1667). Alliteration (*i. e.* several words in one line or stanza beginning with the same letter, thus aiding the melody and music of the verse), and the constant inversion of the usual order of words, a thing permissible in poetry, are both used here with admirable effect. That Gray was a great polisher of his work is well proved by the number of alterations he made in this poem before he was satisfied with it.

[*A picture of Nature: the coming on of night.*]

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

5 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

10 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

[*The poet's thought turns from Nature to the men who toiled at her,  
 and are now lying in their graves in the churchyard.*]

15 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

20 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

25 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

30 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

[*Death, the great leveller, knows no class distinctions. Princes and  
 peasants are equal in the grave. The nobly born, the powerful,  
 the wealthy, the beautiful, must all die.*]

35 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour —  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 40 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

*[In the graves may lie some whose talent, through lack of opportunity to cultivate it, never came to light.]*

45 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

50 But knowledge to their eyes, her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
 55 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 60 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

*[Not only were their virtues of narrow range, but their vices also. They led a quiet unnoticed life, a life in the shade.]*

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

65 Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 70 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
 75 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

*[But in spite of the obscurity of their lives they were loved in their lifetime, and their memory is cherished by relatives and friends after they are dead. The dying long for love and sympathy in their last moments.]*

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 80 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply:  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

85 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 90 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

[*The poet, who is himself speaking throughout the poem, compares his life with that of his fellow-creatures now lying in the church-yard, and describes himself, his fashion of spending his time, his death, and writes, as it were, his own epitaph.*]

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd Dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 95 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 100 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

105 "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

110 "One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;  
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne —  
 115 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;  
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 120 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
 He gain'd from heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

125 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

## NOTES

1 *Cowfew*. (Fr. *couvre-feu*, cover fire.) A bell rung at eight o'clock to warn people to put out their fires. The custom has long fallen into disuse. Here the waning day is compared to a dying man whose knell is rung by the church bell.

2 *Winds*. Wanders, not keeping to the path.

2 *Lea*. Meadow.

5, 6 Note the inversion.

7 *Droning*. Making a low dull sound.

8 *Drowsy tinklings*. The sounds of the sheep-bells. Any not very loud sound, constantly repeated, induces sleep.

9 *Ivy-mantled*. Covered with ivy.

10 *Moping*. Dull and melancholy.

11 *Bower*. A place of shelter or retirement: in olden times it meant the lady's chamber.

12 *Reign*. Realm (Lat. *regnum*, kingdom).

14 *Heaves*. Is raised.

15 The grave is compared to the very small room allotted to monks in monasteries.

16 *Rude*. Simple and rustic.

16 *Hamlet*. A small village. (O. E. *ham*, home, and *let*, a diminutive ending.)

17 The sweet perfumes sent forth by the flowers on the morning breeze are compared with the sweet-smelling spices burned in offerings to the gods, and still used in the services of the Roman Catholic Church. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IX. 193—

"the humid flowers that breathed  
 Their morning incense."

18 *Straw-built*. Thatched.

19 *Clarion*. A kind of trumpet. The crow of the cock is compared with the sound of that instrument.

19. *Echoing*. Resounding. The allusion is to the horn of the huntsman. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 53—

"the hounds and horn

Through the high wood *echoing* shrill"

21 Note the inversion.

22 *Ply*. To devote oneself to any task (we now use "apply" in that sense). Here a reference to the spinning-wheel is probably intended.

23 *Lisp*. To speak imperfectly as children do.

26 *Glebe*. Soil (Lat. *gleba*, a clod of earth). "Glebe" has also the secondary meaning of land belonging to a parish church. Note the inversion.

27 *Jocund*. Merry. Cf. "And the *jocund* rebecks sound," in Milton's *L'Allegro*, 94.

28 Note the inversion. The trees fall at the stroke of the axe as men lower their heads in bowing.



29 *Ambition*. Ambitious people. Gray makes large use of personification, *i. e.* he speaks of the passions as if they were human beings. Cf. lines 31, 43, 44, 49, 51, etc.

30 *Destiny obscure*. A life hidden from observation.

31 *Grandeur*. Great and influential people.

33 *Boast of heraldry*. The displaying of coats of arms as a sign of noble birth.

37 *Impute to these*. Charge them with.

38 *Trophies*. (Lat. *tropæum*, anything taken and preserved as a monument of victory, *e. g.* arms, flags, etc., taken from the enemy), here the representation of such things in marble, or the record in marble of men's deeds during life.

39 *Aisle* (Fr. *aisle*, wing). The division of a church separated from the nave by a row of pillars. The epithet *long-drawn* refers to the view obtained looking up or down the aisle.

39 *Fretted vault*. The arched roof ornamented with small frets or bands intersecting each other. (Fr. *fretter*, to interlace.) Cf. "the high embowéd roof" in Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 157.

40 *Anthem* (Gr. *antiphōnon*, a sounding of voices alternately), a setting of words from the Scriptures to music for two or more voices.

40 *Swells the note*. Augments the sound. Cf. *Il Penseroso*, 161 —

"let the pealing organ blow  
To the full voic'd choir below  
In service high and anthem clear";

and Tennyson, *Dream of Fair Women*, 191 —

"Hearing the holy organ rolling waves of sound on roof and floor."

It has been suggested that the beautiful services in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, may have inspired Gray with these thoughts.

41 *Storied Urn*. A vase carved or painted with scenes from a story or from history. Here the poet means the tomb on which would be recorded some events in the life of the man buried beneath. Cf. "Storied windows richly dight," in *Il Penseroso*, 159.

41 *Animated bust*. The sculptured head and shoulders of a person, so well done as to look like life. Cf. Vergil's "breathing brass," and "let them express from marble, features that live." (*Aeneid* vi. 847, 848.)

42 *Mansion*. Abiding or resting place; here, the body. (Lat. *mansio*, from *manere*, to remain.)

42 *Fleeting breath*. The life with which the body was endowed for a short space of time.

43 *Provoke*. Arouse, call up (the Lat. *provocare*, to call forth).

46 *Pregnant with celestial fire*. Filled with genius. *Celestial*, divine. *Genius* is often called the "divine spark."

47 Men who might have ruled over the land.

47 *Rod of Empire*. The sceptre, the symbol of government.

48 Men who might have been poets. In Greece poets sang their verses to the accompaniment of the lyre, an ancient stringed musical instrument. It gave the name to the sort of poetry we call *lyric*. Poets are often called *singers*, and their poems *songs*.

48 *Wak'd*. Aroused.

48 *Living*. Endowed with life.

48 *Ecstasy*. Excessive joy or grief.

49, 50 The treasures of accumulated knowledge contained in books were never displayed to them.

51 *Penury*. Poverty. (From the Gr. *penes*, one who works for his daily bread, a poor man.)

51 *Rage*. Enthusiasm, a common meaning of the word in seventeenth-century poetry. Poverty is compared to the frost that turns the merry rushing stream to ice.

53 *Serene*. Clear, bright.

54 *Unfathom'd*. Never penetrated. Fathom is a measure of six feet used chiefly in calculating the depth of the sea.

55 Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iv. 158, "Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."

56 *Desert*. In the sense of desolate: there is no one to appreciate the beauty of the flower.

57 *Hampden* (1594-1643). He underwent imprisonment in 1627 for refusing to subscribe to a loan raised by Charles I. without the authority of parliament. He was prosecuted in 1636 for refusing to contribute to the tax of ship-money, and died in 1643 from the effects of a wound received at the battle of Chalgrove Field.

58 A farmer or landlord who may have been a harsh taskmaster to his laborers or tenants is compared with Charles I., who interfered with the liberties of the English people.

59 *Milton*. (1608-1674.) The great poet who wrote *Paradise Lost*. Hampden, Milton, and Cromwell are patriots, *i. e.* they all sacrificed themselves for the good of their country; even Milton gave up twenty of the best years of his life to assisting the Parliamentary cause with his pen.

61-65 The order is, "Their lot forbade them to command th' applause of listening senates," etc.

61 *Command*. To claim by reason of their wisdom and eloquence.

64 This line means that the high estimation in which they are held by their country assures them of the important place they will hold in its history.

66 *Growing virtues*. The growth of their virtues.

67 Possibly a reference to the execution of Charles I. and the rule of Cromwell is intended.

68 Mercy is compared with a place of shelter whose gates are shut to man. Cf. *Henry V.* 2, 10. "The gates of mercy shall be all shut up."

69 *Conscious truth*. What they knew to be truth. (Lat. *consciūs* (*con sciō*), known to oneself.) This stanza is dependent on the verb *forbade* in the preceding one. Gray never intended the poem to be divided into stanzas; in the first edition the lines follow each other without any break.

70 *Ingenuous*. Honorable, candid. (Lat. *ingenuus*, well-born.) The word must not be confused with "ingenious" (Lat. *ingenium*, natural capacity), skilful, clever.

71, 72 It was a common practice of authors before the time of Dr. Johnson to preface their works with dedications in praise of some great nobleman, who usually rewarded the compliment with a gift of money. The lines mean "their lot forbade them to write flattering verses to place at the feet of great men."

73 Rousseau (1712-1778), a great French writer, is mainly responsible for the belief that existed in the last century of the innocence and peacefulness of a country life. But strife and misery exist in the country too. Cf. "Not only in great cities dwells great crime." (Mary Darmesteter, Prol. to *The New Arcadia*, 1.)

75 *Madding*. Raging, wild.

75 *Sequester'd*. Secluded. (Lat. *sequestrare*, to seclude oneself for the purpose of solitude.)

76 *Tenor*. Course or direction. (Lat. *tenere*, to hold on in a continued course.)

77, 78 Some slight memorial is, however, erected to protect even the bones of these lowly persons from injury.

79 *Uncouth*. Unknown, hence ignorant, rough. (O. E. *cunnon*, to know.) Milton has "uncouth cell," "uncouth swain."

80 Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 21 —

"And, as he passes, turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud."

81 The Muses were the goddesses who presided over poetry, art, and science; poets usually invoked them at the beginning of their poems. Gray means that the epitaph was composed by an uneducated person.

82 With the Greeks *elegy* meant the expression of mournful or melancholy feelings on any subject. The word is now chiefly connected with the expression of regret for the dead. English literature is rich in such poems, *e. g.* Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Adonais*, Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, etc. But the eighteenth century furnished many less worthy examples, since the practice of writing elaborate elegies on all occasions largely prevailed. (Gr. *elegēia*, the name of the metre always used for such poems, from *elegos*, a lament.)

84 A moralist is one who teaches the duties of life or of conduct or one who draws lessons from the contemplation of life. The verb *teach* should be singular since *teat* is the antecedent of *that*.

85 This stanza is the most difficult in the poem. It seems to mean "for who a prey to dumb forgetfulness (*i. e.* now dead and forgotten), ever died without wishing to be remembered." Other interpretations have been suggested by Gray's numerous editors, but this one seems the simplest.

86 *Pleasing anxious being*. Life which is made up of both pleasure and pain, yet no one wants to die. Cf. "We complain of this world and the variety of crosses and afflictions it abounds in and yet for all this who is weary on't (more than in discourse), who thinks with pleasure of leaving it, or preparing for the next?" (Dorothy Osborne, letter 53, 1654.)

88 Note the alliteration.

90 *Pious*. Reverent. (Lat. *piūs*; Germ. *pietät*, reverence.)

90 *Requires*. Asks for. (Lat. *requirere*, to seek.) Cf. *The Tempest*, v. 1. 51, "And when I have requir'd some heavenly music,"

91, 92 The lines mean, "even after death the love of life and need for sympathy are scarcely quenched; they linger on in the very ashes of the dead." It is a somewhat forced and exaggerated poetical figure.

93 *For.* As for.

95 "If it should chance that some kindred spirit led by lonely contemplation shall," etc. Contemplation is here personified. Milton speaks of the "Cherub contemplation" (*Il Penseroso* 54), and Spenser of

"An aged holy man,  
His name was heavenly contemplation."

—*Faerie Queene*, I. 10. 46

97 *Swain.* Is properly a young man living in the country.

Here, a countryman, a rustic.

98 *Peep of dawn.* When dawn just begins to appear. (Lat. *pipilare*, the sound which chickens make on first breaking the shell, is transferred to the look accompanying it.)

100 *Upland.* Means here higher ground. It is generally used by poets to mean the country as opposed to towns, which are usually built in the plains.

100 *Lawn.* An open grassy space, hence pastures.

101 *Yonder.* (O. E. *geon*; Germ. *jener*, that.) The *d* has crept in because the pronunciation of *n* is made easier by a *d* following. Cf. "thunder" (O. E. *thunor*).

102 *Fantastic.* Taking fanciful turns.

103 *His listless length.* He lay down wearily at full length. Cf. "And stretch'd out all the chimney's length" (*L'Allegro*, 111).

104 *Pore.* Gaze fixedly on.

104 *That babbles by.* Cf. Tennyson's *Brook* —

"I chatter over stony ways,"  
"I babble on the pebbles."

105, 106 "He, now smiling, as in scorn, now drooping, etc., would rove hard by yon wood, muttering his wayward fancies."

105 *Hard by.* Near, or close at hand. "Hard" is here an adverb.

105 *Yon.* See line 101.

107 *Woful-wan.* Sad and pale.

108 *Hopeless love.* Love doomed to disappointment and unfulfilment.

111 *Rill.* A small brook or stream.

113 *Dirges.* Songs sung for the dead, from Lat. *dirige*, direct, the word with which a hymn sung at funerals in the burial service of the Roman Catholic Church, begins: — *dirige gressus meos*.

114 *Church-way.* Probably church-yard, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 388 —

"Every one lets forth his sprite  
In the church-way paths to glide."

It might be, however, the path leading towards the church.

115 In the eighteenth century it was not everyone who could read.

115 *Lay.* A song or poem. Cf. "The *Lay* of the Last Minstrel." (O. E. *ley*, sound, melody.)

116 Gray originally inserted here some very beautiful lines, afterwards omitted, probably on account of the long parenthesis, but never actually cancelled. They are: —

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;  
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

116 *Grav'd.* Engraved.

117, 118 "Here a youth unknown to fortune and to fame, rests his head," etc.

119, 120 Gray is of course thinking of himself. In a letter to his friend West (1742) he speaks of his melancholy.

121 *Bounty.* Goodness, virtue. (Lat. *bonitas*.)

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### BROWNING

Robert Browning was born in 1812, and had an exceptionally long life of activity as a poet. His first acknowledged work was a dramatic poem, *Pauline*, published in 1833, and his last poem was the *Epilogue*, which left his pen in 1889, the finishing touch to the work of fifty-six years. Born in London, he was nearly contemporary with Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Macaulay, Dumas, and Victor Hugo. While receiving his education, partly at London University and partly abroad, he soon began to make a name by his writing of verse.

In 1846, he came to be personally acquainted with Elizabeth Barrett, whose genius, reared in the serene atmosphere of Greek antiquity, had a special attraction for him. The two poets were engaged and married in the same year, and at once set out for a tour — destined to be a prolonged one — in Italy. While there, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who had already written her so-called *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, was busy with *Aurora Leigh*. In 1856 a return to London was made, and the publication of *Aurora Leigh* met with a remarkable success. Just five years after, her fifteen years of almost perfect married life came to an end, and Mrs. Browning passed away "like the windy fragrance of a flower." In the next year the bereaved poet, for whom "the sweetest music of his life had been withdrawn," settled permanently in London, where he had with him his painter son as his great consolation. He broke the silence of his grief with the noble poem, *Prospice*. In 1864 was issued *Dramatis Personæ*, another collection of dramatic poems, and in 1868 his poetical works were published in six volumes. From this point the publication of his numerous writings went steadily on.

In 1881 the enthusiasm for Browning's work culminated in the establishment of the "Browning Society," which, besides concerning itself with the detailed criticism of the poems, has caused many of the plays to be produced again on the stage. Crowned with degrees and distinctions, and covered with honor, he died in Venice, December 12, 1889, the very day of the publication of his last book, *Asolando*. The funeral at Venice was succeeded by a solemn and impressive interment in Westminster Abbey.

Among the marked characteristics of his work are his joy in life for life's sake — "the wild joys of living" — and his confident trust "in the larger hope" after death. He made his characters of men and women breathe with real life and speak their own words as if they were indeed alive. His work is rugged and herculean; he is the best representative of the grand style among the poets of the nineteenth century.

## THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

### NOTE

"Hamelin town was infested with rats in the year 1284. In their houses the people had no peace from them; rats disturbed them by night and worried them by day. One day, there came a man into the town, most quaintly attired in parti-colored suit. Bunting the man was called, after his dress. None knew whence he came, or who he was. He announced himself to be a rat-catcher, and offered for a certain sum of money to rid the place of the vermin. The townsmen agreed to his proposal, and promised him the sum demanded. Thereupon the man drew forth a pipe and piped. No sooner were the townsfolk released from their torment than they repented of their bargain, and . . . they refused to pay the stipulated remuneration. At this the piper waxed wroth, and vowed vengeance. On the 26th of June, the feast of SS. John and Paul, the mysterious piper reappeared in Hamelin town. (He) led the way down the street, the children all following, whilst the Hamelin people stood aghast, not knowing what step to take, or what would be the result of this weird piping. He led them from the town towards a hill rising above the Weser. (One lame lad) alone was left; and in after years he was sad. . . . Fathers and mothers rushed to the east gate, but when they came to the mountain, called Koppenberg, into which the train of children had disappeared, nothing was observable except a small hollow, where the sorcerer and their little ones had entered."\*

The first thing that strikes us about this story is that, dealing as it does with the enchanting power of music, it has many parallels, more or less close, in many languages and among many peoples, both ancient and modern. Perhaps the legend which most resembles this is one the scene of which is laid in the town of Lorch. Here it is said, in three successive years, a hermit charmed away a plague of ants, a charcoal-burner a first plague of crickets, and an old man of the mountain a second. Each of these piped, but was refused his promised reward; whereupon the first charmed away the pigs, the second the sheep, and the third the children. The legend occurs, with slight variations, in the Icelandic sagas and in the fairy-tales of southern Ireland. If we think of the Greek mythology we at once remember how Orpheus with his lute allured birds and beasts and made herbs and trees to grow. The lyre-god Apollo was called Smintheus (sminthos, mouse), because he delivered Phrygia from a plague of mice. The wandering hero Ulysses, tied to the mast, hears the magic lay of the Sirens, and longs to get free so as to rush into their arms and perish. Instances might easily be multiplied. The stories exist; how are we to explain them? It is most probable that, like many another myth, this had its origin in the keen observation and worship of natural forces which characterized primitive man. Thus the wind sighing through the trees was personified and represented as drawing after him with his music the souls of the dead, but the wind making the boughs to wave and the grass to quiver was represented as a piper setting all nature dancing.

Such a long history has this simple legend, told in this poem with such re-

\* S. Baring Gould: *Curious Myths of Middle Ages.*

markable humor and vigor by Robert Browning. You will notice that the poet has not taken great pains to search out the choicest words and polish his lines as Vergil did among Roman, and Lord Tennyson among English poets. On the contrary he uses largely the short save-time expressions of ordinary conversation. But while no words are wasted a great amount of description is given in a few lines, the narrative hurries along with unflagging interest, the fun is irresistible and the elaborate rhymes, purposely comic, cannot fail to ring in your memory.

## I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover city;  
 The River Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its walls on the southern side;  
 5 A pleasanter spot you never spied:  
 But, when begins my ditty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townsfolk suffer so  
 From vermin, was a pity.

## II

10 Rats!  
 They fought the dogs and killed the cats,  
 And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
 15 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 20 In fifty different sharps and flats.

## III

At last the people in a body  
 To the Town Hall came flocking:  
 "T is clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy.  
 And as for our Corporation — shocking  
 25 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
 For dolts that can't or won't determine  
 What's best to rid us of our vermin!

You hope, because you're old and obese,  
 To find in the furry civic robe ease!  
 30 Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking  
 To find the remedy we're lacking,  
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"  
 At this the Mayor and Corporation  
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

## IV

35 An hour they sat in Council;  
 At length the Mayor broke silence:  
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell —  
 I wish I were a mile hence!  
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —  
 40 I'm sure my poor head aches again,  
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
 Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"  
 Just as he said this, what should hap,  
 At the chamber door, but a gentle tap.  
 45 "Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"  
 (With the Corporation as he sat,  
 Looking little though wondrous fat;  
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister  
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,  
 50 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous  
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)  
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat!  
 Anything like the sound of a rat  
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

## V

55 "Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger,  
 And in did come the strangest figure!  
 His queer long coat, from heel to head,  
 Was half of yellow and half of red;  
 And he himself was tall and thin,  
 60 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,  
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,  
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,  
 But lips where smiles went out and in;

65 There was no guessing his kith and kin.  
 And nobody could enough admire  
 The tall man and his quaint attire.  
 Quoth one: "It's as if my great-grandsire,  
 Starting up at the trump of Doom's tone,  
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

## VI

70 He advanced to the council table:  
 And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,  
 By means of a secret charm, to draw  
 All creatures living beneath the sun,  
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,  
 75 After me so as you never saw!  
 And I chiefly use my charm  
 On creatures that do people harm —  
 The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper:  
 And people call me the Pied Piper."  
 80 (And here they noticed around his neck  
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,  
 To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;  
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;  
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying  
 85 As if impatient to be playing  
 Upon his pipe, as low it dangled  
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)  
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,  
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
 90 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats;  
 I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:  
 And as for what your brain bewilders,  
 If I can rid your town of rats  
 95 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"  
 "One! fifty thousand!" was the exclamation  
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

## VII

Into the street the Piper stopt,  
 Smiling first a little smile,



- 100 As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while;  
Then, like a musical adept,  
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
105 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled:  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;  
110 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling;  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
115 Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens;  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —  
Followed the Piper for their lives.  
From street to street he piped, advancing,  
120 And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the River Weser  
Wherein all plunged and perished!  
— Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
Swam across and lived to carry  
125 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)  
To Rat-land home his commentary:  
Which was, “At the first shrill note of the pipe  
“I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
130 Into a cider-press’s gripe:  
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;  
135 And it seemed as if a voice  
(Sweeter far than by harp of by psaltery  
Is breathed) called out, ‘Oh, rats, rejoice!  
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!  
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
140 Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!’  
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,

145 All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious, scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'  
 — I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

## VIII

150 You should have heard the Hamelin people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.  
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,  
 Poke out the nests, and block up the holes!  
 Consult with carpenters and builders,  
 And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats!" When suddenly, up the face  
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,  
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

## IX

155 A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;  
 So did the Corporation, too.  
 For council dinners made rare havoc  
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de Grave, Hock;  
 And half the money would replenish  
 160 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow,  
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!  
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,  
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;  
 165 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.  
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
 170 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke  
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.  
 A thousand guilders! come, take fifty!"

## X

175 The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!

I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
 Bagdat, and accept the prime  
 Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
 For having left, in the caliph's kitchen,  
 180 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.  
 With him I proved no bargain-driver;  
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!  
 And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe after another fashion."

## XI

185 "How!" cried the Mayor, "do ye think I'll brook  
 Being worse treated than a cook?  
 Insulted by a lazy ribald  
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald!  
 You threaten us, fellow! Do your worst;  
 190 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

## XII

Once more he stept into the street,  
 And to his lips again  
 Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;  
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
 195 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air)  
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,  
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
 200 Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,  
 And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,  
 Out came the children running.  
 And all the little boys and girls,  
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
 205 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
 Tripping and skipping ran merrily after  
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

## XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

- 210 Unable to move a step, or cry  
To the children merrily skipping by,  
— Could only follow with the eye  
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.  
And now the Mayor was on the rack,  
215 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
As the piper turned from the High Street  
To where the Weser rolled its waters  
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!  
However he turned from South to West,  
220 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
And after him the children pressed;  
Great was the joy in every breast.  
"He never can cross that mighty top!  
He's forced to let the piping drop,  
225 And we shall see our children stop!"  
When lo, as they reached the mountain side,  
A wondrous portal opened wide,  
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;  
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,  
230 And when all were in to the very last,  
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
Did I say all? No! One was lame,  
And could not dance the whole of the way;  
And in after years, if you would blame  
235 His sadness, he was used to say, —  
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!  
I can't forget that I'm bereft  
Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
Which the Piper also promised me:  
240 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new;  
245 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here.  
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,  
And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
And horses were born with eagles' wings:  
And just as I became assured  
250 My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
The music stopped, and I stood still,

And found myself outside the hill,  
 Left alone against my will,  
 To go now limping as before,  
 255 And never hear of that country more!"

## XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!  
 There came into many a burgher's pate  
 A text which says that Heaven's gate  
 260 Opes to the rich at as easy rate  
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,  
 To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,  
 Wherever it was man's lot to find him,  
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,  
 265 If he'd only return the way he went,  
 And bring the children behind him.  
 But when they saw 't was a lost endeavor  
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever,  
 They made a decree that lawyers never  
 270 Should think their records dated duly  
 If, after the day of the month and the year,  
 These words did not as well appear:  
 "And so long after what happened here  
 On the twenty-second of July,  
 275 Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"  
 And the better in memory to fix  
 The place of the children's last retreat,  
 They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —  
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor  
 280 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.  
 Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern  
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn;  
 But opposite the place of the cavern  
 They wrote the story on a column,  
 285 And on the great church-window painted  
 The same, to make the world acquainted  
 How their children were stolen away;  
 And there it stands to this very day.  
 And I must not omit to say

- 290 That in Transylvania there's a tribe  
Of alien people that ascribe  
The outlandish ways and dress,  
On which their neighbors lay such stress,  
To their fathers and mothers having risen  
295 Out of some subterraneous prison  
Into which they were trepanned,  
Long ago in a mighty band,  
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,  
But how or why, they don't understand.

## XV

- 300 So, Willy, let you and me be wipers  
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!  
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,  
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

## NOTES

1 The meter of the poem is very irregular, and suited in different stanzas to the subject described; but the kind of line that prevails is one of four accents, admitting of great variety.

2 *By*. Near.

6 *Ditty*. A sort of song. [O. F. *ditie*, a kind of poem.]

7 The date was 1284.

10 *Rats*. The cause of misery is introduced at once in a brief but telling manner. Strong pent-up feeling often finds expression in a short ungrammatical phrase.

It would hardly be possible to describe in shorter space than this stanza the universal tyranny of the vermin.

11, 12, 14, 15 Notice killed and cats, bit and babies, etc. This is a device for making the verse sound more musical, and is called *alliteration*.

20 *Sharps and flats*. That is, degrees of shrillness.

23 *Noddy*. One who nods, dolt, silly fellow. Cf. the play on the word in Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: I. i. 119-130, and "An arrant noddy." — *Beaumont and Fletcher*.

24 *Corporation*. A corporation or municipality in England is the highest form of local government. If the town is a city the municipality consists of mayor, aldermen and citizens; if a borough of mayor, aldermen and burgesses.

25 *Ermine*. An animal of the weasel tribe whose skin has always been worn by dignitaries, such as kings, rectors of universities, and the like. Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., is described as wearing ermine at her coronation.

26-32 These lines afford a fair sample of the colloquial style of Browning.

28 *Obese*. Fat. Notice the comic effect of the strained rhyme, *obese* and *robe ease*.

30 *Racking*. Torture, trouble. This is a *metaphor* or *transference* of the word usually employed of torturing people on a rack to troubling one's brains. All language is full of such transferences.

32 *Send you packing*. Send you off in a hurry.

35 *An hour*. Case?

35-38 Notice the forced rhymes.

37 *Guilder*. A Dutch coin worth about forty cents.

45 *Bless us!* This simple sentence may be regarded either as mere exclamation or as expressing a wish; it is an exclamatory or optative simple sentence.

- 47 *Wondrous*. An adverb.
- 48 *Nor . . . nor*. Frequent in O. E. and poetry for *neither . . . nor*.
- 50 *Save*. Except.
- 50 *Paunch*. Belly. (Lat. *pantex*, *panticis*.)
- 50 *Mutinous*. A metaphor: cf. 30.
- 51 *Glutinous*. Sticky, thick.
- 54 *Pit-a-pat*. An imitative word, meant to represent the repetition of a slight tapping noise. Simple imitative words are frequent, such as *gallop*, *tinkle*, *hustle*; other double imitative words implying repetition are *fiddle-jiddle*, *tittle-tattle*, *higgledy-piggledy*, *zig-zag*.
- 58 The dress of the jester in early times was generally of two colors, and was called *motley*. See l. 79.
- 65 *Enough*. Adverb.
- 66 *Quaint*. Odd, queer.
- 67 *Quoth*. Said. This word is only used in the past tense, and appears in Chaucer as *quod*. The present is seen in the word *bequeath*.
- 69 Notice the rhyme.
- 71 *Please*. Subjunctive mood — "may it please," or "be pleasing to your honors."
- 71 *Your honors*. Dat. case. Cf. "If you please," or "You were better speak." — Shakespeare, *As You Like It*.
- 75 *So*. Qualifies *draw* (l. 72).
- 75 *As*. Relative adverb with the force of a conjunction.
- 77 *People*. Case?
- 78 *Newt*. A kind of small lizard. Like some other words, *newt* has borrowed an initial *n* from the indefinite article which usually preceded it. *A newt* — *an eel* or *est*. So *mine uncle* becomes *my nuncle* (See Shakespeare), *an eke-name* becomes a *nickname*, *an ingot* becomes a *ringot*, *riggot*, *nugget*; *an oke*, a *noke*, etc.
- On the other hand an initial *n* is sometimes dropped. *An auger* should be a *nauger*; *an umpire*, a *numpire*; *an adder*, a *nadder*; and *an apron*, a *nApron*.
- 79 *Pied*. Parti-color'd, motley. Cf. l. 58. The word means marked like a pie. "Pie-bald's spotted like a pie."
- 82 *Cheque*. Pattern of small squares like those of a chess-board (checks-board). (Fr. *echec* Persian *schah* — king. Cf. German *schachspiel* — game of chess.)
- 87 *Old-fangled*. Old-fashioned and out-of-the-way. This word is coined by Browning from *new-fangled* — fond of new trifles. (Ger. *fangen*, to seize.) Cf. *As You Like It*, "More *new-fangled* than an ape."
- 89 *Cham*. Or Khan, the ruling sovereign of Tartary.
- 91 *Nizam*. The sovereign of Hyderabad in India. This is an instance of an individual's name being assumed as a title by a line of successors. Cf. *Cæsar*, *Pharaoh*, *Ptolemy*.
- 92 *Vampire-bats*. Huge tropical bats. A vampire — "a ghost which sucks the blood of men" (Skeat).
- 93 *What*. Compound relative — that which.
- 98-122 This stanza begins with a quiet metre, which suggests the calm manner of a man who is really confident of his power. The metre and description gradually grow faster and faster till the climax is reached in the word "perished." Cf. 191-207
- 100 *Slept*. Metaphor.
- 102 *Adept*. One who has acquired an art.
- 105 *Like a candle-flame*. When a comparison is introduced by the word "like" we have a *simile*, which is really a metaphor expanded or unfolded. A simile limits the comparison to a single point. Here, the eyes are like a candle-flame only in their green and blue twinkling. Sir Philip Sidney says of the old ballad of *Chevy Chase* that "it stirs the heart *like the sound of a trumpet*."
- 107 *As if*. There is really an ellipse (leaving-out) of a clause between these two words, *e. g.* *As (you could have heard) if*.
- 116 *Tens and dozens*. The cardinal numbers, properly adjectives, are here used as nouns. Indeed *dozen*, like *hundred*, *thousand*, *million*, was originally a noun. Cf. Wordsworth.

"The stars are out by *twos* and *threes*."

- 123 *As Julius Cæsar*. Simile: cf. 105. *Cæsar* saved himself at Alexandria by swimming.

- 125 *He.* Julius Caesar.
- 127-145 This imaginative description of the sensations of one under the spell of music may be compared with ll. 236-255.
- 133 *Train-oil-flasks.* Train-oil (spelt *trane-oyle* by Hakluyt) is oil forced out, by boiling from the fat of whales.
- 136 *Psallery.* Small Jewish harp.
- 138 *Drysaltery.* A factory of dry salted meats, drugs, etc.
- 139 *Nuncheon.* Midday meal. (M. E. *nonechence*, *i. e.* *noneschenche* — noon-drink.)
- 144 *Methought.* It seemed to me. *Me* is dative case: thought is past tense of old impersonal verb *ihincan* — to seem, not *ihencan* — to think.
- 146 *Hamelin.* Two syllables. The word is generally written and pronounced Hamelin.
- 152 The day on which the piper reappeared is said to have been June 26, the feast of St. John and St. Paul.
- 153 *Perked.* Intransitive, usually transitive (hold up briskly, smartly, saucily).
- 155 *Looked blue.* Or livid, as the result of astonishment.
- 160 *Cellar's.* The possessive case cannot strictly be used of inanimate objects. The word here is *personified*, by a device frequent in poetry.
- 162 *Gipsy.* Usual spelling *gypsy*. The word is a corruption of M. E. *Egypticien*. Skt. *ton*, swearing by St. Mary of Egypt, says, "By Mary Gippy." The idea that these wandering people were Egyptians is false: their original home was probably India.
- 164 This line seems to mean two things: (1) It was the *river*, not the *piper*, that did the work; (2) the river has done its work so well that the rats are not likely to torment us again.
- 169 *Matter of money.* A small trifle of money. *Matter* is mostly used with some such adjectives as "trivial."
- 169 *Poke.* Bag, pouch, pocket. Cf. proverb, "a pig in a *poke*."
- 172 *Thrifty.* Likely to thrive, prosper.
- 174 *Face fell.* A rough-and-ready way of describing the dropping of the jaws and the lowering of the eyes consequent upon disappointment.
- 177 *Prime.* Best.
- 179 *Caliph.* Title of the successors of Mohammed.
- 182 *Bate.* Abate, diminish.
- 182 *Silver.* A Dutch coin, worth about half a penny.
- 185 *Brook.* Put up with, endure.
- 187 *Ribald.* Low fellow.
- 188 *Piebald.* See l. 79, note.
- 190 In other versions of the story it is said that the reward was refused on the ground that the piper was a sorcerer.
- 191, etc. Notice again the quiet beginning and the increasing speed of the metre: cf. *l. 127*
- 201 *Scattering.* This is a verbal noun, and is usually preceded by a preposition, *in* or *by*; e. g. scattering — on scattering — being scattered.
- 214 *On the rack.* What figure of speech? Cf. l. 30, note.
- 220 *Koppelberg.* Or Koppenberg.
- 226 *Mountain.* Personification. Cf. l. 160, note, and "needle's eye," l. 260.
- 231 The number of children that perished is given in the inscriptions at Hamelin as 130. "It is not long since two moss-grown crosses on the Koppenberg marked the spot where the little ones vanished."
- 232 In another version there were two left, one blind, and the other dumb. The latter pointed out the spot where the children had vanished, while the former related his sensations on hearing the piper play.
- 236-255 Cf. ll. 127-145.
- 237 *Bereft.* Deprived.
- 239 *Also.* The adverb is misplaced; it qualifies *me*, "promised me also."
- 242-243 Alliteration. Cf. ll. 11, etc., note.
- 246 *Fallow-deer.* Deer of a pale reddish color.
- 250 The conjunction "that" is omitted.
- 250, 251 The contrast between the pictures of the charmed imagination and the dull reality is very pathetic.



- 258 *A text.* *Matthew XIX. 24.*
- 260 *Needle's eye.* Personification. At the gates of eastern cities are small side portals for foot passers; these small gates are supposed to have been called "needles."
- 267 *Lost endeavor.* English, like most languages, is very rich in proverbial expressions with this meaning: e. g. sowing the sand, beating the air, bay the moon, wash a blackamoor white, etc.
- 275 It is probable that this date was arbitrarily fixed, and the inscriptions made to tally. The inscriptions in Hamelin recording the fact are (1) a German one in golden letters on the wall of a house; (2) a second in German, sculptured on the Rathhaus (town hall); (3) a third in Latin on the New Gate.
- 276 *The better.* *The* is here an adverb and is equivalent to "by that."
- 278 There is in Hamelin a "street called Bungen-strasse, because no music, no drum (Bunge) may be played in it."
- 281 *Suffered.* Allowed.
- 293 *Stress.* Emphasis, importance.
- 295 *Subterraneous.* Usual form subterranean.
- 296 *Trepanned.* Ensnared, enticed.
- 300 *Willy.* The poem is addressed to Willy Macready, the son of the famous actor and manager of Drury Lane Theatre. The poet here makes allusion to some unsatisfactory dealings between himself and the manager with regard to some plays.
- 301 *Pipers.* "Paying the piper" is a proverb for bearing the cost of anything.
- 303 *Aught.* Any whit — anything.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### MISS MITFORD

Mary Russell Mitford was born at Alresford, Hampshire, on the 16th of December, 1787. She was the daughter of George Mitford, a physician of good family, and Mary Russell, whose father had been rector of Ashe and Tadley, and vicar of Overton. The little Mary Russell Mitford was but four or five years old when the family removed from Alresford to Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire; thence they went to London.

On her tenth birthday Dr. Mitford took the child to a lottery-office, and bade her select a ticket. She determined — guided, to all appearance, by one of the unaccountable whims of childhood — that she would have none other than the number 2224. Some difficulty attended the purchase of the coveted number, but the little lottery patroness had her way at last, and on the day of drawing there fell to the lot of the happy holder of ticket No. 2224 a prize of twenty thousand pounds.

Dr. Mitford, reinforced in fortune by his daughter's childish persistence, purchased Bertram House, a country residence at Grasely, near Reading. This was the home of the Mitford family until 1820, when pecuniary embarrassments, caused by the doctor's extravagance and love of play, drove them to the now famous cottage at Three Mile Cross.

Miss Mitford had published several books of verse, which have been long forgotten, but was now forced, at thirty-three, to take up her pen in earnest. She worked steadily both at plays and at the sketches collected in 1824, under the title, *Our Village*. In 1823, her first tragedy, *Julian*, was successfully performed at Covent Garden, with Macready as the principal character. *The Foscari* appeared in 1826, and *Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets and Other Poems*, in 1827. Towards the end of 1828, *Rienzi* was produced at Drury Lane, Charles Young enacting the hero. Miss Mitford is said to have received four hundred pounds from the theatre, and to have sold eight thousand copies of the play. Other works in this field were *Otto*, *Inez de Castro*, and *Charles I.* In 1835, was published *Belford Regis*, a sequel to *Our Village*, and in 1852, *Recollections of a Literary Life*. In 1854, a novel, *Atherton*, appeared, and in the same year her dramatic works were collected.

In 1851, Miss Mitford removed from Three Mile Cross to Swallowfield, where, on the 10th of January, 1855, she died. She had been ill for some time, never having recovered from the shock of an accident that had occurred in 1853, while she was driving in a pony-chaise.

## RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS

I come not here to talk. You know too well  
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam  
5 Falls on a slave! Not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
To crimson glory and undying fame,  
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords,  
10 Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great  
In that strange spell — a name.

Each hour dark fraud  
Or open rapine or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day,  
15 An honest man, my neighbor (there he stands.)  
Was struck — struck like a dog, by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini, because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts  
20 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood?

Such shames are common.  
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to you,  
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
25 Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look  
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,  
30 Brother at once and son! He left my side,  
A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips: in one short hour,

35 That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw  
The corpse, the mangled corpse, and then I cried  
For vengeance!

40 Rouse ye, Romans! rouse ye, slaves!  
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,  
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained.  
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash.

45 Yet this is Rome,  
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne  
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!  
Why, in the elder day, to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king! And, once again,  
(Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus!) once again, I swear,  
The Eternal City shall be free!

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### BRYANT

Bryant is distinctly an American poet. Almost all his poetry is inspired by some aspect of the natural scenes among which he was reared.

His verses are full of the strength and serenity of nature, its beautiful order and dignity. If he has little of the spontaneous joyousness and exuberance of the young poet, he also has none of his excess. A sweet sanity and tranquillity characterizes all his work. He looks at nature and humanity with serious, reverent eyes, and the simplicity and elevation of his thought color all his poetry. He is, however, an artist as well as a philosopher and possesses a marked felicity of phrase and unerring literary taste.

Bryant was a native of New England and his ancestors were among the original Puritan settlers. His father was a country doctor, but a man of keen intellect and sound literary taste. It was he who first discovered his son's aptitude for poetry and encouraged him in it. Mrs. Bryant was also a woman of much force of character. "Her prompt condemnation of injustice," said her son, "made a strong impression upon me in early life, and if in the discussion of public questions I have in my riper age endeavored to keep in view the great rule of right, it has been owing in a great degree to the force of her example, which taught me never to countenance a wrong because others did."

Bryant was born at Cummington, a village of western Massachusetts, on November 3, 1794. He led the ordinary life of a country boy, going to the village school and spending his playtime in the fields with his brothers and sisters. He showed such marked ability as a scholar that his father prepared him for college, and he entered Williams when he was only sixteen. He remained here only two years, however, and, as he was too poor to pursue his studies further, he decided to take up the profession of law. He entered a law office, therefore, in a village not far from Cummington, and was finally admitted to the Bar in 1815.

For nine years Bryant practiced law in the country, first at Plainfield, and then at Great Barrington. Here, in 1821, he married Frances Fairchild, to whom he refers in many of his poems.

Bryant, however successful, was never very fond of his profession and longed to devote himself entirely to literature. He had already written *Thanatopsis* at seventeen, although he was too modest to submit it for publication. Fortunately his father discovered the verses, immediately recognized their unusual character, and sent them to the *North American Review* without consulting his son. The editors thought there must have been some mistake. "No one on this side of the Atlantic," they declared,

"is capable of writing such verse." They were convinced, however, and the poem was published in 1817. A year later the same magazine published *To a Waterjowl*, and both were warmly welcomed by the public.

It was impossible, however, to subsist on poetry — *The Gladness of Nature* was sold for two dollars — and so Bryant went to New York and tried his hand as editor of several magazines. They were not successful, but in 1826 Bryant was made assistant editor of the *New York Evening Post*, a daily paper that has since become famous. A few months later the editor died and, with the help of a friend, Bryant was able to purchase a half interest in the paper. For a time he had a hard struggle, and it was several years before he could bring his family from the country to live with him. But little by little he made himself felt, until at last the paper became one of the most powerful organs of the day. Its success was due in a great measure to the absolute sanity and honesty of its editor. Abraham Lincoln once said it was "worth a journey across the continent to see such a man."

Bryant continued to write poetry at intervals throughout his life, but he was never a prolific writer and, though he lived to a ripe old age, he published only one hundred and sixty poems and none of these is long. He never wrote anything carelessly, however; his work was done with finish and completeness, a great virtue in an American.

Poetry and editorial writing were not Bryant's only forms of literary activity. In 1870 he published a translation of the *Iliad* and a year later one of the *Odyssey*, both of which have been very widely read. He also made very effective speeches on various occasions, particularly eulogies on men of note.

Although fond of traveling in Europe, Bryant never held public office as consul or minister like many of our early men of letters. He built himself a home at Roslyn, Long Island, and here he lived for most of his life, with frequent visits to his boyhood home at Cummington. His life was tranquil and temperate in a marked degree. He was fond of taking long walks, and never touched tea, coffee, or tobacco. He never allowed his work to invade his home life, and under this régime he lived to a hale old age.

His death was finally due to an accident. He was entering the house of a friend after delivering an address at the unveiling of a statue to Mazzini, when he was overcome by the heat. He fell, striking his head upon the stone steps, and became unconscious. He never rallied from the shock, but gradually grew worse, and died on the 12th of June, 1878.

## THANATOPSIS\*

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
5 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
10 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
15 To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
20 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
25 Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
30 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down

\* *Thanatopsis*. This word means a meditation on death. It is derived from two Greek words meaning *death*, and *view*. The poem is especially remarkable because it was written when Bryant was only seventeen years old, although the poem was revised ten years later.

35 With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun — the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
40 The venerable woods — rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste —  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
45 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
50 That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:  
55 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
60 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
65 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
70 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves



- 75 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 80 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## NOTES

- 2 *Communion*. Companionship or fellowship.  
 3 *Various*. Diversified, in many different tongues.  
 6 *Darker musings*. Grave or melancholy thoughts.  
 10 *Sad images*. Gloomy visions or forebodings.  
 11 *Stern agony*. The severe agony of death.  
 11 *Shroud*. A garment in which the dead is wrapped; originally the word was applied to a garment of any kind.  
 11 *Pall*. A covering thrown over a coffin.  
 12 *Narrow*. The grave. Compare Gray's *Elegy*: "Each in his narrow cell forever laid."  
 14 *List*. Listen.  
 17 *Yet a Jew*, etc. The poem, as it was originally written, opened with these words.  
 22 *Image*. Form, likeness.  
 23 *Growth*. Matured form.  
 23 *Resolved*. That is, that it may be dissolved once more into its earthly elements.  
 26 *Elements*. These, according to the Greek philosophers, were earth, air, fire, and water.  
 27 *Insensible*. Without sense or feeling.  
 28 *Clod*. Lump of earth.  
 28 *Swain*. Countryman.  
 29 *Share*. Ploughshare.  
 34 *Patriarchs*. The founders of the Hebrew race, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, etc., from whose families sprang the tribes of Israel. In a wider sense, patriarch means the head of an ancient family.  
 34 *Infant*. In the earliest period of its history.  
 36 *Hoary seers*. Ancient prophets, or foretellers of future events.  
 38 *Rock-ribbed*. Their sides seamed with ledges.  
 38 *Vales*. Valleys.  
 40 *Venerable*. Worthy of veneration because of their vast age.  
 41 *Complaining*. Constantly murmuring.  
 43 *Melancholy*. Sombre, desolate, exciting melancholy feelings in the beholder.  
 46 *Host*. A multitude.  
 50 *Wings of morning*. Compare *Psalms* cxxxix.: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," etc.  
 51 *Barcan wilderness*. The desert of Barca, a province in Tripoli, noted for its barrenness.  
 52 *Continuous*. Limitless, unbroken.  
 53 *Oregon*. A name given to the Columbia River, in the northwestern part of the United States.  
 64 *Phantom*. Dream; something that exists in the imagination only.  
 66 *With thee*. The original poem ended here.  
 73 *Summons*. The word is properly singular, not plural.  
 74 *Innumerable caravan*. A vast band of travelers.  
 76 *Quarry-slave*. A prisoner compelled to work in a quarry.  
 77 *Scourged*. Beaten.

## SELLA

Sella is the name given by the *Vulgate* to one of the wives of Lamech, mentioned in the fourth chapter of the book of *Genesis*, and called Zillah in the common English version of the Bible.

Hear now a legend of the days of old —  
The days when there were goodly marvels yet,  
When man to man gave willing faith, and loved  
A tale the better that 'twas wild and strange.

- 5       Beside a pleasant dwelling ran a brook  
Scudding along a narrow channel, paved  
With green and yellow pebbles; yet full clear  
Its waters were, and colorless and cool,  
As fresh from granite rocks. A maiden oft  
10       Stood at the open window, leaning out,  
And listening to the sound the water made,  
A sweet, eternal murmur, still the same,  
And not the same; and oft, as spring came on,  
She gathered violets from its fresh moist bank,  
15       To place within her bower, and when the herbs  
Of summer drooped beneath the mid-day sun,  
She sat within the shade of a great rock,  
Dreamily listening to the streamlet's song.  
      Ripe were the maiden's years; her stature showed  
20       Womanly beauty, and her clear, calm eye  
Was bright with venturous spirit, yet her face  
Was passionless, like those by sculptor graved  
For niches in a temple. Lovers oft  
Had wooed her, but she only laughed at love,  
25       And wondered at the silly things they said.  
'Twas her delight to wander where wild vines  
O'erhang the river's brim, to climb the path  
Of woodland streamlet to its mountain springs,  
To sit by gleaming wells and mark below  
30       The image of the rushes on its edge,  
And, deep beyond, the trailing clouds that slid  
Across the fair blue space. No little fount  
Stole forth from hanging rock, or in the side

- Of hollow dell, or under roots of oak:  
 35 No rill came trickling, with a stripe of green,  
 Down the bare hill, that to this maiden's eye  
 Was not familiar. Often did the banks  
 Of river or of sylvan lakelet hear  
 The dip of oars with which the maiden rowed  
 40 Her shallop, pushing ever from the prow  
 A crowd of long, light ripples toward the shore.  
 Two brothers had the maiden, and she thought,  
 Within herself: "I would I were like them:  
 For then I might go forth alone, to trace  
 5 The mighty rivers downward to the sea.  
 And upward to the brooks that, through the year,  
 Prattle to the cool valleys. I would know  
 What races drink their waters; how their chiefs  
 Bear rule, and how men worship there, and how  
 50 They build, and to what quaint device they frame,  
 Where sea and river meet, their stately ships;  
 What flowers are in their gardens, and what trees  
 Bear fruit within their orchards; in what garb  
 Their bowmen meet on holidays, and how  
 55 Their maidens bind the waist and braid the hair.  
 Here, on these hills, my father's house o'erlooks  
 Broad pastures grazed by flocks and herds, but there  
 I hear they sprinkle the great plains with corn  
 And watch its springing up, and when the green  
 60 Is changed to gold, they cut the stems and bring  
 The harvest in, and give the nations bread.  
 And there they hew the quarry into shafts,  
 And pile up glorious temples from the rock,  
 And chisel the rude stones to shapes of men.  
 65 All this I pine to see, and would have seen,  
 But that I am a woman, long ago."  
 Thus in her wanderings did the maiden dream,  
 Until, at length, one morn in early spring,  
 When all the glistening fields lay white with frost,  
 70 She came half breathless where her mother sat:  
 "See, mother dear," she said, "what I have found,  
 Upon our rivulet's bank; two slippers, white  
 As the midwinter snow, and spangled o'er  
 With twinkling points, like stars, and on the edge  
 75 My name is wrought in silver; read, I pray,

Sella, the name thy mother, now in heaven,  
Gave at my birth; and sure, they fit my feet!"  
"A dainty pair," the prudent matron said,  
"But thine they are not. We must lay them by  
80 For those whose careless hands have left them here;  
Or haply they were placed beside the brook  
To be a snare. I cannot see thy name  
Upon the border — only characters  
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs  
85 Of some strange art; nay, daughter, wear them not."  
Then Sella hung the slippers in the porch  
Of that broad rustic lodge, and all who passed  
Admired their fair contexture, but none knew  
Who left them by the brook. And now, at length,  
90 May, with her flowers and singing birds, had gone,  
And on bright streams and into deep wells shone  
The high midsummer sun. One day, at noon,  
Sella was missed from the accustomed meal.  
They sought her in her favorite haunts, they looked  
95 By the great rock and far along the stream,  
And shouted in the sounding woods her name.  
Night came, and forth the sorrowing household went  
With torches over the wide pasture grounds,  
To pool and thicket, marsh and briery dell,  
100 And solitary valley far away,  
The morning came, and Sella was not found.  
The sun climbed high; they sought her still; the noon,  
The hot and silent noon, heard Sella's name,  
Uttered with a despairing cry, to wastes  
105 O'er which the eagle hovered. As the sun  
Stooped toward the amber west to bring the close  
Of that sad second day, and, with red eyes,  
The mother sat within her home alone,  
Sella was at her side. A shriek of joy  
110 Broke the sad silence; glad, warm tears were shed,  
And words of gladness uttered. "Oh, forgive,"  
The maiden said, "that I could e'er forget  
Thy wishes for a moment. I just tried  
The slippers on, amazed to see them shaped  
115 So fairly to my feet, when, all at once,  
I felt my steps upborne and hurried on  
Almost as if with wings. A strange delight,

Blent with a thrill of fear, o'ermastered me,  
And, ere I knew, my splashing steps were set  
120 Within the rivulet's pebbly bed, and I  
Was rushing down the current. By my side  
Tripped one as beautiful as ever looked  
From white clouds in a dream; and, as we ran,  
She talked with musical voice and sweetly laughed;  
125 Gayly we leaped the crag and swam the pool,  
And swept with dimpling eddies round the rock,  
And glided between shady meadow banks.  
The streamlet, broadening as we went, became  
A swelling river, and we shot along  
130 By stately towns, and under leaning masts  
Of gallant barks, nor lingered by the shore  
Of blooming gardens; onward, onward still,  
The same strong impulse bore me, till, at last,  
We entered the great deep, and passed below  
135 His billows, into boundless spaces, lit  
With a green sunshine. Here were mighty groves  
Far down the ocean-valleys, and between  
Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly tinged  
With orange and with crimson. Here arose  
140 Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below,  
Swung idly with the motions of the sea;  
And here were shrubberies in whose mazy screen  
The creatures of the deep made haunt. My friend  
Named the strange growths, the pretty coralline,  
145 The dulse with crimson leaves, and, streaming far,  
Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread  
Its broad, thick fronds, with pleasant bowers beneath  
And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,  
Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in  
150 At caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls  
Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,  
The dwellers of the deep, in mighty herds,  
Passed by us, reverently they passed us by,  
Long trains of dolphins rolling through the brine,  
155 Huge whales, that drew the waters after them,  
A torrent-stream, and hideous hammer-sharks,  
Chasing their prey; I shuddered as they came;  
Gently they turned aside and gave us room."  
Hereat broke in the mother: "Sella dear,

- 160 This is a dream, the idlest, vainest dream."  
"Nay, mother, nay; behold this sea-green scarf,  
Woven of such threads as never human hand  
Twined from the distaff. She who led my way  
Through the great waters bade me wear it home,  
165 A token that my tale is true. 'And keep,'  
She said, 'the slippers thou hast found, for thou,  
When shod with them, shalt be like one of us,  
With power to walk at will the ocean floor,  
Among its monstrous creatures, unafraid,  
170 And feel no longing for the air of heaven  
To fill thy lungs, and send the warm, red blood  
Along thy veins. But thou shalt pass the hours  
In dances with the sea-nymphs, or go forth,  
To look into the mysteries of the abyss  
175 Where never plummet reached. And thou shalt sleep  
Thy weariness away on downy banks  
Of sea-moss, where the pulses of the tide  
Shall gently lift thy hair, or thou shalt float  
On the soft currents that go forth and wind  
180 From isle to isle, and wander through the sea."  
"So spake my fellow-voyager, her words  
Sounding like wavelets on a summer shore,  
And then we stopped beside a hanging rock,  
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,  
185 Where three fair creatures like herself were set  
At their sea-banquet, crisp and juicy stalks,  
Culled from the ocean's meadows, and the sweet  
Midrib of pleasant leaves, and golden fruits,  
Dropped from the trees that edge the southern isles,  
190 And gathered on the waves. Kindly they prayed  
That I would share their meal, and I partook  
With eager appetite, for long had been  
My journey, and I left the spot refreshed.  
"And then we wandered off amid the groves  
195 Of coral loftier than the growths of earth;  
The mightiest cedar lifts no trunk like theirs,  
So huge, so high toward heaven, nor overhangs  
Alleys and bowers so dim. We moved between  
Pinnacles of black rock, which, from beneath,  
200 Molten by inner fires, so said my guide,  
Gushed long ago into the hissing brine,

That quenched and hardened them, and now they stand  
Motionless in the currents of the sea  
That part and flow around them. As we went,  
205 We looked into the hollows of the abyss,  
To which the never-resting waters sweep  
The skeletons of sharks, the long white spines  
Of narwhal and of dolphin, bones of men  
Shipwrecked, and mighty ribs of foundered barks.  
210 Down the blue pits we looked, and hastened on.  
“But beautiful the fountains of the sea  
Sprang upward from its bed: the silvery jets  
Shot branching far into the azure brine,  
And where they mingled with it, the great deep  
215 Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering air  
Above a furnace. So we wandered through  
The mighty world of waters, till at length  
I wearied of its wonders, and my heart  
Began to yearn for my dear mountain-home.  
220 I prayed my gentle guide to lead me back  
To the upper air. A ‘glorious realm,’ I said,  
‘Is this thou openest to me; but I stray  
Bewildered in its vastness; these strange sights  
And this strange light oppress me. I must see  
225 The faces that I love, or I shall die.’  
“She took my hand, and, darting through the waves,  
Brought me to where the stream, by which we came,  
Rushed into the main ocean. Then began  
A slower journey upward. Wearily  
230 We breasted the strong current, climbing through  
The rapids, tossing high their foam. The night  
Came down, and in the clear depth of a pool,  
Edged with o’erhanging rock, we took our rest  
Till morning; and I slept, and dreamed of home  
235 And thee. A pleasant sight the morning showed;  
The green fields of this upper world, the herds  
That grazed the bank, the light on the red clouds,  
The trees, with all their host of trembling leaves,  
Lifting and lowering to the restless wind  
240 Their branches. As I woke, I saw them all  
From the clear stream; yet strangely was my heart  
Parted between the watery world and this,  
And as we journeyed upward, oft I thought

- Of marvels I had seen, and stopped and turned,  
245 And lingered, till I thought of thee again;  
And then again I turned and clambered up  
The rivulet's murmuring path, until we came  
Beside the cottage door. There tenderly  
My fair conductor kissed me, and I saw  
250 Her face no more. I took the slippers off.  
Oh! with what deep delight my lungs drew in  
The air of heaven again, and with what joy  
I felt my blood bound with its former glow;  
And now I never leave thy side again!"
- 255 So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears  
Standing in her mild eyes, and in the porch  
Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and went;  
The winter passed: another summer warmed  
The quiet pools; another autumn tinged  
260 The grape with red, yet while it hung unplucked,  
The mother ere her time was carried forth  
To sleep among the solitary hills.  
A long, still sadness settled on that home  
Among the mountains. The stern father here  
265 Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart,  
And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one  
Younger than they, a sister fair and shy,  
Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round it set  
Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.
- 270 Time passed; the grief with which their hearts were wrung  
Waned to a gentle sorrow. Sella, now,  
Was often absent from the patriarch's board;  
The slippers hung no longer in the porch;  
And sometimes after summer nights her couch  
275 Was found unpressed at dawn, and well they knew  
That she was wandering with the race who make  
Their dwelling in the waters. Oft her looks  
Fixed on blank space, and oft the ill-suited word  
Told that her thoughts were far away. In vain  
280 Her brothers reasoned with her tenderly:  
"Oh leave not thus thy kindred!" so they prayed;  
"Dear Sella, now that she who gave us birth  
Is in her grave, oh go not hence, to seek  
Companions in that strange cold realm below,  
285 For which God made not us nor thee, but stay



To be the grace and glory of our home.”

She looked at them with those mild eyes and wept,  
But said no word in answer, nor refrained  
From those mysterious wanderings that filled  
290 Their loving hearts with a perpetual pain.

And now the younger sister, fair and shy,  
Had grown to early womanhood, and one  
Who loved her well had wooed her for his bride,  
And she had named the wedding day. The herd  
295 Had given its fatlings for the marriage feast;  
The roadside garden and the secret glen  
Were rifled of their sweetest flowers to twine  
The door-posts, and to lie among the locks  
Of maids, the wedding-guests, and from the bough  
300 Of mountain-orchards had the fairest fruit  
Been plucked to glisten in the canisters.

Then, trooping over the hill and valley, came  
Matron and maid, grave men and smiling youths,  
Like swallows gathering for their autumn flight,  
305 In costumes of that simpler age they came,  
That gave the limbs large play, and wrapped the form  
In easy folds, yet bright with glowing hues  
As suited holidays. All hastened on  
To that glad bridal. There already stood  
310 The priest prepared to say the spousal rite,  
And there the harpers in due order sat,  
And there the singers. Sella, 'midst them all,  
Moved strangely and serenely beautiful,  
With clear blue eyes, fair locks, and brow and cheek  
315 Colorless as the lily of the lakes,  
Yet moulded to such shape as artists give  
To beings of immortal youth. Her hands  
Had decked her sister for the bridal hour  
With chosen flowers, and lawn whose delicate threads  
320 Vied with the spider's spinning. There she stood  
With a gentle pleasure in her looks  
As might beseech a river-nymph's soft eyes  
Gracing a bridal of the race whose flocks  
Were pastured on the borders of her stream.

325 She smiled, but from that calm sweet face the smile  
Was soon to pass away. That very morn  
The elder of the brothers, as he stood

Upon the hillside, had beheld the maid,  
Emerging from the channel of the brook,  
330 With three fresh water lilies in her hand,  
Wring dry her dripping locks, and in a cleft  
Of hanging rock, beside a screen of boughs,  
Bestow the spangled slippers. None before  
Had known where Sella hid them. Then she laid  
335 The light-brown tresses smooth, and in them twined  
The lily-buds, and hastily drew forth  
And threw across her shoulders a light robe  
Wrought for the bridal, and with bounding steps  
Ran toward the lodge. The youth beheld and marked  
340 The spot and slowly followed from afar.  
Now had the marriage rite been said; the bride  
Stood in the blush that from her burning cheek  
Glowed down the alabaster neck, as morn  
Crimsons the pearly heaven half-way to the west.  
345 At once the harpers struck their chords; a gush  
Of music broke upon the air; the youths  
All started to the dance. Among them moved  
The queenly Sella with a grace that seemed  
Caught from the swaying of the summer sea.  
350 The young drew forth the elders to the dance,  
Who joined it half abashed, but when they felt  
The joyous music tingling in their veins,  
They called for quaint old measures, which they trod  
As gayly as in youth, and far abroad  
355 Came through the open windows cheerful shouts  
And bursts of laughter. They who heard the sound  
Upon the mountain footpaths paused and said,  
"A merry wedding." Lovers stole away  
That sunny afternoon to bowers that edged  
360 The garden walks, and what was whispered there  
The lovers of these later times can guess.  
Meanwhile the brothers, when the merry din  
Was loudest, stole to where the slippers lay,  
And took them thence, and followed down the brook  
365 To where a little rapid rushed between  
Its borders of smooth rock, and dropped them in.  
The rivulet, as they touched its face, flung up  
Its small bright waves like hands, and seemed to take  
The prize with eagerness and draw it down.

370 They, gleaming through the waters as they went,  
And striking with light sound the shining stones,  
Slid down the stream. The brothers looked and watched,  
And listened with full beating hearts, till now  
The sight and sound had passed, and silently  
375 And half repentant hastened to the lodge.

The sun was near his set; the music rang  
Within the dwelling still, but the mirth waned;  
For groups of guests were sauntering toward their homes  
Across the fields, and far, on hillside paths,  
380 Gleamed the white robes of maidens. Sella grew  
Weary of the long merriment; she thought  
Of her still haunts beneath the soundless sea,  
And all unseen withdrew and sought the cleft  
Where she had laid the slippers. They were gone!  
385 She searched the brookside near, yet found them not.  
Then her heart sank within her, and she ran  
Wildly from place to place, and once again  
She searched the secret cleft, and next she stooped  
And with spread palms felt carefully beneath  
390 The tufted herbs and bushes, and again,  
And yet again, she searched the rocky cleft.

"Who could have taken them?" That question cleared  
The mystery. She remembered suddenly  
That when the dance was in its gayest whirl,  
395 Her brothers were not seen, and when, at length,  
They reappeared, the elder joined the sports  
With shouts of boisterous mirth, and from her eye  
The younger shrank in silence. "Now, I know  
The guilty ones," she said, and left the spot,  
400 And stood before the youths with such a look  
Of anguish and reproach that well they knew  
Her thought, and almost wished the deed undone.

Frankly they owned the charge: "And pardon us;  
We did it all in love; we could not bear  
405 That the cold world of waters and the strange  
Beings that dwell within it should beguile  
Our sister from us." Then they told her all;  
How they had seen her stealthily bestow  
The slippers in the cleft, and how by stealth  
410 They took them thence, and bore them down the brook  
And dropped them in, and how the eager waves

Gathered and drew them down; but at that word  
 The maiden shrieked — a broken-hearted shriek —  
 And all who heard it shuddered and turned pale  
 415 At the despairing cry, and "They are gone,"  
 She said, "gone, gone forever! Cruel ones!  
 'Tis you who shut me out eternally  
 From that serener world which I had learned  
 To love so well. Why took ye not my life?  
 420 Ye cannot know what ye have done!" She spake  
 And hurried to her chamber, and the guests  
 Who yet had lingered silently withdrew.  
 The brothers followed to the maiden's bower,  
 But with a calm demeanor, as they came,  
 425 She met them at the door. "The wrong is great,"  
 She said, "that ye have done me, but no power  
 Have ye to make it less, nor yet to soothe  
 My sorrow; I shall bear it as I may,  
 The better for the hours that I have passed  
 430 In the calm regions of the middle sea.  
 Go, then. I need you not." They, overawed,  
 Withdrew from that grave presence. Then her tears  
 Broke forth a flood, as when the August cloud,  
 Darkening beside the mountain, suddenly  
 435 Melts into streams of rain. That weary night  
 She paced her chamber, murmuring as she walked,  
 "O peaceful region of the middle sea!  
 O azure bowers and grotts, in which I loved  
 To roam and rest! Am I to long for you,  
 440 And think how strangely beautiful ye are,  
 Yet never see you more? And dearer yet,  
 Ye gentle ones in whose sweet company  
 I trod the shelly pavements of the deep,  
 And swam its currents, creatures with calm eyes —  
 445 Looking the tenderest love, and voices soft  
 As ripple of light waves long the shore,  
 Uttering the tenderest words! Oh! ne'er again  
 Shall I, in your mild aspects, read the peace  
 That dwells within, and vainly shall I pine  
 450 To hear your sweet low voices. Haply now  
 Ye miss me in your deep-sea home, and think  
 Of me with pity, as of one condemned  
 To haunt this upper world, with its harsh sounds

- And glaring lights, its withering heats, its frosts,  
455 Cruel and killing, its delirious strifes,  
And all its feverish passions, till I die.”  
So mourned she the long night, and when the morn  
Brightened the mountains, from her lattice looked  
The maiden on a world that was to her  
460 A desolate and dreary waste. That day  
She passed in wandering by the brook that oft  
Had been her pathway to the sea, and still  
Seemed, with its cheerful murmur, to invite  
Her footsteps thither. “Well mayst thou rejoice,  
465 Fortunate stream!” she said, “and dance along  
Thy bed, and make thy course one ceaseless strain  
Of music, for thou journeyest toward the deep,  
To which I shall return no more.” The night  
Brought her to her lone chamber, and she knelt  
470 And prayed, with many tears, to Him whose hand  
Touches the wounded heart and it is healed.  
With prayer there came new thoughts and new desires.  
She asked for patience and a deeper love  
For those with whom her lot was henceforth cast,  
475 And that in acts of mercy she might lose  
The sense of her own sorrow. When she rose  
A weight was lifted from her heart. She sought  
Her couch, and slept a long and peaceful sleep.  
At morn she woke to a new life. Her days  
480 Henceforth were given to quiet tasks of good  
In the great world. Men hearkened to her words,  
And wondered at their wisdom and obeyed,  
And saw how beautiful the law of love  
Can make the cares and toils of daily life.  
485 Still did she love to haunt the springs and brooks  
As in her cheerful childhood, and she taught  
The skill to pierce the soil and meet the veins  
Of clear cold water winding underneath,  
And call them forth to daylight. From afar  
490 She bade men bring the rivers on long rows  
Of pillared arches to the sultry town,  
And on the hot air of the summer fling  
The spray of dashing fountains. To relieve  
Their weary hands, she showed them how to tame  
495 The rushing stream, and make him drive the wheel

That whirls the humming millstone and that wields  
 The ponderous sledge. The waters of the cloud,  
 That drench the hillside in the time of rains  
 Were gathered, at her bidding, into pools,  
 500 And in the months of drought led forth again,  
 In glimmering rivulets, to fresh the vales,  
 Till the sky darkened with returning showers.  
 So passed her life, a long and blameless life,  
 And far and near her name was named with love  
 505 And reverence. Still she kept, as age came on,  
 Her stately presence; still her eyes looked forth  
 From under their calm brows as brightly clear  
 As the transparent wells by which she sat  
 So oft in childhood. Still she kept her fair  
 510 Unwrinkled features, though her locks were white.  
 A hundred times had summer, since her birth,  
 Opened the water-lily on the lakes,  
 So old traditions tell, before she died.  
 A hundred cities mourned her, and her death  
 515 Saddened the pastoral valleys. By the brook,  
 That bickering ran beside the cottage door  
 Where she was born, they reared her monument.  
 Ere long the current parted and flowed round  
 The marble base, forming a little isle,  
 520 And there the flowers that love the running stream,  
 Iris and orchis, and the cardinal-flower,  
 Crowded and hung caressingly around  
 The stone engraved with Sella's honored name.

## NOTES

- 12 *Eternal murmur*. Compare Wordsworth's expression, "With a soft inland murmur."  
 21 *Venturous*. Adventurous, venturesome.  
 22 *Passionless*. Calm and serene, undisturbed by passing emotions.  
 22 *Graved*. Carved, cut.  
 23 *Niches*. Hollows cut in the wall of a building to hold statues or vases.  
 29 *Wells*. Springs or pools.  
 31 *Deep beyond*. As if the reflection were in the very depths of the pool.  
 35 *Stripe*. A narrow border of grass.  
 38 *Sylvan lakelet*. A small lake in the woods.  
 40 *Shallop*. A general word for boats.  
 50 *Device*. Strange plan.  
 62 *Quarry*. That is, the rock from the quarry.  
 72 *Slippers*. Magic shoes are usually the means of transporting a mortal into fairyland  
 Witness Cinderella's slippers, the seven league boots, Hiawatha's moccasins, etc.

- 81 *Haply*. Perhaps.  
 82 *I cannot see*, etc. A proof of their mysterious character, since only Sella herself could perceive the inscription.  
 84 *Mysic*. Mysterious.  
 88 *Comexture*. Workmanship.  
 96 *Sounding woods*. Resounding, echoing.  
 99 *Briery*. A clearing in the woods overgrown with vines.  
 106 *Amber*. A pale yellow, like that of amber, a kind of gun found chiefly on the shores of the Baltic Sea.  
 122 *Tripped one*. In ancient times nymphs were supposed to dwell in all the streams and springs.  
 131 *Barks*. Ships.  
 136 *Here*, etc. Compare Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, Chapter XV.  
 142 *Masy*. Tightly interlaced.  
 144 *Coralline*. A marine plant, the branches of which are many jointed.  
 145 *Dulse*. A reddish seaweed.  
 146 *Sea-thong*. A kind of dark-colored seaweed.  
 146 *Sea-lace*. A weed very much like sea-thong. Both are found on the north Atlantic coasts.  
 147 *Fronds*. Fern-like foliage.  
 150 *Caverns of the sea*. Compare *The Forsaken Merman*, by Matthew Arnold:

"Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
 Where the winds are all asleep;  
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,  
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,  
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,  
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;  
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine;  
 Where great whales come sailing by,  
 Sail and sail with unshut eye,  
 Round the world for ever and aye."

- 154 *Dolphins*. Porpoises.  
 156 *Hammer-sharks*. With a hammer-shaped head.  
 165 *Distaff*. A staff which held the flax or wool which was to be woven by the spinner.  
 173 *Sea-nymphs*. The daughters of Neptune, god of the sea. They were part woman and part fish.  
 174 *Abys*. The soundless ocean.  
 175 *Plummet*. The lead attached to the end of the sounding line.  
 176 *Pulses*. The rhythmical motion of the water in its ebb and flow.  
 183 *Midrib*. The middle vein of the leaf.  
 187 *Culled*. Chosen with care.  
 199 *Pinnacles*. Small pointed towers.  
 208 *Narwhal*. Literally, pallid whale; the sea unicorn or monodon.  
 213 *Azure brine*. The blue sea-water.  
 224 *Oppress*. She is still a human being.  
 269 *Lively*. Bright.  
 271 *Waned*. Grew less, diminished.  
 272 *Patriarch*. An old and venerable man.  
 295 *Fallings*. Those fattened especially for the feast.  
 297 *Rifed*. Robbed.  
 301 *Canisters*. Fruit baskets made of woven reeds.  
 310 *Spusal*. The ceremony of marriage.  
 311 *Harpers*. The harp was once a far more popular instrument than it is to-day.  
 319 *Lawn*. A fine muslin.

320 *There*, etc. The picture is emphasized because she was never again to stand thus with  
 "pleasure in her looks."

- 339 *Lodge*. A shelter in a forest.  
 343 *Alabaster*. Intensely white marble.  
 353 *Quaint*. Strange tunes.  
 376 *Set*. Setting.  
 390 *Tufted*. With thick foliage.  
 424 *Demeanor*. Behavior, carriage.  
 430 *Middle*. In the midst of the sea.  
 438 *Grotts*. Grottos, caves formed by overhanging rocks.  
 443 *Shelly*. Covered with shells.  
 491 *Pillared arches*. In channels supported by pillared arches. That is, she bade them build  
 aqueducts.  
 497 *Sledge*. Huge hammer.  
 501 *Glimmer*. Gleaming in the shadow.  
 515 *Pastoral*. Rural.  
 516 *Bickering*. Scolding.  
 521 *Iris*. In this country the wild iris is small and blue.  
 521 *Cardinal-flower*. The scarlet lobelia.

## TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,  
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
 Thy solitary way?

5 Vainly the fowler's eye  
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
 As darkly seen against the crimson sky,  
 Thy figure floats along.

10 Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
 On the chafed ocean side?

15 There is a Power whose care  
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —  
 The desert and illimitable air —  
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,



20 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among they fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

25 Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

30 He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

### NOTES

1 *Whither, etc.* Bryant is said to have written this poem when he was about to begin practice as a lawyer. One day he visited Plainfield, to see if it offered any field for practice. He was somewhat discouraged as he approached the place, when he chanced to see a solitary bird flying across the western sky. Its steadfast flight inspired him with the thoughts he afterward wrote down in this poem.

2 *Last steps.* Day is here personified.

5 *Fowlers.* Hunters of birds.

7 *As darkly, etc.* Compare this line with the line as originally written: "As darkly painted on the crimson sky."

9 *Plashy.* Marshy, watery.

10 *Margin.* Margin, bank.

15 *Illimitable.* Without limits, measureless.

23 *Reeds.* Coarse grasses.

25 *Abyss.* Vast space.

29 *Zone.* From one hemisphere to another.

30 *Certain.* Unswerving.

32 *Aright.* One critic says of this poem: "The soft and exquisite beauty of the lines entitled "To a Waterfowl," is appreciated by every reader of taste. They belong to that rare class of poems which, once read, haunt the imagination with a perpetual charm."

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### TENNYSON

Wordsworth pronounced Tennyson decidedly the greatest of our living poets, and although this, unfortunately, can no longer be said of him, whatever rank future generations may assign him among Victorian poets, he is certainly the most representative of them all, the poet who has most fully expressed the intellectual and spiritual difficulties of our time.

Like his great predecessor, Alfred Tennyson was born in the country and passed most of his life in the most secluded haunts of nature, with books for his chief friends and companions. His father and mother were both well born and both were singularly gifted in many directions. They lived at Somersby, a tiny village of Lincolnshire, where the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson was rector of the church. Here Alfred was born, August 6, 1809.

His early life was well adapted to develop the boy's sensitive poetic nature. Somersby is in the midst of a beautiful country of sloping hills and fertile valleys beyond which the Lincolnshire wolds, "wide, wild and open to the air," stretch away to meet the shining waters of the Humber.

His brothers and sisters were all congenial and began to make poetry before they could talk, and many a delightful evening was spent in the rectory in making rhymes and romances.

Thus he grew up a shy, sensitive boy, who lived chiefly in a world of his own imagination, and whose greatest delight was poring over the pages of Byron and Chaucer, or tuning his pipes with Theocritus and riding to battle with the Knights of the Round Table.

Alfred and his brother Charles were sent to a grammar school at Louth, a town about twenty miles from Somersby, and here they published together a little volume of poems, called *Poems by Two Brothers*, a book remarkable for its promise rather than for its achievement. In 1828, Alfred entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where at that time many men, afterward celebrated, were in residence.

Although so shy and reticent, Tennyson showed that rare capacity for friendship which is often found in men of his temperament, whose very limitations make them more than usually dependent upon the appreciation and sympathy of their chosen comrades. Among these friends was Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of rarely beautiful nature and great promise.

In 1830, Tennyson's father died and he left Cambridge without taking a degree. At this time he is described by Edward Fitzgerald as "a man at all points, of grand proportion and feature, significant of that inward chivalry becoming his ancient and honorable race."

In 1833, the great grief of his life came to Tennyson in the sudden death of Arthur Hallam, which cast a great gloom over these years of the poet's life and forced him to consider the great problems of death and immortality, reflections which later bore fruit in *In Memoriam*.

In 1850, he was made the successor of Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, and in the same year he published *In Memoriam*. After his marriage with Miss Emily Sellwood, he made his home at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, a beautiful spot, which "seemed like a charmed palace with green walls without and speaking walls within. There hung Dante with his solemn rose and wreath; Italy gleamed over doorways; friends' faces lined the wall; books filled the shelves, and a glow of crimson was everywhere; the great oriel drawing-room window was full of green and golden leaves, of the sound of birds and of the distant sea."

Here and at his home in Surrey the poet lived in great seclusion, but ever with an ear keenly alive to all that was taking place in the world without.

He attained to a beautiful and tranquil old age, and death came to him at last as a friend and found him ready. He died with his finger still marking his favorite passage in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, the moonlight making a white radiance upon the earth, borne on the bosom of

Such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound or foam  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
Turns again home.

In his life as in his work Tennyson was supremely a poet. His very person stirred the imagination. "One of the finest looking men in the world," declared Carlyle. "A great shock of rough, dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive, yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy. His voice is musical metallic — fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation fine and plenteous: I do not meet, in these late decades, such company!"

## ENOCH ARDEN

### NOTE

*Enoch Arden* was published in 1864 and was Tennyson's first serious work after finishing the *Idylls of the King*. In this and other poems of the same period he turns to the simple life of the English people of to-day and pictures their joys and sorrows with a sympathetic pen. Like Wordsworth, he shows us the dignity and beauty of the humblest lives lived in the fear of God.

Yet even when he deals with very simple themes, like the story of *Enoch Arden*, the humble fisherman and sailor, he invests the plain details with a magic cunning of words that quite transforms them. One has only to read the description of Enoch Arden plying his very prosaic trade of selling fish, or that of the tropic island, to understand this. But Tennyson was not a mere master of musical words. His mind turned naturally to noble and lofty themes. His beautiful imagery is never used to conceal pettiness of thought, and he has ever held pure ideals as well as beautiful pictures before the eyes of the English people.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher  
5 A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

10 Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
15 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
20 To watch them overflow'd, or following up  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;  
In this the children play'd at keeping house.  
25 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week:  
"This is my house and this my little wife."  
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about:"  
30 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger made  
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
35 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
40 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,  
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;  
But she loved Enoch: tho' she knew it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set  
45 A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a home  
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
50 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year  
On board a merchantman, and made himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life  
55 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:  
And all men look'd upon him favorably:  
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May  
He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
60 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,

With bag and sack and basket, great and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd  
65 (His father lying sick and needing him)  
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,  
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in hand,  
70 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;  
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,  
75 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life  
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;  
There, while the rest were loud in merry-making,  
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past  
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

80 So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honorable toil;  
With children; first a daughter. In him awoke,  
85 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,  
When two years after came a boy to be  
90 The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil  
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
95 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,  
Not only to the market-cross were known,  
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp  
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
100 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.  
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port

Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 105 And once when there, and clambering on a mast  
 In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell:  
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 110 Another hand crept too across his trade  
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 115 To see his children leading evermore  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
 And her he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd  
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."  
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship  
 120 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,  
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,  
 125 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little cloud  
 130 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife —  
 When he was gone — the children — what to do?  
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;  
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —  
 135 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!  
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —  
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought  
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade  
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —  
 140 So might she keep the house while he was gone.  
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go  
 This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice —  
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,

145 Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:  
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,  
150 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.  
Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,  
Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,  
155 But had no heart to break his purposes  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
160 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go.  
165 He not for his own self caring but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;  
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand  
170 To fit their little streetward sitting-room  
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.  
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,  
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear  
175 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,  
Till this was ended, and his careful hand —  
The space was narrow — having order'd all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,  
180 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.



And Enoch faced this morning of farewell  
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,  
 Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.  
 185 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery  
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,  
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,  
 Whatever came to him: and then he said,  
 190 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,  
 195 This pretty, puny, weakly little one —  
 Nay — for I love him all the better for it —  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
 And make him merry, when I come home again.  
 200 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,  
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd  
 The current of his talk to graver things,  
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
 205 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,  
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,  
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,  
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

210 At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise;  
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.  
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
 215 (He named the day), get you a seaman's glass,  
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,  
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,  
 Look to the babes, and till I come again,

220 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.  
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear,  
 Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.  
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
 225 Can I go from him? and the sea is His,  
 The sea is His; He made it."

Enoch rose,  
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;  
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
 230 After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,  
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.  
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
 235 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept  
 Through all his future; but now hastily caught  
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd came,  
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps  
 240 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;  
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;  
 She saw him not: and while he stood on deck  
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
 245 She watched it, and departed weeping for him;  
 Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,  
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
 To barter, nor compensating the want  
 250 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
 And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"  
 For more than once, in days of difficulty  
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less  
 255 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:  
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus  
 Expectant of that news which never came,

Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

260 Now the third child was sickly-born and grew  
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
With all a mother's care; nevertheless,  
Whether her business often call'd her from it  
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,  
265 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell  
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,  
After a lingering — ere she was aware —  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul fitted away.

270 In that same week when Annie buried it,  
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),  
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.  
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,  
275 May be some little comfort;" therefore went,  
Past thro' the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,  
280 Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,  
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept,  
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,  
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

285 He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,  
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!" half abash'd him, yet unask'd,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

290 "I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,  
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
You chose the best among us — a strong man:  
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.  
295 And wherefore did he go this weary way,

And leave you lonely? not to see the world —  
 For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal  
 To give his babes a better bringing-up  
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.  
 300 And if he come again, vext will he be  
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.  
 And it would vex him even in his grave,  
 If he could know his babes were running wild  
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —  
 305 Have we not known each other all our lives? —  
 I do beseech you by the love you bear  
 Him and his children not to say me nay —  
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,  
 Why then he shall repay me — if you will,  
 310 Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.  
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:  
 This is the favor that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall  
 Answer'd, “I cannot look you in the face;  
 315 I seem so foolish and so broken down.  
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;  
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;  
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;  
 He will repay you: money can be repaid:  
 Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask'd

“Then you will let me, Annie?”

There she turn'd,  
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,  
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face.  
 Then calling down a blessing on his head  
 325 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,  
 And passed into the little garth beyond.  
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Phillip put the boy and girl to school,  
 And bought them needful books, and every way,  
 330 Like one who does his duty by his own,  
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,  
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent  
 335 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,  
 The late and early roses from his wall,  
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,  
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
 To save the offence of charitable, flour  
 340 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:  
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her  
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.  
 345 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;  
 From distant corners of the street they ran  
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;  
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;  
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
 350 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him,  
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd  
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them  
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
 355 Down at the far end of an avenue,  
 Going we know not where: and so ten years,  
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,  
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd  
 360 To go with others nutting to the wood,  
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd  
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:  
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,  
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him,  
 365 "Come with us, Father Philip," he denied;  
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,  
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,  
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,  
 370 Just where the prone edge of the wood began  
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force

Fail'd her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said:  
 So Philip rested with her well-content;  
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries  
 375 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge  
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke  
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
 380 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour  
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life  
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,  
 385 Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,  
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.  
 Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.  
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands  
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
 390 "The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!  
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself  
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said  
 "I thought not of it: but I — know not why —  
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."  
 395 Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.  
 "Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
 And it has been upon my mind so long,  
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,  
 I know that it will out at last. Oh, Annie,  
 400 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
 That he who left you ten long years ago  
 Should still be living; well then — let me speak:  
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:  
 I cannot help you as I wish to do  
 405 Unless — they say that women are so quick —  
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know —  
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
 A father to your children: I do think  
 They love me as a father: I am sure  
 410 That I love them as if they were mine own;  
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
 That after all these sad uncertain years,

We might be still as happy as God grants  
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it:  
 415 For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,  
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:  
 And we have known each other all our lives,  
 And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answered Annie; tenderly she spoke:  
 420 “You have been as God’s good angel in our house.  
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
 Philip, with something happier than myself.  
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved  
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?”  
 425 “I am content,” he answer’d, “to be loved  
 A little after Enoch.” “Oh,” she cried,  
 Scared as it were, “dear Philip, wait a while:  
 If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —  
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:  
 430 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:  
 Oh, wait a little!” Philip sadly said,  
 “Annie, as I have waited all my life  
 I well may wait a little.” “Nay,” she cried,  
 “I am bound: you have my promise — in a year;  
 435 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?  
 And Philip answer’d, “I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up  
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;  
 440 Then, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,  
 And sent his voice beneath him thro’ the wood.  
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;  
 Then all descended to the port, and there  
 At Annie’s door he paused and gave his hand,  
 445 Saying gently, “Annie, when I spoke to you,  
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.  
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.”  
 Then Annie weeping answered, “I am bound.”

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,  
 450 While yet she went about her household ways,  
 Ev’n as she dwelt upon his latest words,

That he had loved her longer than she knew,  
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
 And there he stood once more before her face,  
 455 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.  
 "Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again:  
 Come out and see." But she — she put him off —  
 So much to look to — such a change — a month —  
 Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —  
 460 A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes  
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
 "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."  
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;  
 465 And yet she held him on delayingly  
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,  
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
 Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
 470 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong;  
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;  
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;  
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
 475 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;  
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly  
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son  
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;  
 480 But evermore the daughter prest upon her  
 To wed the man so dear to all of them  
 And lift the household out of poverty;  
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her  
 485 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced  
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
 Pray'd for a sign, "my Enoch, is he gone?"  
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night  
 Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,  
 490 Started from bed, and struck herself a light.



Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
 "Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her:  
 495 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:  
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
 Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:  
 "He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing  
 Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines  
 500 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms  
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried  
 'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,  
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,  
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."  
 505 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,  
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,  
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.  
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.  
 510 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,  
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,  
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left  
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often  
 515 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,  
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:  
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,  
 Being with child: but when her child was born,  
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
 520 Then the new mother came about her heart,  
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd  
 The ship Good Fortune, tho' at setting forth  
 525 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook  
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext  
 She slipt across the summer of the world,  
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
 530 She passing thro' the summer world again,

The breath of heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven.

535 There Enoch traded for himself, and bought  
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,  
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

540 Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed  
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head  
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:  
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,  
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last  
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens  
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came  
545 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,  
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,  
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

550 No want was there of human sustenance,  
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;  
Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.  
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge  
555 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,  
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,  
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

560 For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,  
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,  
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.  
They could not leave him. After he was gone  
The two remaining found a fallen stem;  
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
565 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell  
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
 570 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
 The light flash of insect and of bird,  
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
 That coiled around the stately stems, and ran  
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
 575 And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
 He could not see, the kindly human face,  
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
 580 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
 585 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
 590 The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
 The blaze upon his island overhead;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west:  
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
 595 The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch  
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved  
 Before him, haunting him, or he himself  
 600 Moved haunting people, things and places, known  
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,  
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
 605 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill  
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,  
610 Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away —  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;  
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up  
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle  
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
615 Spoken with That, which being everywhere  
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,  
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went  
620 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,  
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom  
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship  
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,  
625 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course  
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:  
For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
630 They sent a crew that landing burst away  
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores  
With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge  
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,  
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,  
With inarticulate rage, and making signs  
They knew not what: and yet he led the way  
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
640 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue  
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;  
Whom, when their casks were filled they took aboard  
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,  
645 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;  
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;  
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook  
His isolation from him. None of these  
Came from his country, or could answer him,

- 650 If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.  
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore  
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
 655 He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath  
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:  
 And that same morning officers and men  
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,  
 660 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:  
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
 Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

- There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
 But homeward — home — what home? had he a home? —  
 665 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,  
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm  
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,  
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whirl'd the world in gray;  
 Cut off the length of highway on before,  
 670 And left but narrow breadth to left and right  
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.  
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped  
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:  
 675 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;  
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light  
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place,

- Then down the long street having slowly stolen,  
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
 680 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home  
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes  
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;  
 But finding neither light nor murmur there  
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept  
 685 Still downward thinking, "dead, or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,  
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,

A front of timber-crust antiquity,  
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
 690 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone  
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,  
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;  
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now  
 Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.  
 695 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,  
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,  
 Told him, with other annals of the port,  
 Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,  
 700 So broken — all the story of his house.  
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
 How Philip put her little ones to school,  
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth  
 705 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance  
 No shadow past, nor motion: any one,  
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale  
 Less than the teller; only when she closed,  
 "Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"  
 710 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
 Repeated muttering, "cast away and lost;"  
 Again in deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
 "If I might look on her sweet face again  
 715 And know that she is happy." So the thought  
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,  
 At evening when the dull November day  
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
 There he sat down gazing on all below;  
 720 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 725 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward; but behind,  
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,  
 30 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd;  
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole  
 735 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs  
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board  
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:  
 740 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;  
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,  
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
 745 Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,  
 Caught at, and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:  
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
 750 The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
 But turning now and then to speak with him,  
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
 755 His wife his wife, no more, and saw the babe  
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
 And his own children tall and beautiful,  
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
 760 Lord of his rights and of his children's love —  
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,  
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd  
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
 765 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
 And feeling all along the garden wall,  
 770 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
 775 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
 780 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
 My children too! must I not speak to these?  
 785 They know me not. I should betray myself.  
 Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl  
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little  
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced  
 790 Back toward his solitary home again,  
 All down the long and narrow street he went  
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve  
 795 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
 Prayers from a living source within the wall,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
 800 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"  
 He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about,  
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"  
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!  
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,



- 805 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought  
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,  
 I wait His time;" and Enoch set himself,  
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
- 810 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;  
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
- 815 Yet since he did but labor for himself,  
 Work without hope, there was not life in it  
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year  
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
- 820 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed,  
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.  
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
- 825 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach  
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

- For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
- 830 On Enoch thinking, "after I am gone,  
 Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."  
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said  
 "Woman, I have a secret — only swear,  
 Before I tell you — swear upon the book
- 835 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."  
 "Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear him talk;  
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."  
 "Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."  
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
- 840 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"  
 "Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.  
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;  
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
- 845 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:

- “His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
I think I have not three days more to live;  
I am the man.” At which the woman gave  
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
- 850 “You Arden, you! nay — sure he was a foot  
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again,  
“My God has bow’d me down to what I am;  
My grief and solitude have broken me;  
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
- 855 Who married — but that name has twice been changed —  
I married her who married Philip Ray.  
Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,  
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
- 860 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,  
Fast flow’d the current of her easy tears,  
While in her heart she yearn’d incessantly  
To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
- 865 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,  
Saying only, “See your bairns before you go!  
Eh, let me fetch ’em, Arden,” and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung  
A moment on her words, but then replied:
- 870 “Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you now  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
- 875 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;  
Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she lay her head beside my own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath
- 880 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
He never meant us anything but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,
- 885 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
I am their father; but she must not come,

For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
 And now there is but one of all my blood,  
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:  
 890 This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,  
 And I have borne it with me all these years,  
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
 My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,  
 895 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:  
 It will moreover be a token to her,  
 That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
 900 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
 She promised.

Then the third night after this  
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,  
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
 905 That all the houses in the haven rang.  
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,  
 Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!  
 I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.  
 910 And when they buried him the little port  
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

## NOTES

- 6 *Down*. Stretches of elevated land near the sea covered with fine turf.  
 7 *Barrows*. Burial mounds, found in England and supposed to have been made by the Danes when they invaded England.  
 18 *Fluke*. The broad part of the anchor which fastens to the ground.  
 26 *Still*. Always.  
 39 *Either*. That is, both.  
 51 *Leagues*. About three English miles.  
 53 *Merchantman*. A trading vessel.  
 54 *Full sailor*. That is, an excellent seaman.  
 68 *Feather*. That is, where the woods began to grow thinner.

- 94 *Osier*. A basket made of willow twigs.
- 96 *Market-cross*. An old stone cross is found in the market-place of many English villages.
- 98 *Lion-whelp*. That is, a family shield bearing a lion over the door of the hall, or English country house.
- 99 *Yewtree*. In old time gardens yewtrees were often pruned into the form of a peacock.
- 100 *Friday*. A day of abstinence in the Catholic Church and the eating of meat is forbidden.
- 103 *Haven*. Harbor.
- 123 *Boatswain*. A ship's officer who has charge of the crew.
- 131 *Offing*. That part of the sea remote from shore.
- 186 *Mystery*. That is, the mystery of prayer.
- 222 *Cares*. See I. *Peter*, v., 7.
- 223 *Uttermost*. See *Psalms* cxxxix.
- 226 *Sea is His*. *Psalms* xcvi.
- 326 *Garth*. An enclosed yard or garden.
- 337 *Conies*. Rabbits.
- 339 *Charitable*. That is, so that it might not seem like a gift of charity.
- 370 *Just*, etc. Compare this line with 67. The repetition serves to bind together the part of the poem.
- 376 *Whitening*. Hazel nuts are a grayish white when ripe.
- 415 *Kin*. Blood relations.
- 416 *Burthen*. Burden, care.
- 470 *Calculation*. Impatient because their predictions did not come true.
- 491 *Holy Book*. The practise of opening a book and interpreting the first passage on which the eye falls as a personal message is very ancient. Christians of all ages have used the Bible in this way.
- 494 *Under*, etc. *Judges*, iv., 5.
- 499 *Hosanna*. See *Matthew*, xxi., 8.
- 527 *Summer*. The equator.
- 528 *Cape*. Cape Horn.
- 532 *Golden isles*. Japan and the islands off the coast of China.
- 533 *Oriental*. Eastern.
- 563 *Stem*. The trunk of a tree.
- 568 *Lawns*. Long stretches of green turf.
- 572 *Convolvulus*. A kind of trailing plant; the bind-weed.
- 575 *Belt*. The ocean which, according to the ancients, encircled the world.
- 582 *Zenith*. That portion of the heavens directly overhead.
- 597 *Paused*. He had become so much a part of nature.
- 601 *Line*. The equator or the equinoctial circle.
- 638 *Sweet water*. Fresh, not sea water.
- 657 *Ghostly*. Because of the white chalk cliffs of the south coast.
- 671 *Holl*. A thicket, a wooded hill.
- 671 *Tilth*. Cultivated land; land that has been turned over by the plough.
- 688 *Timber-cross*. A house made of plaster crossed with timber, like Shakespeare's birthplace. English villages contain many such houses.
- 724 *Signal fire*. Such means of warning or summons were common in days when travel was difficult. The blaze fascinated the bird as candle-light the moth.
- 728 *Latest*. Last.
- 733 *Shingle*. Gravel.
- 789 *Tranced*. A state in which he lost all consciousness of outward things.
- 803 *Enow*. A country expression for "enough."
- 810 *Cooper*. One who makes casks and barrels.
- 865 *Bounden*. An earlier form of the participle "bound."
- 911 *Costlier*. This was the only way in which they could show the reverence that his sacrifice inspired.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, July 4, 1804, in a queer old-fashioned house that faced the Custom House. He was the second child born to his parents and was their only son. His father had always been a sailor, having served in nearly all capacities on ship board, until he made voyages for himself to the East and West Indies, to Africa and South America. He died of a fever in the latter country, in 1808, and left his widow most disconsolate. Fifty years later in speaking of the loss of an uncle at sea, Hawthorne gives us an idea of how his father's death, away from home and under uncertain circumstances, made a sort of living ghost in their family, as they continually felt that he might yet be alive and return to them.

Little that is unusual is to be found in Hawthorne's childhood, except his devotion to solitude, and this, though natural, was intensified by the secluded life led by the child's widowed mother, who, besides her sorrow, had a nature intensely pious and given to the most careful observance of feast or fast days. We first hear of him as "a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls." Through life he greatly resembled his mother, whose eyes were especially fine, and whose general bearing was majestic.

He was sent to the village school then in charge of Worcester, the famous lexicographer, and he seems to have been a favorite of the master, for there is yet in use one of his dictionaries with this inscription on the fly-leaf — "Nathaniel Hawthorne, with the respects of J. E. Worcester." While in school he was struck in the foot with a ball. The injury at one time threatened to disable him for life, but after more or less trouble for three years it disappeared. For a long time he was confined to the house and many tedious hours he whiled away with his cats, of which he was, then and ever after, very fond, now knitting stockings for them and again building houses out of books in which to imprison them.

In 1818, his mother removed to Raymond, Maine, where she occupied a large house built by her brother. Here young Hawthorne resumed his solitary walks, but in exchange for the narrow streets of Salem he had the boundless forests and the margin of Sebago Lake. After a year's residence at Raymond he returned to Salem to prepare for college. He was even then thinking about a profession, for he wrote to his mother, "I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a lawyer and live by their quarrels, nor a minister and live by their sins. So I don't see that there is anything left for me but to be an author."

In 1821, he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine, and became

a member of the famous class of Cheever and Longfellow. The latter he knew but little until after they left college, but their relations then became intimate and delightful.

While at college he excelled in classical studies, particularly in Latin compositions. It is rather funny to find that he was fined fifty cents for playing cards and reported to his mother for the same offence. After his graduation in 1825, he returned to Salem and lived a solitary life.

Hawthorne's first admirers were three young ladies of Salem, one of whom, Sophia Peabody, he married in 1842, and happy was it for Hawthorne and for us that this marriage took place. His hitherto solitary life was now enlivened by a companion at once charming and helpful. His wife was his first audience and by her kindly sympathy she encouraged him to produce some of his best works.

When the campaign, in which Franklin Pierce figured, opened, Pierce asked Hawthorne to write his biography, to be distributed during the campaign. The work was not at all to Hawthorne's taste, though he was a warm friend of Pierce, but he finally consented, and gave to his countrymen a simple narrative of the events in the life of a man in every way commonplace.

When it was known that Pierce was elected, Hawthorne quietly made up his mind to accept no office from his friend. This greatly disappointed the President, and, only after the interposition of friends, could Hawthorne be induced to accept the consulship at Liverpool. He then remained abroad seven years. After his duties at Liverpool closed, he visited other parts of England and then went to Italy, in whose dreamy atmosphere he delighted.

The happiest period of Hawthorne's life, with perhaps the exception of that spent at the Old Manse, was the seven years spent abroad. When he returned to America on the eve of the great Civil War, his faith in the concord of his American brothers received a great shock, and his health for some years delicate, suffered in consequence. His luxuriant hair grew whiter and whiter, and his wondrous gray eyes mellowed with what seemed fatigue; his hand and brain refused to work though urged on by a universal fame. In company with his friend Pierce, in May, 1864, he was seeking physical aid by a trip to the White Mountains, but one morning after spending the night at Plymouth, his friend found Hawthorne dead in his bed, wearing the same calm expression that had characterized him through life. They took him back to Wayside, to his stricken family, and, amid a chorus of birds, underneath the blossom-laden trees of a New England spring, laid him to rest in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The stone which marks his grave, like that of Wordsworth at Grasmere, is the simplest, and bears merely the name "Hawthorne," but to his readers that single word on a simple stone is more than a legend inscribed on another's monument.

## THE GREAT STONE FACE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening  
5 all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest  
10 all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper  
15 mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some  
20 possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together  
25 in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the  
30 vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Re-  
35 tracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again

be seen; and the further he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew, dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face  
5 seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced  
10 all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

15 As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice  
20 must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

25 "What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it."

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story,  
30 nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who  
35 was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others,  
40 who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, con-



cluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope I shall live to see him." His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy, yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost

within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behind-hand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp.

10 It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years

15 only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

20 As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when

25 they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farm-house. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days,

30 before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from

35 the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, inasmuch

40 that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made

such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man, come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth —

poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropt some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest  
5 shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed: "He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those  
10 glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say? "He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!" The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other  
15 inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and  
20 neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence  
25 would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields, and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of  
30 a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul — simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy — he beheld the marvellous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

35 By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, t had  
40 been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people

ceased to honor him during his life-time, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned  
5 into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years  
10 before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder.

This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds,  
15 and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up  
20 children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aid-de-camp of Blood-and-thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been  
25 struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great,  
30 therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people  
35 of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battle-blast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were  
40 arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair,

which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy. "Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another. "Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended, that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had

been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow. And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old-Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

15 "This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel was sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him — "fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by, that the world was not the better because this

man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and moulded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue indeed, was a magic instrument; sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war; the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success; when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates; after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore; it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it, that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.



While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect  
5 which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among  
10 these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as  
15 buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was com-  
20 pletely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant  
25 spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was  
30 marvellous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome  
35 the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

40 All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted as loudly as the

loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

10 "Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvellously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

30 "Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches, swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I

have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone, a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fulness of such a discourse, his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before

been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song.

5 Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

10 The effect was no less high and beautiful, when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great  
15 chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that make them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let  
20 such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

25 The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before the cottage-door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his  
30 eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away,  
35 had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted  
40 from the cars, at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his

arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, 10 "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, 15 whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend 20 with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with 25 shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguish his own share from the other's. 30 They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone 35 Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading. "You have read these poems," said he. "You know 40 me, then — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnest than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then

back with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

15 "And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had 20 grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human 25 life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine."

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, 30 Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many 35 creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and 40 genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each,

with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### BURNS

Robert Burns, the national poet of Scotland, was born January 25, 1759, in a small clay-built cottage, which his father's own hands had constructed, about a mile and a half south of Ayr. His father, who was a man of superior understanding and uncommon worth, was the son of a small farmer in the Mearns (Kincardineshire); and owing to the reduced circumstances of his family was obliged, at the age of nineteen, to quit his native place to push his fortune in the Lowlands. He was employed for several years in the vicinity of Edinburgh as a gardener, and afterwards removed to Ayrshire to fill a similar situation, which he held for a few years, and then took a lease of a small farm. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown, a native of that country, who bore him six children, of whom the poet was the eldest.

At the age of six, by which time we learn he could read tolerably well, Burns was sent to school, and by the time he was nine his propensity for reading was so ardent that he read with enthusiasm every book that came in his way, especially poetry.

On the death of his father, his brother Gilbert and he joined partnership in taking the small farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline; but having been unsuccessful, he gave up his share of it to his more prudent and sedate brother, resolving to emigrate to Jamaica in the West Indies. At this juncture it was suggested that he should publish a collection of poems which had hitherto only amused and delighted his rustic companions. These poems were published in July, 1786, at Kilmarnock, and had a wonderful success. They were in the popular language of his country, and upon subjects quite familiar to the common people.

Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, whose notice was attracted to them by a copy sent to him, with a short account of the poet, by Dr. Laurie, minister of London, was charmed with the genius exhibited in them, and invited Burns to that city. He was thus diverted from his intended exile, and introduced to the literary and social celebrities of the metropolis, where his reception was triumphant. A second edition of his poems was now prepared, for which he received £500. He again commenced farming, having taken a lease of the farm of Ellisland, in Nithsdale, Dumfriesshire, and also obtained a place in the Custom House, which last was a reserve in the event of the farm not succeeding. Previous to this, however, he had been married to the object of his affections, whose personal charms he had celebrated in the beautiful song entitled "Bonnie Jean."

The embarrassments in connection with his farm, added to by his own



careless management, compelled him to give up his lease, when he settled at last in Dumfries, depending solely upon his income of £70 in the Custom House for the maintenance of himself and family. Here he died in 1796, amid the universal sorrow of his countrymen, and the many admirers of his genius in every land. His brief life of thirty-seven years was one continued struggle, yet he was able in the intervals of a chequered career, and in spite of the many disadvantages of his position, to give to literature some of its most precious jewels.

His best known works are his poems, "The Twa' Dogs," "Hallowe'en," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Vision," "The Jolly Beggars," and numerous songs, ballads and satires, unsurpassed in the whole range of our lyrical poetry.

## THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN,\* ESQ.

### NOTE

The common people of Scotland seem to have always had deeper, purer, and more reflecting affections than those of any other land. If we knew nothing further of the forefathers of our Scottish hamlets than the pure and loving songs, and the wild pathetic music which they loved, we should know enough to convince us that they were a strong, healthful, happy, and dignified race of men. There can be little doubt that this fine character is chiefly to be attributed to the pervading and profound spirit of their religion, blending intimately with all the relations of their life, and inspiring a habitual reverence for high and holy things.

In the better class of Scottish cottages there was constantly present the influence of the Sabbath and of the Bible, and this from no uncertain or fluctuating influences in the nature of the people, but from a devout reverence, and depth of moral feeling and affection, that emphatically spoke of the fear of God. It is religion, then, that has made the Scottish people thoughtful, simple and pure in morals, and tender and loving of heart.

When we read the "Cotter's Saturday Night" of Burns, we feel that we are reading the records of a purer, simpler, more pious race than we find in any other country, although it cannot be denied that there may be, and is, much of happiness and virtue to be found among the peasantry of other lands. We feel, however, that we have in this immortal poem a picture of domestic joy so deep and strong, a love of home so intense and real, a faith in an overruling Providence so lofty and sincere, as to stamp it as peculiarly Scottish, and beyond the experience of any other people.

This, perhaps the best known of Burns's longer and more ambitious efforts, is, with the exception of a few stanzas, and an occasional expression or two, entirely in English, and as such it compares satisfactorily with even the best works of acknowledged English poets. He manifests in it the power of a Wilkie in producing a lifelike family scene — a picture of human manners, mingled with a fine religious awe, which comes over the mind like a slow and solemn strain of music.

\* R. Aiken, a solicitor in Ayr, a man of worth, good taste, and a warm friend of Burns.

It may not be uninteresting, as showing the truthful nature of the picture as drawn by Burns, to relate the following anecdote in connection with this poem: Mrs. Dunlop, one of Burns' kindest friends and most ardent admirers, had an old housekeeper at Dunlop House, named Mrs. M'Quistin, who, after fifty-four years' service in the family, had acquired a sort of prescriptive right to have some deference paid to her peculiarities. Mrs. Dunlop had shown much care and anxiety respecting the accommodation and entertainment of Burns (for the *new man*, as her housekeeper had called him) when on a visit to her, which did not exactly meet her servant's approbation, seeing that he was not like one of the neighboring gentry, for whom she would seem to have entertained a high admiration. To convince her of the poet's claim to every attention, Mrs. Dunlop gave her the "Cotter's Saturday Night" to read. On returning the book she remarked, "Gentlemen and ladies may think muckle o' this; but for me it's naething but what I saw i' my faither's house every day, and I dinna see how he could hae tell't it ony ither way." Now this is real fame, and shows how, in illustrating the breadth and intensity of the national character, he was so marked, so varied, and so faithful a delineator.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short but simple annals of the poor. — GRAY.

- My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays:  
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
- 5 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The slowly train in life's sequester'd scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
 What Aikin in a cottage would have been:  
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.
- 10 November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh;  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;  
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:  
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
- 15 This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameword bend.
- At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 20 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree:

Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,  
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 25 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary, carking care beguile,  
 An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun':  
 30 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin-  
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,  
 35 Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnotic'd fleet:  
 40 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
 Anticipation forward points the view;  
 The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; —  
 45 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
 The yonkers a' are warned to obey;  
 "An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:  
 50 An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

55 But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 60 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
 With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,  
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;  
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kind'y welcyme, Jenny brings him ben:  
 65 A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;  
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave,  
 70 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;  
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
 O heart-felt raptures! — bliss beyond compare!  
 75 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare —  
 "If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 80 In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —  
 A wretch, a villain! lost to love and truth!  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 85 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
 Curse on his perjurd' arts! dissembling smooth!  
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?  
 90 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:  
 The sowpe their only Hawkie does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;  
 95 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell —

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;  
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

- 100 The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;  
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;  
 105 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care;  
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

- They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
 110 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name,  
 Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,  
 She sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
 115 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;  
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

- The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
 120 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
 125 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

- Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
 130 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;  
 How his first followers and servants sped;  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:  
 How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
 135 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's com-  
 mand.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphal wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
 140 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

145 Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!  
 The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
 150 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;  
 And in the book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
 155 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
 That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 160 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide;  
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:  
 165 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings.  
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God!"  
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;  
 What is a lordling's pomp? — a cumbrous load,

- 170 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!
- O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
Long may thy hardy sons of rusty toil
- 175 Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
- 180 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.
- O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
That steam'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
- 185 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspir'd, guardian, and reward!)  
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

## NOTES

- 2 *No mercenary bard.* A poet not actuated by the hope of reward.
- 4 *Meed.* Reward.
- 6 *Sequester'd.* Secluded.
- 9 *Ween.* Think, imagine.
- 10 *Sugh.* Continued rushing noise of wind; rough breathing sound.
- 12 *Miry.* Soiled with mud.
- 12 *Plough.* Plough.
- 15 *Moil.* Drudgery, hard labor.
- 16 *Mattocks.* Pick-axes.
- 21 *Slacher.* Stagger.
- 22 *Flicherin'.* Fluttering
- 23 *Ingle.* Fire.
- 26 *Carking.* Distressing.
- 28 *Belyve.* By and by, soon.
- 30 *Ca'.* Drive.
- 30 *Tentie rin.* Diligently run — heedfully, cautiously.
- 31 *Cannie.* Trustworthy, easy.
- 35 *Sair-won penny fee.* Hard won wages.
- 38 *Spies.* Asks, inquires.
- 40 *Uncos.* News, uncommon incidents; as an adjective *unco* means strange, uncouth; and as an adverb is used intensively, as *unco little*.
- 44 *Gars.* Make.

- 44 *Auld claes*. Old clothes.
- 44 *Amaist*. Almost.
- 47 *Younkers*. Youngsters.
- 48 *Eydent*. Diligent.
- 49 *Jauk*. Dally, trifle.
- 51 *Duty*. Prayer.
- 56 *Wha kens*. Who knows.
- 58 *Convoy*. Accompany.
- 62 *Haffins*. Partly, in a half and-half manner.
- 67 *Cracks*. Converses.
- 69 *Blate*. Modest.
- 69 *Laithja'*. Bashful.
- 71 *Soe*. So.
- 72 *Love*. The others. The meaning is that she is pleased to think that her daughter has a respectable lover like her neighbors.
- 88 *Ruth*. Pity, tenderness, from *rue*.
- 92 *Halesome parrich*. — Wholesome porridge.
- 93 *Sowpe*. A small quantity of any liquid, a common expression in Scotland for a little of anything; as, a *sowpe of milk*, meaning a little milk.
- 93 *Hawkie*. A cow; properly one with a white face.
- 94 *'Yont*. Beyond.
- 94 *Hallan*. A partition between the door of a cottage and the fireplace.
- 95 *Complimental mood*. In a frame of mind expressive of regard.
- 96 *Grace*. Honor.
- 96 *Weel hain'd*. Carefully preserved.
- 96 *Kebuck*. Cheese.
- 99 *How 'twas a twomond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell*. How 'twas a twelve-month old, since flax was in the bloom.
- 103 *Ha' Bible*. The large Bible. This Bible lay in the ha' or chief room in the house.
- 105 *Lyart*. Gray.
- 105 *Hoffets*. The sides of the head, the temples (*half-heads*).
- 107 *Wales*. Selects.
- 111-113 *Dundee's, Martyrs, and Elgin*. Names of Scottish psalm tunes.
- 113 *Beets*. Adds fuel to fire.
- 117 *Unison*. Harmony.
- 121 *Amalek's ungracious progeny*. The Amalekites, the supposed descendants of Amalek, the grandson of Esau, the brother of Jacob. They were signally defeated in a contest with the children of Israel at Rephidim, near the western arm of the Red Sea.
- 133 *Palmos*. An island in the Ægean Sea, distinguished as the place to which John the Evangelist was banished by Domitian, A. D. 94.
- 149 *Incensed*. Enraged.
- 149 *Pageant*. A showy spectacle.
- 150 *Sacerdotal stole*. Priestly robe.
- 157 *Proffer*. To offer.
- 164 *Rever'd*. Respected.
- 167 *Certes*. In truth.
- 169 *Cumbrous*. Troublesome.
- 182 *Wallace*. Sir William, Scotland's national hero, having slain the son of the English sheriff of Dundee, had to flee to the woods and was outlawed. He gathered together a number of followers, and drove the English out of Aberdeen, Forfar, Brechin, and elsewhere, and in 1297 defeated them in the Battle of Stirling Bridge, thus, liberating his country for a time. He was then appointed guardian of the country during the captivity of Balfol. He entered England, and ravaged Durham. Edward I. hastened home from Flanders and marched against Wallace, who was defeated. He then carried on a sort of guerilla warfare against the English, until he was betrayed, and executed in London in 1305. Born near Paisley, about 1270.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### GOLDSMITH

Oliver Goldsmith, perhaps the most beloved of English writers, and next to Dr. Johnson, the best known literary figure in the last half of the eighteenth century, was born in Pallas, Ireland, November 10, 1728.

His family was of Saxon origin, having moved to Ireland some generations before. His father was Charles Goldsmith, who made a scanty living for himself and family from the income of a small curacy and by operating a little farm. Not only was Oliver's father a clergyman, but his grandfather and great-grandfather had likewise been in the church. His mother, Ann Jones, was also of clerical family, so that Oliver Goldsmith had back of him a ministerial record almost equal to that of our own Emerson. Little, however, of the formal grace of his sedate ancestry sat upon the wayward scion, but within his bosom there beat a heart which concentrated within itself all the pity, tenderness, and generosity which had dominated three generations of clergymen.

Oliver was the fifth of eight children born to the humble rector, and the one destined to make the name of Goldsmith revered by all readers of English classics. When the child was two years old, the family removed from Pallas to a more lucrative living at Lissoy or Sissoy, in the county Meath.

Someone said that Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late and this expression seems exactly to meet the case, for all of his early instructors, however devoted they were to the child, bear testimony that "there never was so dull a boy" — "a stupid, heavy blockhead."

A relative taught him his letters. Then came his tuition under Paddy Byrne, a broken down old soldier, who, if his methods were unpedagogical, yet was a famous story teller of the true Irish type. We can imagine the master's school often resting from the tedium of study and listening breathless to tales of ghosts and banshees and bloody battlefields. On the mind of little Oliver, at least, they were indelibly stamped. Of a similar nature was the influence of Peggy Golden, his father's dairymaid, who entertained the child by singing old ballads. In the same list we ought to place the wandering minstrel who was often warmed beside the good rector's fireside and gave, in recompense, his best songs, sung to the accompaniment of the harp.

At the age of fifteen Goldsmith had the laughable experience which he has embodied in his comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. Having a guinea to spend, he determined to take a short trip. Finding himself belated in a small town near his destination, he hailed a passer-by and asked the way to the best house in town (meaning a hotel or inn, of course.) As a joke, he

was directed to a private house, where he conducted himself as one who pays for "his keep," only to find in the morning that he had been duped. The story is amusing, but I tell it not alone for itself. The experience was typical of what was constantly befalling Goldsmith. There was that about him which seemed to invite ridicule and all his acquaintances took advantage of this to make him the butt of all sorts of jokes.

In this connection we ought to mention his appearance, which was ungainly in the extreme. To add to this, his face was deeply pitted from a severe attack of smallpox which ravaged Europe during his youth.

In 1740, he took the degree of B. A., and returned home to his widowed mother, his father having died while he was in college. Thus he was out of school at the age of twenty-one and it was evident to those most interested in him that he was no nearer settled in life than when he began his college course.

Then began that series of efforts to start in a profession which, though rather funny to us at this distance, must have been discouraging indeed to his friends. He went up to be ordained for the ministry, but he appeared in scarlet breeches and so the bishop would not ordain him. He was given a sufficient sum of money to bear his expenses to America, but the ship sailed away without him and he returned home penniless. His patient uncle Contarine next provided him with fifty pounds and started him off to London to study law, but he spent the money in gaming and again returned destitute to his friends without having seen London. Then they got together another purse and he set out for Edinburgh to study medicine. This time he reached his destination and joined the Medical Society of the Scotch University but, at the same time, he became the leader of the Irish students there in their pranks. After a year and a half he sailed for Leyden to perfect himself in medicine. After a short stay here, in which he made his way by teaching English to anyone who cared to learn, he left without a degree and set out on his travels on foot. With little means of subsistence except his flute and his aptness at composing ballads, he wandered through much of Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy, or, as he expressed it, "piped his way through Europe."

On his return to England, however, his flute failed to charm and he was once more at his wits' end to know how to make a living.

At last he was driven to the drudgery of a hack writer for various periodicals. In his extremity he betook himself to an attic, on the edge of Fleet Ditch to which he climbed by means of Breakneck Steps.

The year 1763 was a memorable one in Goldsmith's life, for it was the year in which was formed the famous literary club which Reynolds suggested and of which Goldsmith was asked to become a member. Four names in the original membership of this club make it immortal, and make our hearts leap as we enumerate them. They are Dr. Johnson, whose heavy form stands ever as a bulwark of English manhood; Joshua Reynolds, the fine portrait painter, the first president of the Royal Academy; Burke, the magnanimous man, the inspired orator, and Oliver Goldsmith, the great heart of them all.

For the eleven remaining years of his life Goldsmith was the best beloved of this coterie. Its meetings were quite incomplete unless the gentle, blundering "Goldy," or "Noll," as they loved to call him, was present, and when he died, they mourned him truly. Burke, when informed of his death, cried like a child, and Reynolds, who never could be induced to stop his painting, closed up his studio for a day and did nothing but grieve for the loss of his dear friend.

About the time this club was formed, Goldsmith, being in more prosperous circumstances, moved into rooms in the Inns of Court, in the vicinity of the Temple, which Charles Lamb has immortalized.

Though Goldsmith's income had increased, he was often beset by creditors.

One day Dr. Johnson received a message from Goldsmith asking him to come to him at once as he (Goldsmith) could not go to Johnson. The good doctor, suspecting the nature of his friend's trouble, sent him a guinea, saying that he would come himself shortly. When Johnson appeared he found Goldsmith the prisoner of his landlady, who insisted on having her rent, which had long been over due. The guinea he had sent had been broken and a bottle of Madeira stood opened on the table. Johnson approached the table and, putting in the stopper, he began to question Goldsmith as to his resources. The latter said that he had a novel completed, and he produced the manuscript of *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson saw at once that there were good things in it, and undertook to find a market for it. After reading it he disposed of it for sixty pounds, but the publisher who bought it had so little confidence in it that he delayed its publication until after *The Traveller* appeared, in 1764. The success of this poem made the public hungry for more of Goldsmith's work and so the prudent publisher to whom the manuscript of *Vicar of Wakefield* had been sold published it in 1766. Thus, in an accidental way, the best beloved of English classics found its way into the world of readers.

Goldsmith's success was now fully established and his work brought in a goodly competency, but our writer, much as we love him and dear to us as are his works, was improvident and, though we dislike to say so, it is quite probable that no income, however ample, could have kept pace with the settled habits of a spendthrift and the benefactor of a large class of hangers-on who knew his business better than he did himself. Goldsmith thus continued to be troubled by his debts, which he always seemed quite willing to pay when he had the money, but he died a debt-burdened man.

In March of 1774, Goldsmith was attacked by a slow fever and on the fourth of April he died. It was a motley crowd that gathered to do the last honors to the genial man of letters. Beside the most honored figures of the time were men in shabby coats and with marks of unsuccessful struggle on their countenances — men that had been helped by Goldsmith. There was another class of persons who shrank from contact with the upright who, in their sin, had sought relief and found it in the heart and hand of Goldsmith. It was the suppressed crying of such that filled in the pauses of

the noble church service said above the dead form of him who had no family save the wretched of earth that he could help, and no earthly home save the "narrow house" now about to close upon him forever. He was buried in the court of the Temple near where he had spent his last years, and to any pilgrim to that quiet place in the midst of London's roar, that raised mound in the green turf which marks the resting place of Oliver Goldsmith is the most precious relic that the Temple can show.

The Literary Club placed a monument in memory of him in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, and Dr. Johnson wrote a lengthy inscription in Latin to tell of his friend's worth. A part of it translated runs thus: "Of Oliver Goldsmith — a poet, naturalist and historian, who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn."

## THE DESERTED VILLAGE

### NOTE

This poem, which took Goldsmith about two years to write, was published on May 26, 1770, the year also of Wordsworth's birth. It was immensely successful, going through six editions in its first year of publication. It is essentially a didactic poem, *i. e.*, a poem written with a purpose, to teach mankind some useful lesson. Goldsmith's aim was to show that the accumulation of wealth was the parent of all evils, including depopulation. We know now this to be faulty political economy.

But it is not the didactic side of the poem that makes its excellence. It is when Goldsmith forgets to teach, as, happily, he often does, and describes for us the charms of simple village life that we recognize his greatness as a poet. So sweetly and naturally does he do it, that he ranks as one of the best of our descriptive poets.

The poem was dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds. "The only dedication," writes Goldsmith, "I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you."

Some have thought that the scene of the poem was the Irish village of Lissoy. But "Auburn" is distinctly an English village, and doubtless Goldsmith mingled his recollections of both countries. Indeed, he told Reynolds four or five years before the poem was published that he had made excursions into the country in several parts of England to satisfy himself of the truth of his complaint of the decay and depopulation of villages. "I remember it in my own country and have seen it in this."

[*A picture of the village in the days of its prosperity.*]

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:

- 5 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 10 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,  
 The hawthorne bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
 15 How often have I blessed the coming day,  
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labor free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 20 The young contending as the old survey'd;  
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;  
 And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;  
 25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
 By holding out to tire each other down;  
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 30 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

[A companion picture: the village in the days of its desolation.]

- 35 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 40 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,

The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 45 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapless ruin all  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 50 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

*[Reasons why village life should decay: luxury, and increase of wealth and trade destroy agricultural interests.]*

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
 55 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
 60 His best companions, innocence and health,  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:  
 65 Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 70 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

*[The poet muses on the charms of the village and relates how he had hoped to end his days there.]*

75 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs — and God has given my share —  
 85 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 90 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 95 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return — and die at home at last.

[*A picture of a beautiful and peaceful old age.*]

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 100 A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
 105 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 110 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

[*The poet compares the cheerful sounds of the village when it was populated with the silence that now reigns there.*]

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
 115 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below;  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 120 The playful children just let loose from school;  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind —  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade  
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
 125 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled:  
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
 130 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
 135 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

[*The village preacher.*]

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;  
 145 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.



His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 150 He hid their wanderings, but relieved their pain  
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;  
 155 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
 160 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
 165 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 170 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 175 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway.  
 180 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
 185 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 190 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

[*The village schoolmaster.*]

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
 195 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
 The village master taught his little school:  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 200 The day's disasters in his morning face;  
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:  
 205 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
 The village all declared how much he knew;  
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
 210 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.  
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;  
 While words of learned length and thund'ring sound  
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
 215 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.  
 But past is all his fame. The very spot  
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

[*The village inn.*]

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high  
 220 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.  
 225 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlor splendors of that festive place;  
 The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
 230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;  
 235 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 240 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 245 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,  
 250 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

*[The poet compares the simple pleasures of a country life with the excitement and conventionality of a town life.]*

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art:  
 255 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 260 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd —

In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:  
 And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

[*The evils of wealth. No place is left for the poor.*]

- 265 Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey  
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand  
 Between a splendid and a happy land.  
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
 270 And shouting Folly hails them from the shore;  
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
 And rich men flock from all the world around.  
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
 That leaves our useful products still the same.  
 275 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:  
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
 280 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;  
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;  
 Around the world each needful product flies,  
 For all the luxuries the world supplies:  
 285 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,  
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

- As some fair female, unadorned and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
 Slight's every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
 290 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress:  
 295 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed;  
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,  
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
 While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land

300 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
305 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
He drives his flocks to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?  
310 To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;  
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,  
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe.  
315 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade:  
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
320 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;  
Tumultuous grandeur crowns the bazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
Sure these denote one universal joy!  
325 Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
330 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,  
335 When idly, first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

340 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

[*Therefore the poor must emigrate.*]

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
345 Far different there from all that charmed before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore;  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing;  
350 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
355 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murderous still than they;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
360 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

[*The emigrants' farewell. The abandonment of their homes by the poor is always a pathetic circumstance.*]

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,  
That called them from their native walks away;  
365 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main;  
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
370 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.  
The good old sire the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,

He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.  
 375 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 380 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,  
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

[*Luxury destroys rural virtues.*]

385 O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!  
 Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
 390 Boast of a florid vigor not their own:  
 At every draught more large and large they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;  
 Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,  
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

395 E'en now the devastation is begun,  
 And half the business of destruction done;  
 E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail  
 400 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
 And kind connubial tenderness are there,  
 405 And piety with wishes placed above,  
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

[*And also the arts. A farewell to Poetry.*]

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;

- Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
 410 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;  
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.  
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
 415 Thou guide, by which the noble arts excel,  
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!  
 Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,  
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
 420 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime,  
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;  
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
 425 Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,  
 Though very poor, may still be very blessed;  
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
 While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 430 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

## NOTES

1 *Auburn*. The poet addresses the village as if it was a person. The figure is called *apostrophe, i. e.*, personification accompanied by an address to a person, either absent or present.

2 *Swain*. A young man dwelling in the country, a rustic; now only used in poetry.

3 *Smiling spring*. Note the personification. Cf. "parting summer," line 4.

4 *Parting*. Departing. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, 1, "The curfew tolls the knell of *parting* day."

12 *Decent*. Becoming, suitable for its purpose. (Lat. *decere*, to be fitting or becoming.) Cf. Milton's *Penseroso*, lines 5, 6:

"And sable stole of cyprus lawn,  
 Over thy *decent* shoulders drawn."

12 *Top*. Stood on the top of. Verb formed from the noun *top*, and very rarely used.

14 *Talking age*. Old people are generally fond of talking.

15 *Coming day*. In Ireland the saints' days are celebrated with much jollity by the Roman Catholic peasantry.

16 *Toil remitting*. Toil being at an end. Cf. line 95.

17 *Village train*. Line of villagers. (Fr. *trainer*, Lat. *trahere*, to draw along.)

17-26 Cf. description of the village sports in Milton's *L'Allegro*, lines 91-98.

18 *Led up*. Arranged in succession.

19 *Circled*. Seldom used as a verb. Cf. "went round," line 22.

21 *Gambol*. Frisking about in play. Connected with Fr. *jamb*, Ital. *gambo*, leg, Fr. *gambouiller*, to kick about.

22 *Sleights*. Tricks. Cf. the expression, "*sleight* of hand."

22 *Feat*. A clever or skillful action. (Fr. *fait* from *faire*, to do.)



23 "When they grew tired of one kind of sport."

25 *Simply*. Merely.

27 *Mistrustless*. Unconscious.

28 His companions do not enlighten the swain as to the cause of their laughter.

30 *Matron*. A married woman, a mother. (Lat. *mater*, mother.)

35 *Lawn*. Like "plain" in line 1. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, 100.

"To meet the sun upon the upland *lawn*."

37 This is probably a reference to the Lieutenant-General Robert Napier or Naper, who evicted some of his tenants near Ballymahon because they did not pay their rent, and annexed the land to enlarge his own estates. Cf. lines 275-278. The destruction of small holdings to enlarge great estates is a very old grievance. It is referred to in Bacon's *History of Henry VII.* (1622).

39 *Domain*. In law, the manor house and adjacent land which the owner reserves for his occupation. *Demesne* is another form of the same word with a similar meaning. Here it refers to the village and land belonging to it. (Lat. *dominium*, property; *dominus*, master of the house, both from Lat. *domus*, house.)

40 Only half the land was cultivated, and therefore the country looked desolate and cheerless.

42 *Sedges*. Grass-like plants, usually found growing on the banks of rivers. Note the alliteration. For other examples, cf. lines 74, 93, 121, 382.

43 *Glades*. Open spaces in a wood through which the light glitters. (O. E. *glade*, shining, bright.)

44 *Bittern*. A bird like a heron, of solitary habits, that frequents marshes, and is remarkable for its curious booming cry.

45 *Lapwing*. A bird of the plover family, often called the *peewit*, from its particular cry.

46 *Unvaried*. Monotonous, always the same. With lines 41-46 cf. Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, vi., 24: "To those who have walked in an evening by the *sedgy* sides of unfrequented rivers must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the *whining* of the *lapwing* . . . but of all these sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the *booming* of the *bittern*."

48 *Overtops*. Cf. line 12.

49 *Spoiler*. Despoiler, one who destroys.

51 *Fares*. Goes it with. (O. E. *faran*; Ger. *fahren*, to go.) Cf. line 295. The expression *farewell* means, may it go well with you.

51 *Ill*. An adverb.

51 *Hastening ills*. Misfortunes coming one on the top of the other. Cf. *Hamlet*, iv., 5 60-61:

"When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions."

52 *Accumulates*. Is heaped up. (Lat. *cumululus*, a heap.)

52 *Decay*. Decrease in number.

54 The mere word of a king can make a man a nobleman, just as it can degrade him from his high titles, etc. Cf. *Psalms* cxlvi., 3, "Put not thy trust in princes," and Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, 165, "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings."

55 *Peasantry*. The men who lived in the country and tilled the ground. (Lat. *pagus*, a district; Fr. *payisan*, peasant, from *pays*, country.)

58 *Rood*. The fourth part of an acre. The word is a form of *rod*. Goldsmith refers to the time when farms were small, and farmers, consequently, more numerous.

59 Note the personification.

63 *Train*. Here, those who follow the pursuit of trade. Cf. line 17.

64 *Usurp*. To seize (unjustly) for one's own use. (Lat. *usus*, use, and *rapere*, to seize.)

65 *Hamlet*. A small village. *Ham* is O. E. for abode. Cf. *Cheltenham*, *Buckingham*, etc. *Let* is a diminutive ending meaning "little," Cf. *rivulet*, a little river.

66-68 "There are now to be found troublesome wealth and show, the desires suggested by luxury, and the follies that are the result of such pride and ostentation."

74 *Manners*. Customs. Cf. Lat. *mores*, Fr. *mœurs*.

76 *Forlorn*. Abandoned. Connected with Germ. *verloren*, lost.

79 *Many a year elapsed*. A nominative absolute. "Many years having elapsed (passed away) I," etc. Cf. line 95.

81 *Busy train*. The many thoughts of the past that a return to his native village brings into his mind.

85 *Crown*. A figurative expression, meaning to end happily.

87, 88 "To economize, take care of life (here compared with a burning taper) by resting in peace from toil, and so preventing the flame from being wasted." *Husband*, a verb, to be economical. O. E. *husbonda*, master of the house.)

93, 94 A fine simile, *i. e.* a fully stated comparison. For *whom*, we should now write *which*.

95 *Long vexations past*. An example of the nominative absolute. Most languages have a grammatical construction in which case a can stand alone without depending on any other word in the sentence. In English this is done by means of the nominative, in Latin by the ablative, and in Greek by the genitive. Goldsmith is very fond of the construction. Cf. lines 16, 79, 157, 181, 365.

96 Cf. the poet Waller (1605-1687), who bought a small house and a little land at Coleshill Herts, his birthplace, and said that he "should be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused.

97 Note the apostrophe. Cf. line 1.

100 *Age*. Old age.

100 A good example of antithesis. For other examples cf. lines 51, 62, 150, 180, 288, etc.

101, 102 "How blest is he who quits a world where he is much tried by temptations, and since it is hard to fight them (*i. e.*, the temptations), learns to avoid coming into contact with them."

104 The miner and the sailor. *Tempt*, venture upon.

106 *Famine*. Here, means one who is suffering hunger, a starving man. This figure, called *metonymy*, is when the adjunct (here the hunger from which the man is suffering) is put for the thing.

107 *Letter end*. Death. It is a common expression in the Bible. Cf. *Proverbs* XIX., 20. "Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou may be wise in thy *letter end*;" and *Deuteronomy* XXXIII., 29, "that they would consider their *letter end*."

109 Cf. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 203, "an age that melts with *unperceived decay*."

110 Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a fine picture of *Resignation*. It was engraved in 1772 and Reynolds inscribed the print thus: "This attempt to express a character in 'The Deserted Village' is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith by his sincere friend and admirer, Joshua Reynolds." Perhaps this was in return for Goldsmith's dedication of the poem to Reynolds.

112 Cf. Wordsworth's beautiful description of old age in *To a young lady who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country*, 16-18:

"But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave."

114 *Yonder*. (O. E. *geon*; Germ. *jener*, that.) The *d* has crept in because the pronunciation of *n* before *er* is made easier by a *d* following: cf. "thunder" (O. E. *thunor*).

115 *Careless*. Free from care.

117 *Responsive*. Answering back by singing.

121 *Bayed*. Barked at. (Fr. *aboyer*, to bark.)

122 *Spoke*. Showed, proved.

123 *Vacant mind*. A mind free from care; cf. line 115. This line is often familiarly quoted.

124 In his *Animated Nature* Goldsmith writes, "The nightingale's *pausing song* would be the proper epithet for the bird's music." *Nightingale* (O. E. *niht*, night, and *galan*, to sing) is a bird that sings at night.

126 *Fluctuate*. Float.

127 *Grass-grown footway*. Grass grows in the footpaths because they are no longer used.

128 *Flush*. Brightness and vigor.

129 *Yon*. Cf. line 114.

130 *Plashy*. Overflowing into puddles (Dan. *plas*, a puddle). Allied to *splash*.

132 *Mantling*. Covering. Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, 9, "ivy-mantled tower."

136 *Pensive plain*. The epithet "pensive" includes the effect of the plain on the person looking at it. When he thinks of its former flourishing condition, he feels sad and melancholy. Cf. "pallid fear," Gray's *Eton College Ode*, 63.

137 *Copse*. Contracted from *coppice*, a wood of low growth for cutting, used chiefly for fuel. Connected with Fr. *couper*, to cut.

137 *Garden smiled*. Note the personification. Cf. "smiling spring." line 3; "smiling land," line 299.

140 Goldsmith took the chief features of his village preacher from his father, his brother and his uncle Contarine.

140 *Mansion*. Abiding or resting place, here the clergyman's house. In Scotland the minister's house is still called the *manse*. (Lat. *mansio* from *manere*, to remain.)

142 *Passing*. Surpassing, more than. Cf. II. *Samuel*, i., 26, "Thy love to me was wonderful, *passing* the love of women." Forty pounds was the usual amount of a country parson's income in the middle of the last century. In the dedication of *The Traveller* to his brother Henry, Goldsmith speaks of him as a man who "has retired early to happiness and obscurity with an income of forty pounds a year."

143 *He ran . . . race*. A metaphor for "he lived his life."

144 *Place*. Position in life.

145 *Fawn*. Flatter.

145, 146 He did not (like the "Vicar of Bray" in the old song) change his opinions in order to keep in favor with whatever party might be in power.

148 He was better able to help men in their misery than to attain himself to high offices.

149 *Vagrant train*. Troop of beggars.

150 *Chid*. Chided. Cf. line 100.

155 *Broken*. Broken down by sickness or old age, or the results of war. At the conclusion of the Seven Years' War in 1763, the soldiers were disbanded, and many of them suffered from want and sickness. Cf. Campbell's *Soldier's Dream*, "And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay."

158 *Fields, i. e.*, of battle.

164 This line is often familiarly quoted.

167, 168 This fine simile may have been suggested by *Deuteronomy*, xxxii., 2, "As an eagle that stirreth up her nest, that fluttereth over her young, he spread abroad his wings, he took them and bare them on his pinions."

173 *Reverend*. One worthy of reverence. The epithet was formerly applied to anyone who deserved respect; now it is restricted to ministers of religion. Cf. *Othello*, i., 3, 76, "Most potent, grave and *reverend* signiors."

173 *Champion*. Heaven, in the person and prayers of the clergyman, is striving with Satan (hell) for the soul of the dying man.

180 This line is often familiarly quoted.

182 *Rustic*. Peasant, countryman. (Lat. *rus*, the country.)

186 "Him" is understood after "distressed."

180-192 This is considered one of the finest similes in the whole of English poetry. Cf. *Traveller*, 33, "Placed on high above the storms' career." We may compare this description of the village preacher with Chaucer's "Poor parson of a town," *Prologue*, lines 477-528.

193 *Skirts*. Edges, borders: a verb here. Cf. *As You Like It*, III., 2, 311, 312, "Here in the *skirts* of the forest like fringe upon a petticoat," where it has the same meaning but is a noun.

194 *Unprofitably gay*. Furze (gorse) blossoms are of a bright golden color, but have no particular use. In our day their beauty alone would save them from such a depreciatory epithet, but it was not until after Goldsmith's time that poets began to care deeply for the beauty of nature.

196 The portrait of the schoolmaster is probably drawn in great part from Thomas Byrne, Goldsmith's teacher at Lissoy. Byrne was the retired quarter-master of an Irish regiment, and had served under Marlborough.

198 *Truant*. Now used of a boy who stays away from school without the permission of his parents or master. Formerly it meant anyone who stayed away from his duty. (Fr. *truand*, vagabond, wanderer.) "Him," is understood after "knew." Cf. line 186.

199 *Boding tremblers*. The boys foreseeing reproof. "Boding," foreshowing, generally used of misfortunes. (O. E. *bodan*, to announce.)

200 *Disaster*. Misfortune, calamity. The word belonged to the old science of astrology, which taught that the study of the stars enabled men to foretell good or evil fortune. (Lat. *dis*, a negative prefix, and *astrum*, a star.)

201 *Counterfeited*. Pretended, not real. (Lat. *contra*, against *facere*, to make.)

205 *ught*. Anything. (O. E. *a wihl*, a thing, a part.)

208 *Cypher*. To use figures, practise arithmetic. It comes from an Arabic word meaning empty. The noun "cipher" is used to express the sign 0, representing nothing.

209 *Tides*. Seasons, as in *Whitsuntide*. Some take it to mean the times of high and low water.

210 *Gauge* (pronounced *gag*). To calculate how much liquor casks and barrels could contain. A *gauge* or exciseman is one who measures vessels that contain liquor on which a duty is levied. The Scotch poet, Burns, held such an office.

- 221 *Nut-brown*. A common epithet for ale.
- 223 The village inn has always been and still is the great meeting-place of the villagers. One of the best descriptions of the talk there is to be found in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Chapter VI.
- 226 *Parlor splendors*. Splendors of the parlor.
- 228 *Clicked*. Ticked.
- 231 *Use*. Probably to conceal defects in the wall.
- 232 *Twelve good rules*. An allusion to an old broadside (a large sheet of paper printed only on one side), having at the top a woodcut of Charles I's execution, usually found hanging up in the public houses of the time. The rules included such things as, Reveal no secrets, Pick no quarrels, Keep no bad company, Lay no wagers. Cf. Crabbe's *Parish Register*:
- "There is King Charles and all his golden rules,  
Which proved misfortune's was the best of schools."
- 232 *Game of goose*. It was played on a board divided into compartments; certain of them contained the picture of a goose. The players moved over the squares according to the numbers thrown with the dice. He who alighted on a goose was privileged to move double.
- 234 *Aspen*. The trembling poplar. Its leaves are shaken by the slightest wind, their stalks being very long and slender.
- 234 *Fennel*. A fragrant plant with small yellow flowers.
- 236 *Ranged o'er the chimney*. Arranged in a row on the mantel-shelf over the fireplace.
- 237 *Transitory*. Quickly passing away. (Lat. *trans*. across, and *ire*, to go.)
- 238 *Reprieve*. To pardon a criminal.
- 242 *Oblivion*. Forgetfulness. Men sometimes seek to forget their troubles in drinking.
- 243 The farmer, in his frequent visits to the market town would learn the news; barbers are always described as great talkers and gossips.
- 247 *Host*. Landlord of the inn. Cf. Chaucer's *Prologue*. 751, "A seemly man our *host* he was withal."
- 248 *Mantling bliss*. Foaming ale. Abstract for concrete. Drinking beer puts a man in a happy state of mind.
- 248 *Mantling*. Cf. line 132.
- 249 *Coy*. Bashful. (O. Fr. *coy*, from Lat. *quietus* (*quies*, rest), quiet.)
- 250 Cf. Ben Jonson's "O leave a *kiss* but *in the cup*," and Scott's *Lochinvar*, "The bride *kissed* the goblet, the knight took it up."
- 252 *Lowly train*. People of low degree, poor, humble.
- 252-6 The poet wisely prefers nature to art, feelings that come of their own accord (spontaneous).
- 256 *Native*. Natural.
- 258 Note the three negative past participles that form this line. Shakespeare and Milton sometimes use a similar construction.
- 259 *Pomp*. Procession.
- 259 *Masquerade*. An entertainment where the guests wore masks in order that they might not be recognized by their friends. It was a favorite form of amusement in the eighteenth century.
- 261-4 The pursuit after pleasure alone can never be satisfying or bring happiness. The desires we can actually attain are never the highest, and often are a disappointment.
- 261 *Ere*. Before.
- 263 *Decoy*. To lead into a snare, deceive.
- 269 Ships laden with valuable metals sail over the ocean.
- 269 *Proud*. Adjective for adverb, a common and permissible construction in poetry.
- 270 *Folly*. A personification.
- 278 *Equipage*. Horses, carriages and servants. (Fr. *équiper*, to supply.)
- 286 Necessary products fly out of the country in order to be exchanged for the luxuries that society needs, and so nations are ruined, But the poet exaggerates the evils of wealth and luxury.
- 286 *All*. Entirely.
- 287 *Plain*. Neatly dressed.
- 288 *Secure to please*. Without care or anxiety to please. (Lat. *sine*, without, *cura*, care.) Note the antithesis "solicitous to bless," line 293.
- 290 Her beauty is quite natural: she employs no artificial aids.

205 The simile (lines 287-298) compares a land given up to a luxury with an old woman who, in the hope of still attracting admirers, tries to repair her faded beauty by artificial means.

297 *Verging to*. Bordering on, sloping down to.

297 *Verge*. Boundary, limit: seldom used as a verb. (Lat. *vergere*, to bend.)

298 *Vista*. Distant view seen through an avenue. (Ital. *vista*, view, Lat. *visum*, something seen.)

298 *Palace*. Lat. *Palatium*, from *Palatinus*, one of the seven hills of Rome. The Emperor Augustus built his residence there. Hence the name is given to the houses of sovereigns and great personages.

299 *Scowged*. Punished, afflicted. A metaphor from *scourge*, a lash, an instrument used to inflict punishment. (Lat. *corium*, leather.)

300 *Band*. Family.

301 "Him" is understood after "save." Cf. lines 186, 198.

305-308 These lines state the ever-recurring grievance of the enclosure of common land.

309 When no work can be found in the villages, the inhabitants flock to the city in search of employment, and that is one of the reasons why the poverty and distress in cities is greater than in the country.

309 *Sped* Gone, hastened. A nominative absolute. Cf. lines 95, 157, 181, 365. (O. E. *spedan*, to hasten, to succeed.)

311 *Banejul*. Deadly, destructive.

316 *Artist*. The word formerly denoted an artisan, mechanic.

316 *Plies*. Devotes himself to. *Ply* meant to devote oneself to any task; we now use *apply* in that sense Cf. Gray's *Elegy*, 20, "or busy housewife *ply* her evening care," and Wordsworth's *Michael*, 126, "The housewife *plied* her own peculiar work."

318 Until the early years of the present century, many crimes other than murder, such as forgery and sheep-stealing, were punishable by death, and as the gibbet was erected on the high-roads, it was a common object in the landscape.

318 *Glooms*. Looks gloomy, dark.

319 *Dome*. Palace, mansion. (Lat. *domus*, house.)

322 *Torches*. Before street lamps were introduced, rich people were accompanied after dark by torch-bearers. The iron stands into which the torches were fixed still survive at the doors of some of the houses in the older London squares. Cf. "blazing square," line 321.

329 *Might adorn*. Might have adorned.

330 A very beautiful line, perfect both in thought and melody. Cf. for same beauty, line 344.

336 *Wheel*. Spinning-wheel.

337 *Loveliest train*. Village maidens.

341 *Climes*. Countries. The word "climate" was formerly applied to the regions into which the earth was divided. (Gr. *klima*, a slope, because the ancients thought the earth sloped from the equator to the pole.) It now means the temperature and weather of any country.

342 *Convex*. Rising into a rounded form. Said of a curved line when viewed from without. A curved line viewed from within is said to be *concave*.

343 *Torrid*. Burning hot. (Lat. *torrere*, to burn; from the supine *tostum* is derived our "toast.")

344 *Altama*. Altamaha, a river in Georgia.

349 In American forests, the undergrowth is so extraordinarily thick and tall, that light and air are almost excluded.

350 During the daytime the bats of tropical regions sleep suspended by their hind-legs to the branches of trees. Bats belong to the group of wing-handed flying mammals (quadrupeds, warm-blooded animals).

352 *Scorpion*. An animal with four pairs of limbs and a long slender tail, at the end of which is a very acute sting. They generally live in dark places and under stones.

352 *Gathers death around*. Collects its poison from the noxious plants around. As a matter of fact the sting though very painful is seldom, if ever, fatal to man.

354 The tail of the rattlesnake ends in a series of jointed horny pieces; when the animal shakes it, a rattling sound is heard.

355 There are no tigers in America; but poets need not, happily, keep strictly to fact (cf. line 352). In *As You Like It*, Shakespeare puts palms and citron trees, lions and deadly serpents into the forest of Arden, along with oaks and beeches and deer.

356 North American Indians.

357 *Tornado*. A violent storm, more especially the whirlwind hurricane prevalent in the West Indies, and in the Indian Ocean. It is usually accompanied with thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain. (Low Lat. *tornare*, to turn; Span. *tornado*, return.)

360 *Grassy-vested*. Covered or clothed with grass. (Lat. *vestiri*, to clothe.) Cf. *Tempest* IV., 183, "short-grass'd green."

361 *Covert*. Thicket.

361 *Warbling grove*. The epithet "warbling" refers to the birds of the grove, and is thus transferred from the inhabitants to the place they inhabit. Cf. *Traveller*, 187, "finny deep."

363 *Gloomed*. Made gloomy.

368 *Seats*. Homes.

368 *Main*. The ocean. (O. E. *Magan*, to be strong. Cf. the expressions "might and main," "mainland," "mainmast.") As an adjective it often means *chief* or *principal*; it is thus applied to the ocean as forming the chief part of the earth's surface.

371 *Sire*. Grandfather. (O. E. *sire* (*sieur*), Lat. *senior*, the comparative of *senex*, old).

373 *Conscious virtue*. What they knew to be virtue. Cf. "conscious truth," Gray's *Elegy*, 69. (Lat. *conscius* (*con, scio*), known to oneself.)

379 *Plaints*. Complaints. A poetical word.

381 *Thoughtless babes*. Babes unconscious of what was happening.

382 Note the alliteration.

384 But emigration has a brighter side. Cf. Lady Dufferin's *Lament of the Irish Emigrant* —

"They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there."

386 *Things like these*. The simple joys of a country life.

387 *Potions*. Draughts. The word is generally applied to those that cause evil and unnatural effects.

387 *Insidious*. Harmful.

388-394 Cf. lines 283-286.

393 *Sapped*. Undermined. To sap is to dig. Hence *sappers*, the soldiers employed in undermining fortifications.

397 *Methinks*. It seems to me. A poetical form now obsolete except in poetry. The *me* is really an old dative case combined with an impersonal verb.

399 *Anchoring vessel*. Vessel lying at anchor.

402 *Strand*. The edge of land next the sea. (O. E. *strand*, margin edge.) *Shore* is that which divides the sea from the land. (O. E. *sceran*, to divide.)

404 *Connubial*. Belonging to the married state.

405 Cf. *Colossians* III., 2: "Set your mind on the things that are above, not on the things that are upon the earth."

409 *Degenerate*. Sunk from a nobler state.

411 *Nymph*. Here, poetry. The nymphs were properly a race of female deities regarded by the Greeks as lower than the goddesses; they were chiefly connected with natural scenery. The principal were *naiads*, water nymphs; *dryads*, tree nymphs; *oreads*, mountain nymphs; *neroids*, sea nymphs.

418 *Torno's cliffs*. The heights round Lake Tornea in the north of Sweden.

418 *Pambamarca*. One of the summits of the Andes, near Quito, in South America.

419 Gray has the same idea of the power of poetry for good. Cf. *Progress of Poesy*, 54 et seq. —

"In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The muse has broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode."

419 *Equinoctial*. When the sun is directly over the equator, there is equal length of day and night over all the earth. (Lat. *equus*, equal, *nox, noctis*, night.)

419 *Fervors*. Heat. (Lat. *fervere*, to boil.)

422 *Clime*. Climate. Cf. line 341.

427. *Empire*. Rule.

427 *Hastes*. Hastens. A poetical form.

428 *Mole*. A breakwater formed of large stones to check the force of the sea. (Lat. *moles*, a mass.)

427-430 Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson composed these lines.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### POE

Few men of genius have ever lived a sadder or more unfortunate life than Edgar Allen Poe. That he was a man of brilliant genius is now apparent to everyone, but during his lifetime he often had a hard struggle to get his tales and poems printed at all, and there were times when he lived in actual want.

The poet's own temperament and bringing-up were, perhaps, responsible for some of his troubles. He was the son of David Poe, a Marylander of Irish extraction, and Elizabeth Arnold, a young English actress. It was on one of his parents' acting tours that Poe was born in Boston, February 19, 1809. When the boy was still very young both parents died and left their three children alone and penniless in Richmond, Virginia. Edgar was a brilliant and beautiful child and he so attracted a wealthy Scotch merchant named Allen, that the latter finally adopted the boy and gave him his own name.

He was taken to England by his new parents and placed at school under the Rev. Dr. Bransby, whom Poe has described in his tale of "William Wilson." He was a remarkably bright and clever boy and, his master says, "would have been a very good boy had he not been spoiled by his parents." These school days seem to have been among the pleasantest of the poet's life, but he was recalled to America after a few years and placed in an academy at Richmond.

Here he not only distinguished himself by his aptitude for languages, especially for French, but also for his athletic feats. He excelled at leaping, rowing, swimming and in all other sports that boys love. Yet he was never a favorite with his school-fellows. This was partly because of his own self-willed and capricious nature, but more because of the fact that his parents were obscure players and he was dependent upon the bounty of others. "All this," says one of his friends, "had the effect of making the boys decline his leadership, and, on looking back on it since, I fancy it gave him a fierceness he would otherwise not have had."

One friend he made while at school. This was Mrs. Helen Stannard, the mother of one of his classmates, who was very kind to him, and who is the "Helen" referred to in his poems. Unfortunately for Poe, she died while their friendship was yet young.

In 1826, Poe entered the University of Virginia. But, though he was a successful and even a distinguished student, his career here was brief. He contracted debts of which Mr. Allen did not approve and which he refused to pay. A stormy scene took place, and the upshot was that Poe left home to make his way alone.

Little is known of his career for the next year or so. Apparently he tried his hand at literature, chiefly poetry, but with ill-success. In 1829, Mrs. Allen, for whom he had much affection, died, and, finding home still less pleasant, Poe again published a little volume of poems. As they attracted no attention, however, he induced Mr. Allen to send him to West Point. He remained here from July until the following March, when he was expelled for disobedience.

From this time on he turned to literature as his profession. Mr. Allen was now married again and Poe had only himself to depend upon. For some time life was a struggle, but in 1833 he received a hundred dollar prize offered by a magazine for the best story and in this way he won some literary friends and eventually was made editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

Poe now seemed on the way to prosperity and in 1834 he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, then only a young girl of fourteen, and her mother became their faithful caretaker. It is to her that the lines, "To My Mother," are addressed.

From this time on Poe's life was a continual struggle with adverse circumstances, although his best work was done in these years. In 1837 he went to New York, where he wrote for various papers, but the next year we find him in Philadelphia, writing and editing *Graham's Magazine*. He was a very brilliant and successful editor, but the fruits of his labors went to others, and the weird tales which he wrote for this paper brought him little except fame. Still, this period was the happiest of his life, for his reputation as a story writer was spreading even to Europe and he had a pleasant little home in the city.

It was shortly after this that his wife met with an accident which rendered her an invalid for the rest of her life. The anxiety caused by this misfortune, together with fresh business troubles, so preyed upon Poe's delicate nervous organization that he began to resort to the stimulants that eventually clouded his intellect and wrecked his life. He became straitened for money and could no longer give his wife the comforts she needed, a fact which increased his despair.

At this juncture an opportunity opened for Poe in New York, and in 1845 he moved to Fordham, a suburb of the city. Here he wrote "The Raven" for the *Evening Mirror*, and it at once brought him more fame than all his other writings put together.

Little money came with it, however. The paper of which Poe had acquired control failed for want of funds, and for a time the family had not enough for the necessities of life. Friends, however, came to their aid, but a still heavier blow was to fall on the unhappy poet. In 1846 his wife died and thereafter Poe was never fully himself again.

He still lived with Mrs. Clemm, writing for first one paper and then another. But his life was a wreck and he died miserably in Baltimore three years later.

No American writer has possessed a brighter genius than Poe, a genius that neither temperament nor adverse circumstances could dim. But his



life and the warring elements of his own nature tinged it with a gloom and melancholy that colors all he wrote.

He loved all shadowy spots, all seasons drear;  
All ways of darkness lured his ghastly whim.  
Strange fellowships he held with goblins grim,  
At whose demoniac eyes he felt no fear.

This haunting sadness was upon him even in youth. A college friend says: "He wore a melancholy face always, and even his smile — for I do not ever remember to have seen him laugh — seemed to be forced. When he engaged sometimes with others in athletic exercises, in which, especially high or long jumping, I believe he excelled all the rest, Poe, with the same ever sad face, appeared to participate in what was amusement to the others, more as a task than sport."

With this brooding spirit he had a keen sense of beauty, particularly for the beauty of language, and his gloomiest fantasies are clothed in words of pure music. The same characteristics are found in his stories, with an artful ingenuity of plot, that make his short tales masterpieces of their kind. He has been well called "The poet of a single mood."

## THE RAVEN

### NOTE

When this poem was first published in the *New York Evening Mirror*, it was prefaced by the following words, probably written by the poet, N. P. Willis: We are permitted to copy (in advance of publication) from the second number of the *American Review*, the following remarkable poem by Edgar Poe. In our opinion, it is the most effective single example of 'fugitive poetry' ever published in this country, and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative life and 'pokerishness.' It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book' which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it."

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping — rapping at my chamber door.  
5 " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow  
10 From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore —  
Nameless here for ever more.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
15 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
20 "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping — tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you — here I opened wide the door: —

Darkness there and nothing more.

25 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,

“Lenore!”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,  
“Lenore!”

30 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —

35 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore; —

’Tis the wind and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed  
he;

40 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

45 “Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure  
no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly  
shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

50 Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as “Nevermore.”

55 But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown  
 before —

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.”  
 60 Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 “Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —  
 65 Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore  
 Of ‘Never — nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and  
 door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 70 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking “Nevermore.”

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 75 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
 censer,

80 Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 “Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee — by these angels  
 he hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthé from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthé, and forget this lost Lenore!”  
 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

85 "Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or  
devil! —

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here  
ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —

On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —

Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I im-  
plore!"

90 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil: — prophet still, if bird or  
devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both  
adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels named Lenore —

95 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,  
upstarting —

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

100 Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door:

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off  
my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

105 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!

## NOTES

- 2 *Lore*. Wisdom, learning.
- 6 *Nothing more*. For an account of this refrain and the composition of the whole poem, the pupil should read Poe's essay, "The Philosophy of Composition."
- 10 *Surcease*. Relief from.
- 10 *Lenore*. A favorite name for lost maidens with Poe. Perhaps borrowed from the ballad of "Lenore," by Burger.
- 33 *Lattice*. A window composed of small panes, the whole frame of which opens like a door.
- 38 *Yore*. Long ago.
- 39 *Obeisance*. Sign of greeting.
- 41 *Pallas*. Pallas Athena, the goddess of wisdom in the Greek mythology.
- 47 *Plutonian*. The underworld. Pluto was ruler of Hades, the abode of the dead.
- 48 *Raven*. Ravens are very intelligent, and can be taught to talk. They have always been considered birds of ill omen.
- 65 *Dirges*. Funeral chants for the dead.
- 65 *Burden*. Refrain.
- 79 *Censer*. A vessel in which incense is burned.
- 80 *Seraphim*. One of the orders of angels.
- 80 *Tufted*. That is, made soft by thick carpets.
- 82 *Nepenthe*. Forgetfulness. Nepenthe was a magic potion or drug supposed to make people forget.
- 89 *Balm in Gilead*. Healing. "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"  
— *Jeremiah VIII., 22.*
- 93 *Aidenn*. Eden, paradise. For the sake of metre, Poe uses this word, which is an anglicized form of the Arabic for Eden.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### LOWELL

Lowell is almost the only example of both poet and critic that America has produced. While he is a true product of New England training and culture, his mind was cast in a more cosmopolitan mold than was that of any of his contemporaries, and he was less affected by the transcendentalism which more or less dominated the literary atmosphere of New England during the greater part of Lowell's life. The very circumstances of his life aroused in him other interests than those of a purely literary or speculative nature and his mind was therefore alive to many and various aspects of life. His writings, and particularly his criticisms, have in consequence a distinction and breadth of vision which is seldom found in the work of the closet philosopher or thinker. American criticism owes much to the fact that Lowell did not spend all the best years of his life in Boston or Cambridge or Concord.

In the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, stands a fine old house surrounded by garden and meadow and screened from street cars and noise by high lilac hedges and elm trees. Here lived the Rev. Charles Lowell, pastor of a large church in Boston, and here, on February 22, 1819, his son, James Russell Lowell, was born. His mother belonged to a Scotch family which came originally from the island of Orkney, and from her the son inherited his love of romance and poetry. Old songs and legends were sung over the very cradles of her children, and when James was a tiny child she used to read poetry by his bedside to put him to sleep. Soon the little boy became so interested that he would struggle to keep awake in order that none of the poetry might be lost, and much of it became fixed in his memory for life.

The early years of these children were not spent in a school-house. They were turned loose in the Elmwood garden, where the poet soon learned to know the names and habits of the birds and the peculiarities of all the trees and wild flowers. Their favorite play was to name the different parts of the grounds for different cities. Each one took up his dwelling in one of the cities, and long hours were spent in visiting London, or Paris, or Peking.

When the poet was old enough he was sent to a private fitting school in Cambridge, where he was more fond of astonishing the other boys with marvellous tales of his own invention, than learning the prescribed lessons.

When Lowell was fifteen he was pronounced ready for Harvard, and accordingly entered the University in 1834. Here he became associated with a group of young men who gave much literary promise and began his

own literary career by becoming an editor of *Harvardiana*, in which his first poems and essays are published. He was not a diligent student save in the lines of work that interested him, and these were chiefly outside the regular courses. The college regulations were much more strict in those days than they are now, and Lowell found it hard to rise every morning in time for chapel. The faculty were as lenient as possible, for Lowell's great promise was apparent to all, but during his last year they were obliged, in conformity with the rules, to "rusticate" him. This meant an enforced residence with the Rev. Barzillai Frost in the town of Concord until the Commencement day in August. It also meant that, although class poet, he would not be allowed to read the poem himself. As a further discipline, he was obliged to recite every day ten pages of "Locke on the Human Understanding" instead of reading delightful old dramas.

The summer passed, however, and after taking his degree, Lowell entered the Law School, and two years later opened a law office in Boston. His real taste and sympathies, however, were all of a literary nature, and the law was never a serious occupation with him.

He is described at this time as "slight and small, with rosy cheeks and starry eyes and waving hair parted in the middle." His temperament was essentially artistic and so, instead of searching for clients, he spent most of his time in writing poetry, and in 1841 there appeared a small volume called, "A Year's Life," which was his first serious literary venture.

In 1844, the poet married Miss Maria White, a beautiful and charming woman whom he had known for some years, and who, he once said, could repeat from memory more English poetry than any other person of whom he had ever heard.

In 1853, Lowell's happy life in his old house at Elmwood was ended by the death of his young wife, and he therefore welcomed the appointment to the chair of modern languages in Harvard University left vacant by the resignation of Longfellow. Two years, however, were spent in Europe before the poet entered upon his duties as a professor. Although the routine of this life was irksome to Lowell, he became exceedingly popular with all classes of students, and his lectures on Dante and Italian literature will be long remembered. He made friends of his students. He always set aside one evening in the week when they were welcome to call and see him and he treated them so cordially that all were glad to go.

"I remember," writes Dr. Hale, "that some of the students took a notion that he pinched himself by his generous help to those whom he thought in need. One of his pupils told me that Lowell offered him a Christmas present of valuable books, under the pretext that he was thinning out his book-shelves. 'I declined them,' said my friend, 'simply from the feeling that he could not afford to give them.'"

Lowell was not destined, however, to remain simply a poet and a professor of literature. In 1857, a new magazine, called the *Atlantic Monthly*, was started in Boston, and Lowell was induced to become its editor. Such a task was no easy one for a college professor whose time was already well filled, but Lowell states his reasons for accepting it. "First, it has almost



got me out of debt, and next, it compels me into morning walks to the printing office."

This appointment was important for two reasons. Under Lowell's editorship, the new magazine gave a marked stimulus to the literary culture and the literary effort of the country. It also gave Lowell a field for exercising his own powers as an "essayist and critic," a field in which he is even more successful than in that of poetry.

The year 1857 was marked by another important event for the poet — his marriage to Miss Frances Dunlap. The happiness which this union brought into his life increased his capacity for work, and at the outbreak of the Civil War, in spite of his numerous duties, Lowell found time to write a second series of *Biglow Papers*. He also wrote many political essays which brought his name before the public in a new character. These papers show his keen interest in public affairs and his statesmanlike grasp of the situation, and are very different from his earlier satires.

It was not a common occurrence in this country to find a man of letters who also possessed qualities of statesmanship. This rather unusual combination of qualities made President Hayes anxious to confer upon Lowell a foreign mission. At first he refused any of those offered him, but finally decided to accept the post of minister to Spain. This was in 1877. In this new office he soon gave another proof of his great versatility. He immediately devoted himself to learning Spanish and worked as hard as any school-boy.

His service at the Spanish capital proved so valuable that in 1880 the government requested him to accept the post of minister at the English court, which he held until 1885. He not only proved himself an able minister, but his popularity with all classes of the English people was remarkable. "As a minister to England," says one critic, "Mr. Lowell rendered essential service to his country. His firmness, serenity, courtesy, and diligence enabled him to keep on the best terms with the members of the English cabinet with whom he had to do. He was to a remarkable degree . . . a favorite with all classes of the English people."

To the last he was young in spirit, a charming talker, and a cheering and inspiring personality under all circumstances.

He died in 1891 in his home at Elmwood.

## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

### NOTE

*The Vision of Sir Launfal* is perhaps the most generally popular of all Lowell's longer poems. It is said that the poem was written in forty-eight hours, and during its composition the poet scarcely ate or slept.

Although the legend of the Holy Grail has been made a theme of song by many poets, the treatment in *Sir Launfal* totally differs from that of any of the English poets. The old story, indeed, says that only the pure in heart, he whose thoughts and affections are centered in God alone, may attain the object of his search. Visions of its glorious beauty were vouchsafed to many a knight, but mystic visions do not enable a man really to behold God. Only the pure in heart, the man who keeps his life unspotted from the world, may do that.

Sir Launfal, therefore, is really only a new application of the old legend. So soon as the young knight has learned to abandon his spiritual pride, and to perform the service that lies nearest to his hand, he finds that the holy thing for which he has been seeking is already his, and would always have been his, had he sought it by striving to serve God, instead of by following his own whim.

Whatever version of the old legend we may read, in the end they all teach the same lesson — That man only finds God who gives himself unreservedly to His service, however humble or disagreeable a form that service may assume.

### NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the "Romance of King Arthur." Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the following poem is my own, and to serve its purpose, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign.

### PRELUDE\* TO PART FIRST

Over his keys the musing organist,  
Beginning doubtfully and far away,

\* *Prelude* A prelude is a short introduction designed to impress the dominant mood of the following composition upon the mind of the hearer or reader. Preludes are very frequent in music.

First lets his fingers wander as they list,  
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:  
 5 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
 Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,  
 First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent  
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy  
 10 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;  
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
 We Sinais climb and know it not;  
 Over our manhood bend the skies;  
 Against our fallen and traitor lives  
 15 The great winds offer prophecies;  
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives;  
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood  
 Waits with its benedicite;  
 And to our age's drowsy blood  
 20 Still shouts the inspiring sea.  
 Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;  
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
 The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,  
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
 25 At the Devil's booth are all things sold,  
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;  
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
 Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking;  
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
 30 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
 There is no price set on the lavish summer,  
 And June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
 35 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
 Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 40 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
 And, grasping blindly above it for light,  
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
45 The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
50 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
55 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer  
60 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
65 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That the skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
70 That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
75 For other couriers we should not lack,  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing —  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer.  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

80 Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving;

'T is as easy now for the heart to be true  
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —  
 85 'T is the natural way of living:  
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
 90 The soul partakes the season's youth,  
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.  
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
 95 Remembered the keeping of his vow?

## PART FIRST

## I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
 And bring to me my richest mail,  
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea  
 In search of the Holy Grail;  
 100 Shall never a bed for me be spread,  
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
 Till I begin my vow to keep;  
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
 And perchance there may come a vision true  
 105 Ere day create the world anew."  
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,  
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
 And into his soul the vision flew.

## II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,  
 110 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,  
 The little birds sang as if it were  
 The one day of summer in all the year,  
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:  
 The castle alone in the landscape lay  
 115 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;  
 'T was the proudest hall in the North Countree,  
 And never its gates might opened be,

Save to lord or lady of high degree;  
 Summer besieged it on every side  
 120 But the churlish stone her assaults defied;  
 She could not scale the chilly wall,  
 Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall  
 Stretched left and right,  
 Over the hills and out of sight;  
 125     Green and broad was every tent,  
       And out of each a murmur went  
 Till the breeze fell off at night.

## III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,  
 And through the dark arch a charger sprang,  
 130 Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,  
 In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
 It seemed the dark castle had gathered all  
 Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall  
       In his siege of three hundred summers long,  
 135 And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,  
       Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,  
 And lightsome as a locust leaf,  
 Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail  
 To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

## IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
 And morning in the young knight's heart;  
 Only the castle moodily  
 Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
       And gloomed by itself apart;  
 145 The season brimmed all other things up  
 Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

## V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,  
 He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,  
 Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;  
 150     And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,

The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,  
 The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,  
 And midway its leap his heart sood still  
 Like a frozen waterfall;  
 155 For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
 Raped harshly against his dainty nature,  
 And seemed the one blot on the summer morn —  
 So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

## VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:  
 160 "Better to me the poor man's crust,  
 Better the blessing of the poor,  
 Though I turn me empty from his door;  
 That is no true alms which the hand can hold;  
 He gives nothing but worthless gold  
 165 Who gives from a sense of duty;  
 But he who gives a slender mite,  
 And gives to that which is out of sight,  
 That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
 Which runs through all and doth all unite —  
 170 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
 For a god goes with it and makes it store  
 To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

## PRELUDE TO PART SECOND\*

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,  
 175 From the snow five thousand summers old;  
 On open wold and hill-top bleak  
 It had gathered all the cold,  
 And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;  
 It carried a shiver everywhere  
 180 From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;  
 The little brook heard it and built a roof  
 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;  
 All night by the white stars' frosty gleams  
 He groined his arches and matched his beams;  
 185 Slender and clear were his crystal spars

\* Note the change in mood which now takes place and how the prelude serves to indicate the fact.

As the lashes of light that trim the stars;  
He sculptured every summer delight  
In his halls and chambers out of sight;  
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
190 Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,  
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;  
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
But silvery mosses that downward grew;  
195 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief  
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;  
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here  
He had caught the nodding bullrush-tops  
200 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,  
And made a star of every one;  
No mortal builder's most rare device  
Could match this winter-palace of ice;  
205 'T was as if every image that mirrored lay  
In his depths serene through the summer day,  
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,  
Lest the happy model should be lost,  
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
210 By the elfin builders of the frost.  
Within the hall are song and laughter,  
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,  
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter  
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;  
215 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide  
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;  
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap  
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;  
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
220 Hunted to death in its galleries blind;  
And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,  
Go threading the soot-forests tangled darks  
Like herds of startled deer.

225 But the wind without was eager and sharp,  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,



And rattles and wrings  
 The icy strings,  
 Singing, in dreary monotone,  
 230 A Christmas carol of its own,  
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,  
 Was — "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch  
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,  
 235 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night  
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
 Through the window-slits of the castle old  
 Build out its piers of ruddy light  
 Against the drift of the cold.

## PART SECOND

## I

240 There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
 The river was dumb and could not speak,  
 For the frost's swift shuttles its shroud had spun;  
 A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
 245 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;  
 Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
 As if her veins were sapless and old,  
 And she rose up decrepitiy  
 For a last dim look at earth and sea.

## II

250 Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
 For another heir in his earldom sate;  
 An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
 He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;  
 Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
 255 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,  
 But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
 The badge of the suffering and the poor.

## III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
 Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,  
 260 For it was just at the Christmas time;  
 So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,  
 And sought for a shelter from cold and snow  
 In the light and warmth of long ago,  
 He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
 265 O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,  
 Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
 He can count the camels in the sun,  
 As over the red-hot sands they pass  
 To where, in its slender necklace of grass,  
 270 The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,  
 And with its own self like an infant played,  
 And waved its signal of palms.

## IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms;"  
 The happy camels may reach the spring,  
 275 But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,  
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,  
 That coverèd beside him, a thing as lone  
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

## V

280 And Sir Launfal said — "I behold in thee  
 An image of Him who died on the tree;  
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns —  
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns —  
 And to thy life were not denied  
 285 The wounds in the hands and feet and side;  
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
 Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

## VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes  
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he

- 290 Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
     He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
 When he caged his young life up in gilded mail  
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail,  
 The heart within him was ashes and dust,  
 295 He parted in twain his single crust,  
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
 And gave the leper to eat and drink;  
 'T was a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
     'T was water out of a wooden bowl —  
 300 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,  
     And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

## VII

- As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
 A light shone round about the place;  
 The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
 305 But stood before him glorified,  
 Shining and tall and fair and straight  
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate —  
 Himself the Gate whereby men can  
 Enter the temple of God in Man.

## VIII

- 310 His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,  
 And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,  
 Which mingle their softness and quiet in one  
 With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;  
 And the voice that was calmer than silence said,  
 315 "Lo, it is I, be not afraid!  
 In many climes, without avail,  
 Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
 Behold it is here — this cup which thou  
 Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;  
 320 This crust is my body broken for thee,  
 This water His blood that died on the tree;  
 The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
 In whatso we share with another's need —  
 Not that which we give, but what we share —  
 325 For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three —  
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.”

## IX

Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swoond: —

330 “The Grail in my castle here is found!  
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,  
Let it be the spider’s banquet hall;  
He must be fenced with stronger mail  
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.”

## X

335 The castle-gate stands open now,  
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall  
As the hangbird is on the elm-tree bough;  
No longer scowl the turrets tall,  
The Summer’s long siege at last is o’er;  
340 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,  
She entered with him in disguise,  
And mastered the fortress by surprise;  
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,  
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;  
345 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal’s land  
Has hall and bower at his command;  
And there’s no poor man in the North Countree  
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

## NOTES

## AUTHOR’S NOTE

<sup>1</sup> *Romancers.* The French poets or minstrels of the Middle Ages, who were the first to embody in verse the legends of the period.

<sup>3</sup> *Joseph of Arimathea.* “And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man and a just; . . . he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews; who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

“This man went unto Pilate and begged the body of Jesus.  
“And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone wherein never man before was laid.” — *St. Luke*, xxiii.

<sup>4</sup> *There.* Legend says that the cup was brought to Glastonbury, a town in Somerset, the site of a fine abbey.

<sup>8</sup> *Arthur’s court.* Arthur was a legendary king of Britain who was famous for his circle of brave and high-minded knights. These knights the king bound by an oath to spend their lives in deeds of virtue and chivalry. The story of their adventures was a favorite theme, not only with the old Romancers, but with such modern poets as Tennyson.

<sup>9</sup> *Sir Galahad.* The maiden knight, the purest and most stainless of all Arthur’s court.

"And one there was among us, ever moved  
 Among us in white armor, Galahad.  
 'God make thee good as thou art beautiful.'  
 Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him knight: and none  
 In so young youth was ever made a knight,  
 Till Galahad." — *Tennyson*

10 "*Romance of King Arthur.*" That written by the old English romancer, Sir Thomas Malory, about 1470. "And on a certain morning Sir Galahad, having risen early, and come into the palace, saw before him the Holy Grail, and a man kneeling, and about him a great fellowship of angels. Then Sir Galahad knew that his hour was come. And he went to Sir Percival, and kissed him and commended him to God; and he went to Sir Bors, and kissed him and commended him to God, and said, 'Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Lancelot, my father.'

"And therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers; and then suddenly his soul departed, and a great multitude of angels bore his soul up to heaven. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body; and then it came to the Holy Grail and took it, and the spear, and so bore it to heaven.

"Since was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Holy Grail."

11 *Poems.* A ballad called "Sir Galahad," written before the "Idylls of the King."

15 *Round Table.* Arthur's knights used to sit at meals at a very large, round table containing a hundred seats and supposed to resemble the earth in shape. Another account says that the table was built in imitation of that used at the Last Supper, and that the seat originally occupied by our Lord was always empty save when filled by the Holy Grail. From this table, whatever its origin, the knights took their name.

#### THE POEM

3 *List.* At their own will.

7 *Auroral.* Like the dawn. Aurora was the goddess of the dawn in Greek mythology.

9 *Our infancy.* An allusion to Wordsworth's ode on the "Intimations of Immortality."

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home;  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy;  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day."

12 *Sinat.* A mountain of Arabia often mentioned in the Old Testament. Here Moses beheld the vision of God and received the tablet of the law.

17 *Druid wood.* The oak which was supposed to represent the supreme god by the Druids, the priests of the ancient Britons. For this reason oak groves were used as their temples.

18 *Benedicite.* The Latin word for "bless you."

21 *Earth gets its price.* Compare the words of Christ, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

23 *Shrives.* Hears confession and grants pardon or absolution.

25 *Devil's booth.* The vanities of the world.

26 *Dross.* Rubbish.

27 *Cap and bells.* That is, some foolish trifle. A high cap adorned with bells was the particular mark of a jester in ancient times when every nobleman kept a fool or jester in his castle to make merry for him.

35 *If it be.* Whether it be.

46 *Chalice.* From the Latin, *calix*, a cup.

- 56 *Nice*. Sensitive, discriminating.  
 64 *'Tis enough*, etc. Compare Browning's "Saul."

"Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,  
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock  
 Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,  
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair,  
 And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,  
 And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher, the full draught of wine,  
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bull-rushes tell  
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.  
 How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ  
 All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy.

- 75 *Couriers*. Messengers sent to announce a coming event.  
 77 *Chanticleer*. The name of the cock in an ancient French epic called "Reynard the Fox."  
 It has become so common that it is no longer regarded as a proper name.  
 81 *Everything is happy*, etc. Compare the familiar little Spring Song in "Pippa Passes."

"The year's at the spring  
 And day's at the morn;  
 Morning's at seven;  
 The hillside's dew-pearled;  
 The lark's on the wing;  
 The snail's on the thorn;  
 God's in his heaven —  
 All's right with the world!"

- 87 *Wake*. The track left by a vessel in the water.  
 95 *Vow*. In the Middle Ages it was the custom for a knight to make some vow of service, like a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, the rescue of someone in distress, etc., and he was in honor bound not to rest until he had performed it.  
 97 *Mail*. Coat-of-mail, armor.  
 103 *Rushes*. The floors of Medieval English castles were strewn with rushes, for carpets were then unknown in the North.  
 104 *Perchance*. Perhaps.  
 108 *Vision*. The knights of old who set out in quest of the Grail all had visions of the Holy Cup to lead them on. Here is the vision as it came to a nun of Arthur's time

"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail,  
 For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound  
 As of a silver horn from o'er the hills  
 Blown, and I thought, 'It is not Arthur's use  
 To hunt by moonlight,' and the slender sound  
 As from a distance beyond distance grew  
 Coming upon me — Oh, never harp nor horn,  
 Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,  
 Was like that music as it came, and then  
 Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,  
 And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,  
 Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
 Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed  
 With rosy colors leaping on the wall;  
 And then the music faded, and the Grail  
 Past, and the beam decay'd and from the walls  
 The rosy quiverings died into the night."

And this is the vision which came to Sir Galahad, the only knight who ever attained the object of his search:

"A gentle sound, an awful light!  
 Three angels bore the holy Grail;  
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
 On sleeping wings they sail,  
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God;  
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
 As down dark tides the glory glides,  
 And star-like mingles with the stars."

Note the essentially different spirit of the vision here.

- 111 *Little birds.* This recalls the lines of Coleridge:  
 "Sometimes, all little birds that are, how ye' seemed to fill the sea and air  
 With your sweet jargonage."
- 115 *Outpost.* Stationed far outside the lines of the army. So the castle stood as something stationed by winter in the midst of the birds and flowers.
- 116 *North Countree.* An old name for the north of England.
- 117 *Gates.* The gates of Mediæval castles contained small doors, called posterns, which were used on ordinary occasions instead of opening the whole gate.
- 120 *Churlish.* Rude, sullen; a churl was the Saxon name for a low-born countryman.
- 122 *Pavilions.* Trees.
- 125 *Tent.* Spreading and overhanging trees which resembled tents.
- 128 *Drawbridge.* A bridge across the moat or ditch which surrounded the castle. The bridge was drawn up when not in use for safety against possible enemies.
- 130 *Maiden.* Pure of heart; one whose service is devoted wholly to his Lord.
- 137 *Locust leaf.* The locust tree has a delicate and feathery foliage somewhat resembling that of the mountain ash.
- 144 *Gloomed.* Stood casting a gloom about it.
- 146 *Pitcher-plant.* A marsh plant the leaf of which coils itself about in the shape of a small cup or pitcher.
- 147 *Made morn.* That is, made brightness in the dark place with his armor.
- 148 *Ware.* Aware.
- 148 *Lepër.* Leprosy is a disease, prevalent in eastern countries, which causes a gradual wasting of the tissues.
- 166 *Slender mite.* "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury: For they all did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." — *Mark*, xii.
- 167 *Sight.* That is, he gives to the hidden likeness of God that is found in every human being however poor and mean.
- 176 *Wold.* A plain, an open field.
- 180 *Unleaved.* Leafless.
- 181 *Little brook.* Compare this personification of the brook with the summer, picture in the "*Ancient Mariner*."  
 "It ceased, but still the sails made on  
 A pleasant noise till noon,  
 A noise like that of a hidden brook  
 In the leafy month of June,  
 That to the sleeping woods at night  
 Singeth a quiet tune."
- 184 *Groined.* HOLLOWED arches in the ice.
- 190 *Crypt.* A dark vault, especially beneath a church.
- 193 *Fretwork.* Delicate carving.
- 195 *Relief.* Raised figures carved upon a flat background.
- 196 *Arabesques.* Ornaments consisting of imaginary and fantastic foliage, plants or animals, so called from the fact that this type of ornamentation was first used in Arabia.
- 204 *Winter palace.* Catherine II., Empress of Russia, once caused a palace of ice to be built for her, which Cowper thus describes in "*The Task*," Book V.  
 "Silently as a dream the fabric rose.  
 No sound of hammer or of saw was there.  
 Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts  
 Were soon conjoined, nor other cement ask'd  
 Than water interfused to make them one.  
 Lamps gracefully disposed and of all hues  
 Illumined every side. A watery light  
 Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed  
 Another moon new-risen, or meteor fallen  
 From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.  
 So stood the brittle prodigy, through smooth

And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound  
 Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within  
 That royal residence might well befit,  
 For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths  
 Of flowers that feared no enemy but warmth,  
 Blushed on the panels. Mirror needed none  
 Where all was vitreous, but in order due  
 Convivial table and commodious seat,  
 (What seemed at least commodious seat) were there,  
 Sofa and couch and high built throne august,  
 The same lubricity was found in all,  
 And all was moist to the warm touch, a scene  
 Of evanescent glory, once a stream,  
 And soon to slide into a stream again."

- 213 *Corbel*. A short piece of wood projecting from the wall of a building.
- 213 *Rafter*. Heavy beams supporting the roof.
- 216 *Yule-log*. Originally a huge log burned by the Scandinavians at the feast of Yule in honor of Thor, the god of Thunder. The early Christians who carried Christianity among the German tribes wisely made the Christmas festival coincide in time with the old Yule feast, and hence many ancient heathen customs survived as Christmas celebrations. One of these was placing the Yule-log in the fire-place on Christmas eve.
- 219 *Locust*. An insect which makes a sharp whistling noise.
- 225 *Eager*. Keen.
- 229 *Monotone*. A low, even tone, without variation in pitch.
- 233 *Seneschal*. The steward of a castle who had charge of all the domestics and arranged the feasts and ceremonies.
- 238 *Piers*. Long shafts of light.
- 243 *Shuttles*. Receptacles for the bobbins or spools around which thread is wound to be used in weaving.
- 250 *Hard gate*. That is, where he had been received harshly.
- 254 *Recked*. Thought or cared.
- 254 *Earldom*. The seignory or property over which an earl ruled. Earl was a Saxon title and originally an earl had jurisdiction over a shire or country.
- 255 *Surcoat*. The long garment worn over a suit of mail.
- 255 *Blazoned*. Depicted in colors. The Crusaders wore a cross of red cloth.
- 259 *Barbed*. Pointed with steel.
- 264 *Caravan*. A name given to companies who cross the desert with a train of camels.
- 281 *Tree*. A name often given to the cross on which Christ died.
- 282 *Crown of thorns*. "And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon this head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying Hail, King of the Jews!" — *Matthew* xxvii.
- 283 *Buffets and scorns*. "And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head."
- 285 *Wounds*. "One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith there came out blood and water." — *St. John*, xix.
- 286 *Mild Mary*. Compare Scott's "*Ave Maria*, maiden mild."
- 300 *Wheaten*. Made from white flour.
- 306 *Shining and tall*. Compare *Matthew* xvii. "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light."
- 307 *Beautiful Gate*. A gate of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. See *Acts* iii., 2.
- "And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple.
- "Who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple asked an alms.
- "And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said. Look on us.
- "And he gave heed to them expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk."
- Two pillars, called Jachin and Boaz, stood beside this gate.
- 308 *Himself the Gate*. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."



311 *Brine*. The sea.

315 *Lo, it is I*. "But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. And straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." — *Matthew* XIV.

318 *Cup*. "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

— *Matthew* X.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." — *Matthew* XXV.

320 *This crust, etc.* At the consecration of the bread and wine in the Communion service of the Church of England, the priest says: "For in the night in which He was betrayed, He took Bread; and when He had given thanks, He break it, and gave it to His disciples, saying, Take, eat, this is My Body, which is given for you; Do this in remembrance of Me. Likewise, after supper He took the Cup; and when He had given thanks, He gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of this; for this is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins."

322 *Holy Supper*. The Last Supper of which the Lord partook with his disciples before his crucifixion, at which he instituted the Holy Communion.

328 *Swoond*. Swoon.

332 *Stronger mail*. That of a pure and loving heart.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure." — *Tennyson's "Sir Galahad."*

336 *Hangbird*. One that builds a hanging nest, like the oriole.

337 *Turrets*. Small towers.

344 *Serj*. The lowest class of servant in the Middle Ages. He was bound to the land of the great lord, his master, and was obliged to live on it and give his service to the lord of the estate.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier, the son of John and Abigail (Hussey) Whittier, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. On his father's side he was descended from Thomas Whittier, who left England for Boston, Massachusetts, in 1638, and after his marriage to Ruth Green, settled in Salisbury, on the north shore of the Merrimac River. In 1648, he removed to Haverhill, and among his fellow-townsmen was Christopher Hussey, an ancestor of the poet on his mother's side.

Whittier's parents were both members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. From the earliest times to the present most of those of the name of Whittier have been known as Quakers, although several are mentioned in the history of Haverhill as bearing military titles.

The poet's father was a farmer in only moderate circumstances. He was kind and just, but a man of few words.

The mother was a very tender-hearted woman, and most hospitable, and the home was seldom without visitors.

The Whittier home was situated in a lonely place, half hidden in the woods. The house was built before the year 1694, and although it has been somewhat changed externally, within it is much the same as in the boyhood of Whittier. At one end of the kitchen was a bedroom known as the mother's room, but it was in the west front room that John Greenleaf Whittier first saw the light. The small chamber overhead is the one he occupied when a boy. A flight of worn steps leads up to it from the kitchen.

Besides the father and mother the family consisted of four children — two sons and two daughters. A maiden aunt, Mercy Hussey, and a lively, adventurous bachelor uncle, Moses Whittier, completed the family circle. No better description of the Whittier home and its members can be had than that given by the poet himself in *Snow-Bound*. Many other poems also give delightful glimpses of his home.

Whittier scribbled verses on his slate when he was a little boy at school, where he was sent at about the age of seven. His first teacher, Joshua Coffin, was much interested in the future poet, and was of great service to him in various ways. They became life-long friends, and it is this teacher who is commemorated in Whittier's poem, *To My Schoolmaster*.

But the lad's school training was of the most limited kind, and his opportunities for reading were few. During his early years the bulk of his reading was in the Bible. In a brief autobiography the poet says that he was fond of reading at an early age, and that when he heard, now and then, of a book of biography or travel, he would walk miles to borrow it.

The boyhood of Whittier was simple and uneventful. When not at school he was kept constantly employed by his father. He tells us that at an early age he was set to work on the farm and doing errands for his mother, who, in addition to her ordinary house duties, was busy spinning and weaving the linen and woollen cloth needed for the family.

One day an old Scotchman visited the Whittier home, and after eating a lunch of bread and cheese and drinking a mug of cider, he began to sing *Bonnie Doon* and *Highland Mary*. The boy was so pleased with the words that he never forgot them. Some time after this, when he was about fourteen, the district school teacher, a Dartmouth College student, spent the evening with the Whittiers, a thing which he frequently did. He brought with him a copy of Burns' poems and read aloud to the family. Young Whittier listened spellbound. His teacher noticed his interest, and kindly left the book with him; thus was kindled the poetic fire which flamed for seventy years.

In 1826, William Lloyd Garrison established the *Free Press* in Newburyport, Massachusetts. The Whittier family subscribed for the paper, and were much pleased with the tone of its articles. Mary Whittier, the sister who had encouraged our poet, sent one of his poems to this paper. But he knew nothing of this until one day, when in the field working with his father, the mail carrier rode by and threw him the paper. When he saw his poem in print, he became dazed, and had to be called several times before he could return to everyday affairs.

Garrison was so pleased with the verses that when he learned who the author was, he drove out to the farm, and found Whittier hoeing in the cornfield. They had a long talk, the editor advising him to take a course of study as a training for a literary future. When the matter was first discussed with the father, he was very much against the idea of "notions being put into his son's head." But Garrison succeeded in convincing him of his son's ability as a writer, and he withdrew his objection to a literary career for the young man.

The greatest obstacle to present itself was the lack of money. But Whittier soon solved this problem by learning to make shoes. With the money thus earned he was enabled to pay for six months' board and tuition in the Haverhill Academy, beginning April, 1827. At the close of the term he taught the district school at West Amesbury, and thereby earned the necessary funds with which to complete a full year of study.

In the autumn of 1828, Garrison, who had remained his firm friend, secured him a place as a writer for the *American Manufacturer*, a paper advocating protection to home industry. He remained in this position for a year and a half, when he went back to the farm to relieve his father, whose health was rapidly failing. This was in June, 1829. The death of his father, a year later, made it necessary for him to assume the care of the family.

In 1836, the Haverhill farm was sold and the family moved to Amesbury, a few miles farther down on the Merrimac. The house they occupied was a plain, old-fashioned one, and here *Snow-Bound* and many others of

Whittier's best poems were written. Amesbury continued to be the legal residence of the poet, although much of the latter part of his life was spent at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, Massachusetts.

In appearance Whittier was tall, measuring six feet or more, of slender build, straight as an arrow; a fine-looking man, with high forehead, piercing dark eyes, a quiet smile, and hair once black, but in age thinned and gray. He dressed in black, cut Quaker fashion, and his speech was true Quaker. He never married.

His death occurred at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 7, 1892, in his eighty-fifth year. At the close of a beautiful autumn day he slipped quietly away from this life. His last words were, "Love to the world." Funeral services were held on Saturday, September 10, in the garden of the Amesbury home. Eulogies were delivered by E. C. Stedman and others and in the deep silence a Quaker friend repeated one of his last poems.

The body was borne to the cemetery, half a mile away, and laid to rest on the hill overlooking the beautiful valley of Powow and the Merrimac River which he loved. A simple slab of pure white marble, bearing the date of his birth and death on one side, and on the other the closing tribute of Oliver Wendell Holmes' beautiful address, "Here Whittier lies," marks the grave.

#### NOTE

*Snow-Bound*, written in 1865 and published the following year, was the most successful of Whittier's writings. It is a beautiful idyl of New England country life, depicting scenes in the boyhood home of the poet in such a masterly way that it has been favorably compared with the great poem of Burns — whom he so admired — *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.

While entirely free from any reference to himself, yet the poem expresses clearly Whittier's personal experience and faith.

Woodberry says of *Snow-Bound*: "It is perfect in its conception and complete in its execution; it is the New England home entire, with its characteristic scenes, its incidents of household life, its Christian virtues. It is, in a peculiar sense, the one poem of New England — so completely indigenous that the soil has fairly created it, so genuine as to be better than history."

## SNOW-BOUND

A WINTER IDYL

TO THE MEMORY OF  
THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES

*This Poem is Dedicated by the Author*

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so Good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common VWood Fire; and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits so also this our Fire of VWood doth the same."

— *Cor. Agrippa, Occult Philosophy, Book I., ch. v.\**

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end,  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-mates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm." — *Emerson.†*

The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
5           Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
10          A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out.  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,

\* *Cor. Agrippa, etc.* Henry Cornelius Agrippa, the author of the book from which this quotation is taken, was born at Cologne, Prussia, September 14, 1486, and died at Grenoble, France, February, 18 1535. A copy of the book, bearing the date 1651, once owned by a reputed sorcerer, known as Bantam, who lived on the banks of the Piscataqua River in New Hampshire, afterward came into the possession of Whittier. The full title of the book is *Three Books of Occult Philosophy; by Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Knight, Doctor, of both Laws, Counsellor to Caesar's Sacred Majesty, and Judge of the Prerogative Court.*

† *Emerson.* Ralph Waldo Emerson, an American poet and essayist, was born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 25, 1803, and died at Concord, Massachusetts, April 27, 1882. The quotation here given is from *The Snowstorm.*

That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
15 The wind blew east; we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

20 Meanwhile we did our nightly chores —  
Brought in the wood from out-of-doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's grass for the cows:  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn:  
25 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows:  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
30 The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night.  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
35 As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:  
And ere the early bed-time came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
40 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.  
So all night long the storm roared on:  
The morning broke without a sun;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
45 In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
50 Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,

No cloud above, no earth below —  
A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
55 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road;  
60 The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
65 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"  
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy?)  
70 Our buskins on our feet we drew;  
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
75 A tunnel walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal: we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
80 To test his lamp's supernal powers,  
We reached the barn with merry din  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out.  
And grave with wonder gazed about;  
85 The cock his lusty greeting said,  
And forth his speckled harem led;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger looked;  
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,  
90 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before;  
95 Low circling round its southern zone,  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone,  
No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
100 A solitude made more intense  
By dreary-voicèd elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the grass the unmeaning beat  
105 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet,  
Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.  
110 We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
115 To have an almost human tone.  
As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
120 We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney-back —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
125 And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
130 Until the old, rude-furnished room  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree



135 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
 The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
 The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;  
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
 The meaning of the miracle,  
 140 Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,  
 When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
 There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
 Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
 145 Transfigured in the silver flood,  
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
 Took shadow, or the sombre green  
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
 150 Against the whiteness at their back.  
 For such a world and such a night  
 Most fitting that unwarming light,  
 Which only seemed where'er it fell  
 To make the coldness visible.

155 Shut in from all the world without,  
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
 Content to let the north-wind roar  
 In baffled rage at pane and door,  
 While the red logs before us beat  
 160 The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
 And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring draught  
 The great throat of the chimney laughed;  
 165 The house-dog on his paws outspread,  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 170 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

- 175      What matter how the night behaved?  
           What matter how the north-wind raved?  
           Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
           Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
           O Time and Change! — with hair as gray  
 180      As was my sire's that winter day,  
           How strange it seems, with so much gone  
           Of life and love, to still live on!  
           Ah, brother! only I and thou  
           Are left of all that circle now —  
 185      The dear home faces whereupon  
           That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
           Henceforward, listen as we will,  
           The voices of that hearth are still;  
           Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
 190      Those lighted faces smile no more.  
           We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
           We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
           We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
           And rustle of the bladed corn;  
 195      We turn the pages that they read,  
           Their written words we linger o'er,  
           But in the sun they cast no shade,  
           No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
           No step is on the conscious floor!  
 200      Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust  
           (Since He who knows our need is just),  
           That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
           Alas for him who never sees  
           The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
 205      Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
           Nor looks to see the breaking day  
           Across the mournful marbles play!  
           Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
           The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
 210      That Life is ever lord of Death,  
           And Love can never lose its own!  
  
           We sped the time with stories old,  
           Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
           Or stammered from our school book lore  
 215      "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."

How often since, when all the land,  
Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,  
As if a trumpet called, I've heard  
Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:  
220 "*Does not the voice of reason cry,  
Claim the first right which Nature gave,  
From the red scourge of bondage fly,  
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!*"  
Our father rode again his ride  
225 On Memphremagog's wooded side;  
Sat down again to moose and samp  
In trapper's hut and Indian camp:  
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease  
Beneath St. Francois' hemlock trees;  
230 Again for him the moonlight shone  
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;  
Again he heard the violin play  
Which led the village dance away,  
And mingled in its merry whirl  
235 The grandam and the laughing girl.  
Or, nearer home, our steps he led  
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread  
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;  
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,  
240 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along  
The low green prairies of the sea.  
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,  
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals  
The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;  
245 The chowder on the sand-beach made,  
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,  
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.  
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,  
And dream and sign and marvel told  
250 To sleepy listeners as they lay  
Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
Adrift along the winding shores,  
When favoring breezes deigned to blow  
The square sail of the gundelow,  
255 And idle lay the useless oars.  
Our mother while she turned her wheel  
Or run the new-knit stocking heel,

Told how the Indian hordes came down  
At midnight on Cochecho town,  
260 And how her own great-uncle bore  
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.  
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
So rich and picturesque and free,  
265 (The common unrhymed poetry  
Of simple life and country ways),  
The story of her early days —  
She made us welcome to her home;  
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;  
We stole with her a frightened look  
270 At the gray wizard's conjuring book,  
The fame whereof went far and wide  
Through all the simple country-side;  
We heard the hawks at twilight play,  
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,  
275 The loon's weird laughter far away;  
We fished her little trout-brook, knew  
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,  
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown  
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,  
280 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay  
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,  
And heard the wild-geese calling loud  
Beneath the gray November cloud.  
Then, haply, with a look more grave,  
285 And soberer tone, some tale she gave  
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,  
Beloved in every Quaker home,  
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,  
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint —  
290 Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! —  
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,  
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,  
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued,  
His portly presence mad for food,  
295 With dark hints muttered under breath  
Of casting lots for life or death,  
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,  
To be himself the sacrifice.  
Then, suddenly, as if to save

300 The good man from his living grave,  
A ripple on the water grew,  
A school of porpoise dashed in view,  
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;  
305 These fishes in my stead are sent  
By Him who gave the tangled ram  
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
310 The ancient teachers never dumb  
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.  
In moons and tides and weather wise,  
He read the clouds as prophecies,  
And foul or fair could well divine,  
By many an occult hint and sign,  
315 Holding the cunning-warded keys  
To all the woodcraft mysteries;  
Himself to Nature's heart so near  
That all her voices in his ear  
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
320 Like Apollonius of old,  
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
Or Hermes, who interpreted  
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;  
A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
325 Content to live where life began;  
Strong only on his native grounds,  
The little world of sights and sounds  
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,  
Whereof his fondly partial pride  
330 The common features magnified,  
As Surrey hills to mountains grew  
In White of Selborne's loving view —  
He told how teal and loon he shot,  
And how the eagle's eggs he got,  
335 The feats on pond and river done,  
The prodigies of rod and gun;  
Till, warming with the tales he told,  
Forgotten was the outside cold,  
The bitter wind unheeded blew,  
340 From ripening corn the pigeons flew,

The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink  
Went fishing down the river-brink.  
In fields with bean or clover gay,  
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,  
345 Peered from the doorway of his cell;  
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,  
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;  
And from the shagbark overhead  
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

350 Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer  
And voice in dreams I see and hear —  
The sweetest woman ever Fate  
Perverse denied a household mate,  
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
355 Found peace in love's unselfishness,  
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,  
A calm and gracious element,  
Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
And womanly atmosphere of home —  
360 Called up her girlhood memories,  
The huskings and the apple-bees,  
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,  
Weaving through all the poor details  
And homespun warp of circumstance  
365 A golden woof-thread of romance.  
For well she kept her genial mood  
And simple faith of maidenhood;  
Before her still a cloud-land lay,  
The mirage loomed across her way;  
370 The morning dew, that dries so soon  
With others, glistened at her noon;  
Through years of toil and soil and care,  
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,  
All unprofaned she held apart  
375 The virgin fancies of the heart.  
Be shame to him of woman born  
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand beside;  
380 A full, rich nature, free to trust,

Truthful and almost sternly just,  
 Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
 And make her generous thought a fact,  
 Keeping with many a light disguise  
 385 The secret of self-sacrifice.  
 O heart sore-tried! thou has the best  
 That Heaven itself could give thee — rest,  
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!  
 How many a poor one's blessing went  
 390 With thee beneath the low green tent  
 Whose curtain never outward swings.

As one who held herself a part  
 Of all she saw, and let her heart  
 Against the household bosom lean,  
 395 Upon the motley-braided mat  
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
 Now bathed within the fadeless green  
 And holy peace of Paradise.  
 400 Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,  
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
 Or silver reach of river calms,  
 Do those large eyes behold me still?  
 With me one little year ago: —  
 405 The chill weight of the winter snow  
 For months upon her grave has lain;  
 And now, when summer south-winds blow  
 And brier and harebell bloom again,  
 I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
 410 I see the violet-sprinkled sod  
 Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
 The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
 Yet following me where'er I went  
 With dark eyes full of love's content.  
 415 The birds are glad: the brier-rose fills  
 The air with sweetness; all the hills  
 Stretched green to June's unclouded sky;  
 But still I wait with ear and eye  
 For something gone which should be nigh,  
 420 A loss in all familiar things,  
 In flower that blooms, and bird that sings,

And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
425 What change can reach the wealth I hoard?  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thy love hath left in trust with me?  
And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
430 I walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow.  
I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
435 Shall I not see thee waiting stand,  
And, white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school  
440 Held at the fire his favored place,  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
445 Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
Born the wild Northern hills among,  
From whence his yeoman father wrung  
450 By patient toil subsistence scant,  
Not competence and yet not want,  
He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
455 To peddle wares from town to town;  
Or through the long vacation's reach  
In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience found  
At stranger hearths in boarding round,  
460 The moonlit skater's keen delight,  
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
The rustic party, with its rough



- Accompaniment of blind-man's buff,  
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,  
465 His winter task a pastime made,  
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
He tuned his merry violin,  
Or played the athlete in the barn,  
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,  
470 Or mirth-provoking versions told  
Of classic legends rare and old,  
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
Had all the commonplace of home,  
And little seemed at best the odds  
475 'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;  
Where Pindus-born Araxes took  
The guise of any grist-mill brook,  
And dread Olympus at his will  
Became a huckleberry hill.
- 480 A careless boy that night he seemed;  
But at his desk he had the look  
And air of one who wisely schemed,  
And hostage from the future took  
In trained thought and lore of book.
- 485 Large-brained, clear-eyed — for such as he  
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
Who, following in War's bloody trail,  
Shall every lingering wrong assail;  
All chains from limb and spirit strike,  
490 Uplift the black and white alike;  
Scatter before their swift advance  
The darkness and the ignorance,  
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,  
Which nurtured treason's monstrous growth,  
495 Made murder pastime, and the hell  
Of prison-torture possible;  
The cruel lie of caste refute,  
Old forms remould, and substitute  
For slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
500 For blind routine, wise-handed skill;  
A school-house plant on every hill,  
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence  
The quick wires of intelligence;

505 Till North and South together brought  
Shall own the same electric thought,  
In peace a common flag salute,  
And, side by side, in labor's free  
And unresentful rivalry,  
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

510 Another guest that winter night  
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.  
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
The honeyed music of her tongue  
And words of meekness scarcely told

515 A nature passionate and bold,  
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,  
Its milder features dwarfed beside  
Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
She sat among us, at the best,

520 A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,  
Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
Our homeliness of words and ways.  
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
Swayed the lithe limbs and drooped the lash,

525 Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;  
And under low brows, black with night,  
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;  
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face  
Presaging ill to him whom Fate

530 Condemned to share her love or hate.  
A woman tropical, intense  
In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
She blended in a like degree  
The vixen and the devotee,

535 Revealing with each freak or feint  
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
The rapture's of Siena's saint.  
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
Had facile power to form a fist;

540 The warm, dark languish of her eyes  
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
Knew every change of scowl and pout;  
And the sweet voice had notes more high

545 And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town  
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
What convent-gate has held its lock  
Against the challenge of her knock!  
550 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,  
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Or startling on her desert throne  
555 The crazy Queen of Lebanon  
With claims fantastic as her own,  
Her tireless feet have held their way;  
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,  
She watches under Eastern skies,  
560 With hope each day renewed and fresh,  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophecies!  
Where'er her troubled path may be,  
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!  
565 The outward wayward life we see,  
The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
Through what ancestral years has run  
570 The sorrow with the woman born,  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
And held the love within her mute,  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
575 A life-long discord and annoy,  
Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
580 The tangled skein of will and fate,  
To show what metes and bounds should stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events;  
585 But He who knows our frame is just,  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances

And hope for all the language is,  
That He remembereth we are dust!

590 At last the great logs, crumbling low,  
Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,  
Ticking its weary circuit through,  
Pointed with mutely-warning sign  
595 Its black hand to the hour of nine.  
That sign the pleasant circle broke: —  
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray  
And laid it tenderly away,  
600 Then roused himself to safely cover  
The dull red brands with ashes over.  
And while, with care, our mother laid  
The work aside, her steps she stayed  
One moment, seeking to express  
605 Her grateful sense of happiness  
For food and shelter, warmth and health,  
And love's contentment more than wealth,  
With simple wishes (not the weak,  
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
610 But such as warm the generous heart,  
O'er prompt to do with Heaven its part)  
That none might lack, that bitter night,  
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

615 Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables roared,  
With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost;  
620 And on us, through the unplastered wall,  
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.  
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is new;  
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
625 Till in the summer-land of dreams  
They softened to the sound of streams,

Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

630 Next morn we wakened with the shout  
Of merry voices high and clear;  
And saw the teamsters drawing near  
To break the drifted highways out.  
Down the long hillside treading slow  
We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
635 Shaking the snow from heads uptost,  
Their straining nostrils white with frost.  
Before our door the stragglng train  
Drew up, an added team to gain.  
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
640 Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes  
From lip to lip; the younger folks  
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,  
Then toiled again the cavalcade  
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,  
645 And woodland paths that wound between  
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighted.  
From every barn a team afoot,  
At every house a new recruit,  
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,  
650 Haply the watchful young men saw  
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
And curious eyes of merry girls,  
Lifting their hands in mock defence  
Against the snow-balls' compliments,  
655 And reading in each missive tost  
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleighbells' sound;  
And, following where the teamsters led,  
The wise old Doctor went his round,  
660 Just pausing at our door to say,  
In the brief autocratic way  
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
Was free to urge her claim on all,  
That some poor neighbor sick abed  
665 At night our mother's aid would need,

- For, one in generous thought and deed,  
What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
The Quaker matron's inward light,  
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?  
670 All hearts confess the saints elect  
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,  
And melt not in an acid sect  
The Christian pearl of charity!
- 675 So days went on: a week had passed  
Since the great world was heard from last.  
The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;  
One harmless novel, mostly hid  
680 From younger eyes, a book forbid,  
And poetry (or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had),  
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,  
A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
685 Sang with a somewhat nasal whine,  
The wars of David and the Jews.  
At last the floundering carrier bore  
The village paper to our door.  
Lo! broadening outward as we read,  
690 To warmer zones the horizon spread;  
In panoramic length unrolled  
We saw the marvels that it told.  
Before us passed the painted Creeks,  
And daft M'Gregor on his raids  
695 In Costa Rica's everglades.  
And up Taygetos winding slow  
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!  
Welcome to us its week-old news,  
700 Its corner for the rustic Muse,  
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
Its record, mingling in a breath  
The wedding knell and dirge of death:  
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
705 The latest culprit sent to jail;  
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,

- Its vendue sales and goods at cost,  
 And traffic calling loud for gain.  
 We felt the stir of hall and street,  
 710 The pulse of life that round us beat,  
 The chill embargo of the snow  
 Was melted in the genial glow;  
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
 And all the world was ours once more!
- 715 Clasp, Angel of the backward look  
 And folded wings of ashen gray  
 And voice of echoes far away,  
 The brazen covers of thy book;  
 The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
 720 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;  
 Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
 The characters of joy and woe;  
 The monographs of outlived years,  
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,  
 725 Green hills of life that slope to death,  
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees  
 Shade off to mournful cypresses  
 With the white amaranths underneath.  
 Even while I look, I can but heed  
 730 The restless sands' incessant fall,  
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
 Each clamorous with its own sharp need,  
 And duty keeping pace with all.  
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;  
 735 I hear again the voice that bids  
 The dreamer leave his dream midway  
 For larger hopes and graver fears:  
 Life greatens in these later years,  
 The century's aloe owers to-day!
- 740 Yet, haply, in some lull of life,  
 Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,  
 The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,  
 Dreaming in throngful city ways  
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew;  
 745 And dear and early friends — the few  
 Who yet remain — shall pause to view

- These Flemish pictures of old days;  
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,  
 And stretch the hands of memory forth  
 750 To warm them at the wood-fire's blazet  
 And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
 Shall greet me like the odors blown  
 From unseen meadows newly mown,  
 Or lilies floating in some pond,  
 755 Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;  
 The traveller owns the grateful sense  
 Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
 And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
 The benediction of the air.

## NOTES

- 7 *Portent*. A sign of something to happen; an omen.  
 25 *Stanchion*. A piece of timber forming one of the upright bars in a stall for cattle.  
 43 *Spherule*. A tiny sphere or ball.  
 45 *Pellicle*. A thin skin; a film. In chemistry a thin crust formed on the surface of saline solutions when evaporated to a certain degree.  
 35 *Pisa's leaning miracle*. The Leaning Tower of Pisa in the northern part of Italy. It is a beautiful bell-tower of white marble, and leans a little more than six feet in eighty. There has been much difference of opinion as to whether the leaning was intentional or the result of accidents. The latter seems more probable, owing to the character of the soil on which it is built. The cathedral to which the tower belongs has settled so much that there is not a straight line in it.  
 70 *Buskins*. Boots coming half-way up the leg and strapped or laced to the ankle and lower part of the leg.  
 76 *Aladdin's wondrous cave*. Aladdin was the hero of the story, *Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp*, in the *Arabian Nights*. He is presented with a magical lamp by means of which he is enabled to explore a vast cave, where he obtains great wealth, and afterwards marries a princess.  
 89 *Patriarch*. The patriarchs of the Old Testament were the fathers and rulers of families. It is here applied to the sheep as being the oldest of those animals.  
 90 *Amun*. An Egyptian deity, represented in various ways: sometimes as a ram with large, curving horns; sometimes with a ram's head and human body, and as a man enthroned or standing erect.  
 124 *Forestick*. The stick of wood which lies on the andirons in the front of a fireplace.  
 136 *Crane*. An iron bar, like an arm, fastened to the back or side of a fireplace, on which to hang pots or kettles over the fire.  
 136 *Pendent trammels*. These were supports for the kettles, and were hung from the crane; they were often made in two parts, so that they could be lengthened or shortened.  
 137 *Andirons*. Stands used to support the wood burned in an open fireplace.  
 156 *Clean-winged*. The wings of turkeys were often used for brushing up around the hearth.  
 167 *Silhouette*. A profile filled in with black.  
 168 *Couchant*. Lying low; crouching.  
 204 *Cypress-trees*. The cypress-tree is an emblem of mourning; the ancients always used branches from this tree at funerals.  
 215 *Chief of Gambia*. Gambia is a British colony in Africa; it is situated near the mouth of the River Gambia. This line and lines 220-223 are from the poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton entitled *The African Chief*.  
 225 *Memphremagog's*. Lake Memphremagog, on the border between Vermont and Canada.  
 226 *Moose and samp*. The moose is a kind of deer found in northern Maine and Canada,



and is much sought after by hunters. Its flesh is used for food. Samp is a porridge made from Indian corn meal.

229 *St. Francois' hemlock trees.* St. Francois was a settlement in Canada.

231 *Norman cap and bodiced some.* The head-gear and girdle worn by the women among the French settlers in Canada. In poetry a belt is often referred to as a zone.

235 *Grandam.* An old woman; more especially a grandmother.

237 *Salisbury's level marshes.* Salisbury is in the northeastern part of Massachusetts at the mouth of the Merrimac River.

240 *Swaths.* A swath is the line or ridge of grain or grass which is cut and thrown together by the scythe or mowing-machine.

242 *Boar's Head.* Great Boar's Head and Little Boar's Head are on the sea coast, south of Portsmouth, N. H.

243 *Isles of Shoals.* These are a group of small islands in the Atlantic Ocean, about ten miles southeast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. They belong partly to New Hampshire and partly to Maine, and are noted as a summer resort.

244 *Hake-broil.* The hake is a fish similar to cod.

254 *Gundelou.* A large flat-bottomed boat used on the rivers of New England. Also gondola.

259 *Cochecho.* Formerly the name of what is now Dover, New Hampshire.

270 *Wisard's conjuring book.* This is the book referred to in note on *Cor. Agrippa*.

274 *Piscataqua.* A river in New Hampshire, partly on boundary between New Hampshire and Maine. It is formed by the union of two rivers, Salmon and Cochecho, and flows into the Atlantic Ocean.

275 *Loon's.* The loon is a diving bird. Its wild actions when escaping danger and its dismal cry suggest the idea of insanity; hence the saying, common in America, "as crazy as a loon."

286 *Sewell's ancient tome.* This was the *History of the Quakers*, by William Sewell; it was held in great esteem by the Quakers.

289 *Chalkley's Journal.* This Journal was published first in 1747, by Thomas Chalkley, who was born in England in 1675, of Quaker parents. After traveling as a preacher, he settled in Philadelphia. He died in 1749. His story of the incident related by Whittier is as follows: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me,' and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition; and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of, till we got into the capes of Delaware."

292 *Water-butt.* A large, open-headed cask in which rain-water is collected.

302 *School of porpoise.* A number of fish appearing together in the water is spoken of as a school. This is Whittier's version of the story of the dolphin referred to in note on line 289.

305 *Tangled ram.* A reference to the ram caught in a thicket by his horns, which Abraham beheld just as he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac. For an account of this, see *Genesis* xxii.

314 *Occult.* Mysterious; beyond the bounds of natural knowledge.

315 *Cunning-warded.* Skillfully guarded.

320 *Apollonius.* Apollonius Tyaneus, an ancient Greek philosopher and magician. He was said to have conversed with the birds and beasts.

322 *Hermes.* Hermes Tresmegistus, the "thrice greatest," an Egyptian priest and philosopher, learned in art and mathematics.

323 *Nilus.* The Roman name of the River Nile.

331 *Surrey.* A county in England.

332 *White of Selborne.* Gilbert White, an English clergyman, was the author of *Natural History of Selborne*, an English classic. It describes in a charming manner what he saw in his own parish of Selborne.

333 *Teal.* A small fresh-water duck.

341 *Partridge.* A well-known bird of game.

- 348 *Shagbark*. Hickory nuts are sometimes called shagbarks; also shellbarks.
- 364 *Warp*. The warp is the threads which run lengthwise in the loom, while the material is being woven.
- 365 *Wool-thread*. The wool is the threads which are woven across the warp.
- 369 *Mirage*. An optical illusion by which objects appear to be double, as if reflected in a mirror or suspended in the air. The mirage of the desert presents an appearance of objects reflected in a surface of water. This illusion is due to the excessive bending of light-rays in traversing adjacent layers of air of widely different densities.
- 395 *Motley-braided mat*. A mat made of strips of cloth of many colors, braided and sewed together.
- 396 *Our youngest*, etc. The poet's sister Elizabeth, who died in 1864. It was while mourning her death that *Snow-Bound* was written.
- 398 *Fadeless green*. More properly "unfading green," but Whittier's expression is softer and more poetic.
- 439 *Master of the district school*. This was a young student of Dartmouth College, George Haskell by name. He afterwards became a physician.
- 449 *Yeoman*. In feudal times one owning his land; a freeman. Here, a farmer owning and cultivating a small farm.
- 476 *Pindus-born Araxes*. One of the five rivers rising in the Pindus Mountains in Greece. The correct name is "Arachthus."
- 478 *Olympus*. A mountain in ancient Greece, regarded as the home of the gods.
- 510 *Another guest*. This was Miss Harriet Livermore, a daughter of a New Hampshire judge. She was a brilliant young woman, but wayward and over-enthusiastic. At one time she went on a mission to the Western Indians, believing them to be the remnants of the lost tribes of Israel. She joined a sect, calling themselves Second Advents, who believed in the second coming to earth of the Lord. She spent the greater part of her life in travelling through Europe and Asia, and was at one time the companion of Lady Hester Stanhope, who held the same belief as herself. They quarreled about the use of the holy horses which were kept in the stable awaiting the Lord's ride into Jerusalem at His second advent.
- 523 *Pard-like*. Like a leopard or panther.
- 534 *Vixen*. A scolding, quarrelsome woman.
- 534 *Devotee*. One specially devoted to a cause, particularly that of a religious nature.
- 536 *Petruchio's Kate*. In Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio is the rough wooer and subduer of Katherine, a haughty, headstrong woman. He tames her by meeting temper with a stronger temper.
- 537 *Siena's saint*. St. Catherine, born at Siena, Italy, March 25, 1347, and died at Rome, April 29, 1380. She is said to have had wonderful visions.
- 539 *Facile power*. Ready power.
- 550 *Smyrna's*, etc. Smyrna, the most important city of Asia Minor, is a seaport of Turkey, situated on the gulf of Smyrna. It is the chief commercial center of the Levant.
- 551 *Malta's rocky stairs*. This is probably a reference to the hilly surface of the Island of Malta, the largest of the Maltese Islands. These islands are in the Mediterranean Sea, and belong to Great Britain.
- 555 *Crazy Queen of Lebanon*. This is a reference to Lady Hester Stanhope, an Englishwoman, who resided in a palace on Mt. Lebanon in Palestine. See note on line 510.
- 568 *Fatal sisters*. In Greek mythology the three sisters, goddesses of fate. They were Clotho, who spun the thread of life, Lachesis, who drew it out, and Atropos, who cut it off.
- 643 *Cavalcade*. A procession.
- 659 *Wise old Doctor*. This was Dr. Weld of Haverhill, who lived to be ninety-six years old.
- 669 *Calvin's creed*. This was the form of religious belief of the Presbyterians, founded by John Calvin. He was born at Noyon, France, July 10, 1509, and died at Geneva, Switzerland, May 27, 1564.
- 683 *Ellwood's meek*, etc. Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker and friend of Milton, wrote a poem on the life of King David of Israel, called *David's*.
- 684 *Heathen Nine*. The Nine Muses of Grecian Mythology. They were Clio, Muse of history; Euterpe, of joy and pleasure; Thalia, of comedy; Melpomene, of tragedy; Terpsichore, of dancing; Erato, of poetry; Polyhymnia, of hymns and learning; Urania, of astronomy, Calliope of epic poetry.
- 693 *Painted Creeks*. The Creek Indians were removed from their original home in Georgia, to the country west of the Mississippi.

694 *Daft McGregor*. This was a Scotchman, Sir George McGregor, who, in 1822, was the leader of an expedition to found a colony in Costa Rica, which resulted in failure.

695 *Costa Rica's everglades*. Costa Rica is a country of Central America, having a republican form of government. Everglades are low, swampy tracts of land covered with a growth of tall grass.

696 *Taygetus*. A mountain in the southern part of Greece, on the Gulf of Messenia.

697 *Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks*. Mainote is from Maina, a province of Greece, which furnished Prince Ypsilanti, a patriot in the struggle for freedom against Turkey, with many followers.

701 *Gauge*. A standard of measure.

707 *Vendue*. An auction.

719 *Palimpsest*. Parchment from which one writing has been erased to make room for another.

723 *Monographs*. A monograph is an account or description of a single thing or class of things.

727 *Mournful cypresses*. See note on line 204.

728 *Amaranths*. The amaranth is an imaginary flower supposed never to fade.

739 *Aloe flowers*. The aloe is a plant which grows in the warm climates of the old world, and is especially abundant in South Africa. Among the Mohammedans, particularly in Egypt, aloe branches are hung over the street door as a token that the dweller therein has returned from a pilgrimage.

741 *Truce of God*. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries a compact was made by which the barons were forbidden by the Church to do any fighting from Thursday until Monday, or during Advent or Lent, or on any of the principal fast or feast days. The practice gradually fell into disuse as the rulers of the various countries became more powerful.

747 *Flemish pictures*. The Flemish paintings were usually of the interiors of homes.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### RUSKIN

John Ruskin, it has been well said, is the creator of a new class of literature — the literature of art. His position is not strictly that of an art-critic. Mr. Ruskin would probably decline the title of a popularizer of art, for he has set himself sternly against popular notions. And yet that has been his real service to the reading public. He has been a sympathetic and passionate interpreter of certain schools and sides of art. His mission has been that of an educator of the public taste. Himself an artist with both pen and pencil, and a master of beautiful descriptive prose, he has awakened a love for art in thousands who have never seen so much as a photograph of the buildings, pictures, and statues that he writes about, but whom he has taught to perceive new beauties in sea and sky, in the leaves, rocks, and flowers, which are every one's gallery.

Born in 1819, the only son of a rich London wine-merchant, and educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, Ruskin gave token of artistic tastes while still an undergraduate.

*Modern Painters*, by a Graduate of Oxford, was begun as a letter to the editor of a review, but grew under the author's hand into a volume, and, before he was through with it, into five volumes. The first was published in 1843, when Ruskin was in his twenty-fourth year; the fifth and last only in 1860, when he was already an established authority in art, and had lived to see the revolution in taste, started by his early writings, an accomplished fact. For ten years after the publication of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, he devoted himself, he said, "to the single purpose of enabling himself to judge rightly of art."

If *Modern Painters* is Ruskin's epoch-making book — in many respects his most important and characteristic book — *The Stones of Venice* is, upon the whole, his masterpiece, and is certainly his most formal and systematic work.

In 1867, Ruskin was appointed lecturer on art at Cambridge, and in 1869 Slade professor of art at Oxford. This chair he twice held, but resigned because of the vote endowing vivisection in the university. His published books and pamphlets are some forty in number, and touch upon many subjects besides art — mythology, poetry, political economy, philanthropy, and social science. His excursions into the fields of social and political philosophy have caused a great deal of exasperation or of amusement in his readers, according to their tempers; but it is to be feared that they have not added much to his own fame. He has a quarrel with modern society, and his later writings show Carlyle's influence both in thought

and style. Modern England, he complains, is altogether hideous. The sky is poisoned and blackened by acids and smoke from factories, the streams are polluted by sewage, iron ships are destroying seamanship. He would like to tear up all the railroads in Wales, and most of those in England, and pull down the city of New York. He could not live two months in America, because there are no castles here. Two American girls who were in the same railway carriage with him while crossing the Apennines, instead of admiring the noble scenery, kept their blinds down all the way, ate candy, and read French novels. This illustrates the crudity and barbarism of a young civilization. Also, the mob in Los Angeles have been murdering Chinamen, etc. He hates democracy, calls himself a "king's man," and tory, and at the same time a kind of communist; that is, he wants a strong paternal government, which shall establish national workshops, and regulate the prices of labor and commodities. His ideal state is mediæval, a beneficent commune; not more liberty, but more guidance, rule, and protection.

Of all his writings the best known and most popular is *The King of the Golden River*. And it is said that he wrote it in a moment of relaxation to amuse a company of children, with no thought that it would one day be read and studied by thousands of people all over the world who know nothing at all about his other writings.

## KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

### SOUTH WEST WIND

In a far-off corner of Styria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising richness and fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks. These peaks were always covered with snow, and from them flowed  
5 many streams and waterfalls.

One of these waterfalls fell to the westward, over the face of a cliff so high that long after the sun had set to everything else and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. The people of the  
10 neighborhood called it the Goden River.

Strange to tell, however, none of the streams ran into the valley itself. They all fell on the other side of the mountains and wound away through broad plains and by busy cities.

But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills,  
15 and rested so softly over the rounded hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was rain in the little valley.

Its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its honey so sweet, that it was a  
20 marvel to everyone who beheld it, and the people called it the Treasure Valley.

This little valley belonged to three brothers — Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men. They had overhanging eyebrows and small, dull  
25 eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, but always imagined they saw very far into *you*.

The brothers lived by farming in the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They  
30 shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the locusts, because they only sang all summer in the lime-trees.

They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more. Then they quarrelled with them, and turned  
35 them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd, if, with such a farm, and such a manner of farming, these men had not become very rich; and very rich they did become.

They always managed to keep their corn till they could sell it 5 for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors; but were never known to give a penny or a crust in charity. They grumbled at paying taxes; and constantly were, in a word, so cruel and mean that they were called by all with whom they had any dealings, the "Black Brothers."

10 The youngest brother, Gluck, however, was wholly unlike his elder brothers both in looks and in nature. At this time he was only twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind to every living thing.

He did not, of course, love his brothers very well, or rather, they 15 did not love *him*. He was their cook, when there was anything to cook, and this was not often; for the brothers were hardly less sparing with themselves than with other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, and the floors, or wash the dishes.

Things went on in this way for a long time. At last came a very 20 wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around.

The hay had hardly been got in, when the rivers overflowed and the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea. The vines were cut to pieces with the hail. The corn was killed by a black blight. But in Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had 25 rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Thus everybody had to come to buy corn at the farm.

The Black Brothers asked whatever price they liked; and the people had to pay it, except the very poor people, who could only 30 beg. Several of these starved at the very door of the Black Brothers.

It was now drawing toward winter, and was very cold. The two elder brothers had gone out, and little Gluck was left to watch the roast meat, and keep anybody from coming in.

35 Gluck sat quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned the meat, till it was quite brown and tender.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they have such a nice piece of 40 mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door. But the knock sounded heavy and dull, as if the knocker had been tied up — more like a puff than a knock.

“It must be the wind,” said Gluck; “nobody else would venture  
5 to knock double knocks at our door.”

No, it wasn't the wind. It came again very hard; and what was very strange, the person seemed to be in a hurry, and not in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, and put his head out to see who it was.

10 There stood the queerest looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life.

He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red; his eyes twinkled merrily through long, silky eyelashes; his mustache curled twice round like a cork-  
15 screw on each side of his mouth; and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, hung far over his shoulders.

He was about four feet in height, and he wore a pointed cap of nearly the same height, decorated with a black feather about three feet long.

20 His coat hung down behind something like a “swallow tail.” Over it spread the swelling folds of a great black, glossy-looking cloak. This cloak must have been very much too long in calm weather; for the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it away out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own  
25 length.

Gluck seemed stunned by the strange appearance of his visitor! He stood staring, without saying a single word. The old gentleman gave another, and a sharper rap on the knocker. Then he looked round and caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head framed  
30 in the window, its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

“Hollo!” said the little gentleman, “that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet, let me in.”

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail and dripping  
35 like an umbrella. From the ends of his mustache the water was running into his vest pockets and out again like a mill-stream.

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Gluck, “I'm very sorry, but I really can't.”

“Can't what?” said the old gentleman.

40 “I can't let you in, sir — I can't indeed. My brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?”



"Want?" said the old gentleman, "I want fire and shelter; there's your great fire there blazing, cracking, and dancing on the walls with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

5 By this time, Gluck had held his head so long out of the window, that he began to feel how really cold it was. When he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring and throwing long, bright tongues up the chimney, his heart melted within him, that it should be burning away for nothing.

10 "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

Round he went to the door, and opened it. As the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimney totter.

15 "That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd beat me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear 20 that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown already."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down by the hearth. The top of his cap had to be pushed up the 25 chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, sitting down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry. He went on drip, drip, drip, among the cinders, till the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable. Never 30 was there such a cloak! Every fold in it ran like a gutter!

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long streams over the floor, "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

35 "Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but — really sir — you're putting the fire out."

40 "It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest.

He turned the mutton thoughtfully for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length.

"Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

5 "I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very sad a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice, to-day, sir," said he; "I  
10 can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he.

Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a  
15 tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hearth as if it had suddenly become too warm. Gluck fitted the slice back into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella at Gluck.

20 "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, giving Gluck a box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little old gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing to the  
25 brothers.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling pin and turning to Gluck, with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

30 "My dear brother," said Gluck; "he was so *very* wet!"

The cruel rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at that instant, the old gentleman swiftly pushed his conical cap in front of it, and the rolling pin struck the cap with a crash that shook the water out of it all over the room.

35 What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand. It spun like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

40 "I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly. "I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray 5 hairs."

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

10 "Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly.

"Out with you!"

15 "A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, I say!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar.

But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than 20 away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on top of it.

Then Schwartz was very angry; and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out. But he no sooner touched him, than away he also went after Hans and the rolling-pin, into the corner. And there 25 they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round and round in the opposite direction. He spun until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him. Then he clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side, — for it could not stand upright without going 30 through the ceiling — gave another twist to his corkscrew mustache, and said with perfect coolness:

"Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again. After such a refusal of food and shelter as I have just received, you will not be surprised if that visit is the 35 last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner — but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the door behind him with a great bang. At the same instant, there drove past the window 40 a wreath of ragged cloud. It whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Serve the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me! why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

5 "Oh! you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room sad enough, while the brothers ate as much  
10 mutton as they could and locked the rest in the supboard.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain! The brothers put up all the shutters, and double-barred the door before they went to bed.

As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous  
15 crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up and stared into the darkness.

20 The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe like a huge soap-bubble. It was spinning round and round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, and on it sat the little old gentleman, cap and all. There  
25 was plenty of room for the cap now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to trouble you," said their visitor. "I'm afraid your beds are damp. Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. I've left the ceiling on there."

They rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony  
30 of fear.

"You'll find my name on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, this is my *last* visit."

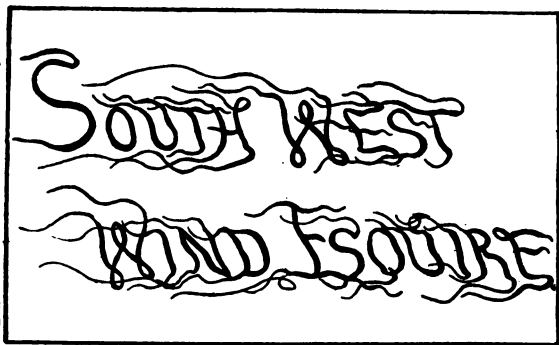
"We hope so!" said Schwartz, shuddering. Then the foam globe disappeared.

35 Morning came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window. The beautiful Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation.

The floods had swept away trees, crops and cattle, and left in their place a waste of red sand and gray mud.

40 The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had flooded the whole first floor. Corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and

there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were the words:



#### KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Mr. Southwest Wind was as good as his word. After this visit, he entered the Treasure Valley no more.

5 And besides that, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, that they, too, would not go to the Treasure Valley.

So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another.

10 Everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, but the valley of the Three Brothers became a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom was now a shifting heap of red sand.

The brothers, unable longer to contend with the burning skies, left their valley in despair, and went to seek some other means of 15 gaining a living among the cities and people of the plains.

All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

20 "Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade. We can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without anybody's finding it out."

The idea seemed to them a very good one; so they hired a fur-

nace, and turned goldsmiths. But the people did not like their coppered gold.

Whenever the two elder brothers did manage to sell anything, they used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, while they  
5 went and spent the money in drink.

So they melted all their gold, without making enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck. Gluck was very fond of this, and would not have parted with it for the world.

10 The mug was a very odd one to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal. These wreaths fell into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same fine workmanship. Right in the front of the mug, was a fierce little face, of the reddest gold  
15 imaginable, with a pair of eyes that seemed to see everything.

When it came the mug's turn to be made into spoons, poor little Gluck's heart was half-broken. But the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and went out, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

20 When they were gone Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose and the sparkling eyes. But the eyes seemed to look fiercer than ever.

"And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that  
25 way."

Gluck went sadly to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air. Now, from this window there was a direct view of the range of mountains which overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden  
30 River.

It was just at the close of the day; and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain-tops all crimson and purple with the sunset. There were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them. The river, brighter than all,  
35 fell in a waving column of pure gold from cliff to cliff. Across it stretched the double arch of a broad purple rainbow, flushing and fading in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

40 "No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, hard voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There

was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and behind him a great many times. There was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very fine if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked once more into all the corners and cupboards. Then he began to turn round and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him. But again the same voice struck on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running melody, something like that of a boiling kettle. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs he looked. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la."

All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in; yes, he was right. It seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the melting-pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, for a minute or two, with his hands up, and his mouth open. Then the singing stopped, and the voice became clear.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his courage, walked straight up to the melting-pot, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river. But instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug. But now they were a thousand times redder and sharper than he ever had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out!"

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say!" said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, angrily, "I'm too hot."

Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the pot, and tipped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty, little, yellow legs, then some

coat-tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend, the mug. All these united as they rolled out, and stood upon the floor — a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high!

5 “That’s right!” said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms. Then he shook his head up and down, and as far around as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping, as if to satisfy himself that he was put together in the correct way.

He was dressed in a slashed coat of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the colors gleamed over it, as if made of mother-of-pearl. 10 Over this brilliant coat, his hair and beard fell half way to the ground, in waving curls, and so delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended. They seemed to melt into air!

The features of the face, however, were by no means so delicate. 15 They were rather coarse, and slightly inclining to copper in color.

When the dwarf had finished looking at himself, he turned his small, sharp eyes full upon Gluck, and stared at him for a minute or two.

“No, it wouldn’t, Gluck, my boy,” said the little man.

20 This was certainly rather an abrupt way of beginning conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to Gluck’s thoughts, but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dwarf’s words.

“Wouldn’t it, sir?” said Gluck, very mildly and timidly.

25 “No,” said the dwarf. “No it wouldn’t.”

And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard.

This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little. 30 Seeing now no great reason to view his small visitor with dread and feeling his curiosity rising, Gluck ventured to ask a question.

“Pray, sir,” said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, “were you my mug?”

On which the little man turned sharply round, walked straight 35 up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height.

“I,” said the little man, “am the King of the Golden River.”

Then he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for Gluck to recover from his surprise. After which, he again walked up to Gluck, and stood 40 still, as if expecting him to say something.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. “I hope your Majesty is very well,” said Gluck.



“Listen!” said the little man, making no reply to this polite inquiry, “I am the King of what you people call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger King, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. 5 What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, makes me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain, from which you see the Golden River flowing, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river 10 shall turn into gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt, and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone.”

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and walked straight into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. 15 His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling — a blaze of intense light — rose, trembled, and disappeared.

The King of the Golden River had evaporated!

“Oh!” cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. “Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!”

#### HANS

20 The King of the Golden River had hardly vanished, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house.

As soon as they discovered the total loss of their last piece of plate they became very angry. They stood over poor Gluck, beating him for a quarter of an hour. Then they dropped into a couple 25 of chairs, and asked him what he had to say for himself.

Then Gluck told them his story. They did not, of course, believe a word of it, so they beat him again, till their arms were tired.

In the morning, however, Gluck told his story over again, and with so much earnestness that the brothers thought that possibly 30 it might be true. They immediately began to dispute who should try his fortune first and after much wrangling they drew their swords and began to fight.

The noise of the struggle alarmed the neighbors, and they sent for the constable. Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and 35 hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, and thrown into prison for breaking the peace.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, and put some holy water into a strong flask. With two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket slung over his back, he took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

5 On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison. As he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out between the bars, and looking very gloomy.

“Good-morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

10 Schwartz ground his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength. But Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself very comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of water in Schwartz’s face, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

15 It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for.

Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley. Out of this mist rose the lofty mountains, their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, 20 which ran along their sharp edges, and pierced in long level rays through their fringes of spear-like pine.

Far above, shot up red masses of jagged rock, splintered into myriads of fantastic forms, while here and there a streak of sunlit snow seemed to run down their sides like a line of forked lightning. 25 And far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow. The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow — all but the uppermost jets of spray. These rose like slow smoke above the waterfall, 30 and floated away in wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans’ eyes and thoughts were fixed. Forgetting the distance he had to travel, he set off at a rapid rate, which greatly tired him before he had scaled even the first range of low, green hills.

35 He was, moreover, surprised, on reaching the tops of these hills, to find that a large glacier lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it, however, with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer. Yet he thought he had never in his life travelled over so strange or so dangerous a glacier.

40 The ice was very slippery, and out of all its hollows came wild sounds of gushing water. It was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of

splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all the outlines, resembling living features, distorted and scornful.

Deceitful shadows and pale yellow lights played and floated about, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller. His ears  
5 grew dull and his head dizzy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. The sounds increased as he advanced; the ice crashed and parted into fresh openings at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path. Though he had often faced such dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and  
10 in the wildest weather, it was with a new feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last opening in the ice, and flung himself exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to throw away his basket of food, on the glacier, because of its weight, and so had now no means of refresh-  
15 ing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst. An hour's rest was sufficient for his hardy limbs, and with the eager spirit of greed, he set forth again upon his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks. There  
20 was not a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle of rock to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the hot rays beat down upon the steep path. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the heat seemed unbearable. Hans soon began to feel a dreadful thirst. Again and again he looked at  
25 the flask of water which hung at his belt.

"Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him. He thought it  
30 moved. It was a little dog, apparently dying from thirst. Its eye moved appealingly to the bottle which Hans held in his hand.

He raised it, drank, kicked the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

35 The path became steeper and more rugged every moment. The high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the high waterfalls sounded like mockery in his ears. They were also distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the  
40 flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it.

He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved

in the path above him. It was a little child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock. Its eyes were closed, and its lips were parched and burning.

Hans eyed it, slowly drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness. The leaden weight of the still air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near.

10 He saw the topmost waterfall of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and then sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. He eyes were sunk, 15 his features deadly pale.

"Water!" — he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly — "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on.

20 Then a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east shaped like a sword. It shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with a heavy black shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at 25 the brink of the cleft through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset. They shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of light gleamed along their foam. Their sound became mightier and mightier. Hans' brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from 30 his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent.

As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

### The Black Stone.

#### SCHWARTZ

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for 35 Hans' return. Finding his brother did not come back, he was terribly frightened. He went to the prison and told Schwartz all that had happened. But Schwartz was very much pleased, and

said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself.

But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house; nor was there any money. So Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith; and he worked so hard and so long every day, that he soon saved money enough to pay Schwartz's fine and get him out of prison.

Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and promised to give him some of the gold from the river. Gluck, however, only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

So Schwartz got up early in the morning, before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and some holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains.

Like his brother, he was much surprised at sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it. He, too, had to leave his basket behind him.

The day was cloudless, but not bright. There was a heavy haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep, rocky path, a great thirst came upon him, as it had come upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink.

Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on.

And as he went, he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west.

When he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk.

Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path and heard him cry out for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes. He looked up, and behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun. The bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

For another hour Schwartz climbed, and again his thirst returned. As he lifted his flask once more to his lips, he thought he saw his

brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him. While he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water.

“Ha, ha,” laughed Schwartz, “are you there? Remember the 5 prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?” And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back, but the figure was not there.

10 A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why. But the thirst for gold overcame his fear, and he rushed on. The bank of black cloud rose to mid-heaven, and out of it came bursts of lightning; waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. The sky, where the sun was 15 setting, was like a lake of blood, and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness.

And, when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire. 20 The roar of the waters below and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. The moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

### Two Black Stones.

#### GLUCK

25 When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard this time, and gave him very little pay in return.

So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his 30 mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River.

“The little king looked very kind,” thought he. “I don’t think he will turn me into a black stone.” So Gluck took some bread in his basket and a bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

53 If the glacier had been very hard for his brothers to cross, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains.

He had several very bad falls; he lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day.

5 When he had climbed for an hour, he grew dreadfully thirsty, and was about to drink, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst. Give me some of that water."

10 Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water.

"Only, pray, don't drink it all," said Gluck.

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck  
15 went on again merrily. The path now seemed easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it. Some grasshoppers began to sing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry music.

He went on for another hour, and his thirst increased so that he  
20 thought he must drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops.

25 The child smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill. Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star; then he turned and began climbing again.

And then there were all kinds of flowers growing on the rocks; bright green moss with pale, pink, starry flowers, and soft-belled  
30 gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest; and pure, white transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became  
35 unbearable again. He looked at his bottle, and saw that there were only five or six drops left in it. He could not venture to drink but as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath, just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent.

40 Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in the first attempt. So

he tried to pass the dog, but it whined so piteously, that Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it."

5 He looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not bear it. "Confound the king and his gold, too!" said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the poor dog's mouth.

10 The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears become long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling. In three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old friend, *the King of the Golden River*.

15 "Thank you," said the King; "but don't be frightened, it's all right. Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending those rascally brothers of yours, and giving me the trouble of turning them into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

20 "Oh, dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?" "Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I am going to allow that? Water," and his face grew stern as he spoke, "which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, but the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy."

25 So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew.

The dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said; "then go down on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so, good speed."

30 As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air, the King had disappeared.

35 Then Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were as clear as crystal, and as bright as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small whirl-pool, into which the waters rushed with a musical noise.

40 Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed. Not only was the river not turned into gold, but its waters seemed to grow much less in quantity.



Yet he obeyed his friend, the dwarf, and went down on the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley. As he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley behold, 5 a river like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in many streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

As Gluck gazed, behold, fresh grass sprang up beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening 10 soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the riversides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening; and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew.

Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance 15 which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley. The poor were never driven from his door. His barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And for him, the river had, even as the dwarf had promised, become a River of Gold.

20 And, to this day, the people of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream. They trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it comes out in the Treasure Valley.

And at the top of the waterfall of the Golden River are still to 25 be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset. These stones are still called by the people of the valley,

### **The Black Brothers.**

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809, the son of Abdiel Holmes, who was then minister of the "First Church in Cambridge." On both sides Holmes was descended from old New England families with traditions of high position and culture. Anne Bradstreet, the forgotten poetess of early New England, was among his ancestors. His own father was a learned man. In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Holmes himself says, "I was born and bred among books, and those who knew what was in books."

At sixteen, Holmes entered Harvard College, graduating in 1829. For a year he studied law, and then turned to medicine, studying in Paris and London, and taking his degree of M.D. at Harvard in 1836. He practised for two years and then for a year was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College. But in 1840, the year of his marriage to Amelia Lee Jackson, he settled down as a general practitioner in Boston. In 1847, he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, a position he retained for thirty-five years. He lived in Boston, on Charles Street, near the Charles River, and later moved to Beacon Street, where his windows also looked over the river. Here he died October 7, 1894,

While Dr. Holmes was gaining professional fame by his reforming methods and medical lectures, Oliver Wendell Holmes was gaining fame as a poet. Before 1857, much of his best known verse was written, among it "Old Ironsides." In 1857, the *Atlantic Monthly* was started with James Russell Lowell as editor. He invited Holmes to contribute and published the twelve papers of *The Autocrat* in the first twelve numbers of that magazine which once embodied the spirit of the "Boston school" of American literature.

Of this school, Holmes is a foremost member. He belonged to the famous Saturday club with Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Thoreau, Bayard Taylor, and the publisher, James T. Fields, to name only the best known. To know intimately the men of that Saturday Club was enough to keep a man's mind growing even without wide travel and knowledge of the world. And Holmes, with his love of fun, his insight into human nature, his power of depicting life, is by no means a narrow man, despite his localism.

Every child has learned "Old Ironsides," the poem that saved the frigate *Constitution* for the nation. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* contains much of the good poetry written by Holmes. Of his humorous and most frequent verse, "My Sunday Breeches" and "The Deacon's Masterpiece: or the Wonderful 'One-Horse-Shay'" are known throughout the country. Of his serious verse, "The Chambered Nautilus" is probably most familiar. *Elsie Venner* is the best of his fiction,

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

- This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main —  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,  
5 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold seamaids rise to sun their streaming hair.
- Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
10 And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed —  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!
- 15 Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
20 Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old no more.
- Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
25 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear its rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:
- 30 "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
35 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"
- 35°

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### LAMB

Charles Lamb was born in London, February 10, 1775, and was the youngest child of John and Elizabeth Lamb. His father was a native of Lincolnshire and had for many years been a clerk to Samuel Salt, a lawyer of the Inner Temple. In the Temple, Charles was born and here he spent the first seven years of his life. His associations with the spot are made familiar to us in the essay on the *Old Benchers*, and it was in the library of Mr. Samuel Salt that he acquired his love for old English authors. Indeed, the greater, and by far the most valuable part of his education was obtained in this library.

At the age of seven, Lamb was entered as a pupil in Christ's Hospital School. He has himself described for us his life here, as well as his friendship for the poet Coleridge, which lasted as long as they both lived. Lamb was obliged to leave school at fifteen, for his father was unable to send him to the university and needed his help. He therefore secured a position in the South-Sea House, where his elder brother John had an appointment.

At the age of seventeen he attained the office of clerk with the East India Company. Here for thirty-three years he labored every day. The work was irksome to him. "O, for a few years between the grave and the desk!" he sighed. But no occupation could extinguish his lightness of spirit, and he had his reward in 1825, when the company allowed him to retire with a pension.

The even tenor of those thirty-three years was marked by only one event of importance, but that was so tragic and terrible that the whole course of Lamb's life was determined by it. There was insanity in the Lamb family; Charles himself had experienced a touch of it. But in 1796 his sister Mary was seized with a violent fit of madness, in the course of which she stabbed her invalid mother. The father, already old and broken, survived his wife but a few months, and Charles and Mary were left alone.

The latter recovered her reason, but henceforth the attacks were of almost yearly occurrence. Her brother gave up every other interest in life to devote himself to her. When Mary felt the attacks coming on the brother obtained a day's leave as for a holiday and carried her to the asylum. Then he shut himself up alone, and went in heaviness of spirit until she was herself again.

In spite of this great cross Charles and Mary were happy. They were beautifully devoted to each other. "She is older and wiser and better than me," he said, "and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell with me. She lives but for me." They met every misfor-

tune in a resolute spirit of cheerfulness. They delighted in their friends and their Wednesday evenings at home became noted for the number and literary fame of the friends who attended them. Of all that brilliant circle, he was the soul, "the centre from which and to which tended the stream of talk." His gaiety was never forced, his jests never left a sting.

Lamb wrote very much as he talked. His essays are only charming conversations on a great variety of subjects, more perfectly finished in style, perhaps, but quite as informal and spontaneous as his talk. His first attempt at writing, save for a few poems, was the tale of *Rosamond Gray*. Although Shelley called it a "lovely thing," it lacked continuity of narrative and dramatic quality, as did a farce which he wrote later, and which proved a failure on the stage.

In the *Tales from Shakespeare*, however, Lamb found a more congenial task. These he wrote in collaboration with his sister, and his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare* established him as a critic of rare quality.

Lamb's last years, though made more congenial on account of his greater leisure, were filled with worry over the increase of his sister's malady. In 1834, Coleridge died, and Lamb never recovered from the blow. He kept repeating "Coleridge is dead," and survived him but a few months. His death occurred December 27, 1834. His unfortunate sister lingered on for three years.

## LAMB'S PREFACE TO THE TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

The following Tales are meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare, for which purpose his words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in: and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote: therefore words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided.

In those Tales which have been taken from the Tragedies, as my young readers will perceive when they come to see the source from which these stories are derived, Shakespeare's own words, with little alteration, recur very frequently in the narrative as well as in the dialogue; but in those made from the Comedies I found myself scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form: therefore I fear in them I have made use of dialogue too frequently for young people not used to the dramatic form of writing. But this fault, if it be, as I fear, a fault, has been caused by my earnest wish to give as much of Shakespeare's own words as possible: and if the "*He said*," and "*She said*," the question and the reply, should sometimes seem tedious to their young ears, they must pardon it, because it was the only way I knew of, in which I could give them a few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years, when

they come to the rich treasures from which these small and valueless coins are extracted; pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakespeare's matchless image. Faint and imperfect images they must be called, because the beauty of his language is too frequently destroyed by the necessity of changing many of his excellent words into words far less expressive of his true sense, to make it read something like prose; and even in some places, where his blank verse is given unaltered, as hoping from its simple plainness to cheat the young readers into the belief that they are reading prose, yet still his language being transplanted from its own natural soil and wild poetic garden, it must want much of its native beauty.

I have wished to make these Tales easy reading for very young children. To the utmost of my ability I have constantly kept this in my mind; but the subjects of most of them made this a very difficult task. It was no easy matter to give the histories of men and women in terms familiar to the apprehension of a very young mind. For young ladies too it has been my intention chiefly to write, because boys are generally permitted the use of their father's libraries at a much earlier age than girls are; they frequently have the best scenes of Shakespeare by heart, before their sisters are permitted to look into this manly book; and, therefore, instead of recommending these Tales to the perusal of young gentlemen who can read them so much better in the originals, I must rather beg their kind assistance in explaining to their sisters such parts as are hardest for them to understand; and when they have helped them to get over the difficulties, then perhaps they will read to them (carefully selecting what is proper for a young sister's ear) some passage which has pleased them in one of these stories, in the very words of the scene from which it is taken; and I trust they will find that the beautiful extracts, the select passages, they may choose to give their sisters in this way, will be much better relished and understood from their having some notion of the general story from one of these imperfect abridgments; which if they be fortunately so done as to prove delightful to any of you, my young readers, I hope will have no worse effect upon you, than to make you wish yourselves a little older, that you may be allowed to read the plays at full length (such a wish will be neither peevish nor irrational). When time and leave of judicious friends shall put them into your hands, you will discover in such of them as are here abridged (not to mention almost as many more which are left untouched) many surprising events and turns of fortune, which for their infinite variety could not be contained in this little book, besides a world of sprightly and cheerful characters, both men and women, the humor of which I was fearful of losing if I attempted to reduce the length of them.

What these Tales have been to you in childhood, that and much more it is my wish that the true plays of Shakespeare may prove to you in older years — enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples, teaching these virtues, his pages are full.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was a usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment, of the money he lent with such severity, that he was 5 much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant 10 Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, 15 and had the most unwearied spirit of doing courtesies; indeed he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, 20 having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

25 One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady 30 had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.

35 Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with mer-

chandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest 5 he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock, thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money *gratis*; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-  
10 earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio finding he was musing with himself and did not answer, and being impatient for money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? Will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often  
15 you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me, with your foot, as if I were a cur. Well then, it now appears  
20 you need my help; and you come to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spat upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys?" Antonio replied,  
25 "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty." "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have  
30 your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock still pretending kindness, and that all he did was but to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand  
35 ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

40 "Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him;



and still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O father Abraham, 5 what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the execution of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, 10 as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, An- 15 tonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, 20 of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time 25 consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful 30 modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle 35 spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours, is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself are yours, my lord; I give them with 40 this ring:" presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a

man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

5 Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

10 "With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was  
15 true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio  
20 containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first  
25 imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which  
30 Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, "Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding,  
35 use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter." "O my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch the business and begone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will  
40 dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married

to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheerfully to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defense.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew, and she saw Bassanio, but he knew

her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's in proportion as mercy tempered justice: and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which, Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said; "By my soul I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me." "Why, then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife;" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio with a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this

misfortune for you! Commend me to your honorable wife and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks if she were present to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond."

"Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio he said, "Come, prepare!" "Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved

the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O  
5 wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance,  
10 cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a  
15 pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die; and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate."  
"Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped  
20 him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

25 The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it: half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share  
30 of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited  
35 her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home: send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter." "Get thee gone then," said the duke,  
40 "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He

then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was 5 sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman, for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio 10 have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but 15 upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger; now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him, to make a merry jest when she saw Bas- 20 sanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, 25 because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

30 "Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, 35 she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

40 Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw;

the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing  
10 themselves in their own apparel they awaited the arrival of their husbands who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the  
15 room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said  
20 Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman." "By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself: he was clerk to the  
25 young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano  
30 in excuse for his fault now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught  
35 her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him he went dis-  
40 pleased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I



think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

- 5 Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more  
10 break his faith with you." "Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how  
15 she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which  
20 by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical  
25 adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives; Gratiano merrily swearing in a sort of rhyming speech, that

— while he lived, he'd fear no other thing,  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

## AS YOU LIKE IT

During the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

5 The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease  
10 they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under  
15 the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the  
20 duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors: they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition: and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find  
25 that, howsoever, men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralizing  
30 turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick, when he banished her father,  
35 still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which

the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father's banishment and her own dependence on the false usurper made Rosalind melancholy, Celia's whole care was to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favorite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match therefore Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for a large and powerful man, who had long been practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men: in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered, there is one shamed that was never gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no

injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was, like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him.

10 The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and  
15 skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some  
20 years; but when he was living he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke: therefore when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill-humor. Hating to hear the very name  
25 of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favorite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father  
30 loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and en-  
35 couraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

40 When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possi-

ble you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay; for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and ate together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience, speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favor, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and, leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore: she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to defray

their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, Aliena.

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no further; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel: and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke: and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and have perished for want of food; but, providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

The man replied, that he was only servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house, to wait on them; and being by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed

to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary 10 miles as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of 15 his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver, on his blessing, to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely 20 neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished 25 to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

30 When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, Oliver's envy and malice knew no bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he 35 resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations: "O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland! why are you virtuous? why 40 are you gentle, strong, and valiant? and why would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant,

asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him by setting fire to his chamber that night; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight: and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision  
10 for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and He that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old, I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well  
15 appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out;  
20 and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue.  
25 Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food — I can go no further!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he  
30 said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here a while, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal  
35 duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady cover of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him if dis-  
40 tress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat



with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore, I put  
5 on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eye-  
10 lids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with  
15 holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a  
20 weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing  
25 Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burden; you are both welcome:" and they fed the old man and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was: and when he found that  
30 he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the  
35 shepherd's cottage.

Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which  
40 Rosalind had given him about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favor, had so won

his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in praise of her beauty; but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a  
5 likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Ganymede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humor talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest,  
10 and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke,  
15 and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt. "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me  
20 in the same manner as you would do if I were Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a  
25 playful courtship: and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any  
30 progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play (not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede's, who enjoyed  
35 the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person.

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock  
40 courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando.

Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did; which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, 10 glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man 15 from the danger of the snake and lioness: but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry 20 lioness: but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother: and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, 25 she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he 30 repented of his unworthy conduct and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: and they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest 35 bent on his destruction.

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen 40 him.

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story

of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made  
5 such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede,  
10 who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted: and when he recovered, he pretended he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver  
15 saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

20 Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favorable ear  
25 to his suit, even in this their first interview; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd, and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be  
30 to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this: she is now alone; for look, here comes her brother." Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had seen approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

35 When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

40 Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish: for on the morrow he would engage to make

Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would  
5 bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes,  
10 and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

15 They being all assembled to celebrate this double marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing it was his own daughter that was to be brought  
20 in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the  
25 duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here?" "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's  
30 apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena, changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and  
35 Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his  
40 blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story

of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendor usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete  
10 the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest  
15 of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced to the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him, with all his faithful followers, to the sword; but by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention;  
20 for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved,  
25 relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related), to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends,  
30 the faithful followers of his adversity.

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished  
35 her joy very sincerely, though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those true  
40 friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

## WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

### TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

#### NOTE

At noon, on April 30, 1789, Washington took the oath of office and entered upon his duties as President. For eight years he held the office. He called to his Cabinet the wisest men of the nation. Through good and evil report he led his country safely, guarding her from dangers at home and abroad. He still kept his old habits of rising at four and retiring at nine, and his chief recreations were riding and driving. He never lost his love for good horses nor his ability to manage them.

Mrs. Washington was a lady very courteous and kindly in manner, and filled her position as wife of the first President with great dignity and sweetness of character. But her heart was in her home at Mount Vernon, and they both longed for the time when they could return to it.

After serving eight years, Washington declined another term. For more than twenty years he had really stood at the head of the nation. He had started the country on the road to prosperity and was tired alike of flattery and of censure. Now that his country no longer stood in peril, he would go back to his dearly loved farm. But before he went he wrote his famous "Farewell Address to the People of the United States." The one aim of his life had been to serve his country faithfully, and the address was full of advice, warning, and political wisdom. He attended the inauguration of the new President, John Adams. As he returned to his own home, the people crowded around him and cheered and cheered. He smiled and waved his hat to them, his hair, grown white in their service, blown about his face by the wind. Upon the threshold he turned and looked long and earnestly at them. His face was very pale and tears stood in his eyes. He waved his hand to them and passed into the house.

Once more he returned to the quiet of his home and the society of his family, but he was not allowed to enjoy it long. War was threatened between France and the United States, and President Adams appointed him Commander-in-Chief once more. In March, 1797, he had returned to his home; in July, 1798, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and quietly and without complaint took up the burden he had so gladly laid down.

But he did not bear it long. On December 12th, 1799, while riding over his farm, he was caught in a storm of sleet and rain and reached home chilled through by the exposure. The next day he complained of a sore throat and during the night was seized with a severe chill. Early in the morning of December 14, physicians were called, but could do nothing for him, and between ten and eleven that night, after a day of most acute suffering, he passed away.

His body was laid to rest in the family vault at Mount Vernon amid the tears of the whole nation. Beside him sleeps his "Dear Patsy," she who made his home life so peaceful and happy. The old mansion stands to-day as it stood then, and Washington's bedrom and library remain as they were when he last occupied them.

The house, tomb, and two hundred acres of the estate were purchased in 1858 by the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, and are preserved as a memorial of their owner.

Many monuments have been erected in his honor in different cities, and though one hundred years have passed since a mourning nation laid him to rest in lovely Mount Vernon, yet to this day all boats going up and down the beautiful Potomac River toll their bells softly when passing the tomb of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

"The first, the last, the best;  
The Cincinnatus of the West."

But best known to the people of his own and other lands as, George Washington, the Father of his Country.

### *Friends and Fellow-Citizens:*

The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

10 I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced  
15 by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto, in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform  
20 sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my  
25 inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs



with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice, that the state of your concern, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied, that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free

constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so: for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any

portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country 5 has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political prin- 10 ciples. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address them- 15 selves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here, every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, pro- 20 tected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the production of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce 25 expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The 30 *East*, in a like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of the interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth 35 and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as *one nation*. Any other tenure 40 by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external  
5 danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations, and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be  
10 sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly  
15 hostile to Republican Liberty. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the  
20 UNION as a primary object of Patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments  
25 for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriot-  
30 ism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matters of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by *Geographical* discriminations, *Northern* and *Southern*, *Atlantic* and *Western*; whence  
35 designing men may endeavor to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burn-  
40 ings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other, those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country

have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof  
5 how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States, unfriendly to their interests in regard to the Mississippi; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they  
10 could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the UNION by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect  
15 them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions, which all alliances  
20 in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own  
25 choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its  
30 authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty.

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit  
35 and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations  
40 and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this

fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels, and mollified by mutual interests.

- 10 However combinations or associations of the above descriptions may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of govern-  
 15 ment; destroying afterwards the very engines, which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the  
 20 changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit  
 30 of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is  
 35 indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprise of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to main-  
 40 tain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state,

with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

- 5 This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.
- 10 The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and
- 15 miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.
- 20 Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it. It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the
- 25 Public Administration. It agitates the Community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one party against another, foment occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels
- 30 of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is

35 probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Government purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that

40 spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands

a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against the invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our own country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment, in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public-felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us, with caution, indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle,



It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts 5 to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

10 As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; 15 avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen, which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs 20 to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payments of debts there must be Revenue; that to have Revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised, which are not 25 more or less inconvenient and unpleasant, that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for 30 obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? 35 It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great Nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary dvantages, 40 which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its Virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by

every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular Nations, 5 and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is 10 sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, 15 and bloody contests. The Nation, prompted by ill will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the 20 nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite Nation, 25 facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite Nation of 30 privileges denied to others which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded 35 citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base of foolish 40 compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened

and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the Public Councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is but one of the most baneful foes of Republican  
10 Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger on only one side, and serve to veil and even  
15 second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is,  
20 in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none,  
25 or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or  
30 enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take  
35 such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

40 Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and

prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far I mean, as we are now at liberty  
5 to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is un-  
10 necessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended  
15 by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with power  
20 so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and  
25 circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character: that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given the equivalent for  
30 nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

35 In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But,  
40 if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good: that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the

mischief of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties I have been guided 5 by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relating to the still subsisting war in Europe, my Proclamation 10 of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index of my Plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

15 After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with 20 moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations, which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been 25 virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

30 The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanely speaking, the 35 command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many 40 errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my Country will never cease to view

them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

5 Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign  
10 influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

*United States, September 17th, 1796.*

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### HENRY

Patrick Henry was born in Virginia, May 29, 1736. His mother was a bright, vivacious lady, much loved by her friends for her warm heart. His father, a man of strong intellect, had been educated in Scotland, and was held in high esteem among his Virginia neighbors. From time to time he held the position of county surveyor, colonel of the Virginia regiment, and presiding judge in the county court.

From this we learn that Patrick Henry came from good stock, and that his brains and talent were directly inherited.

Patrick Henry's "schooling" was most irregular. There were no public schools in Virginia, for this was the colony of which Governor Berkeley said, "Thank God, we have no public schools!" Wealthy families imported teachers from England for the children, and bought them much as one would buy a slave or any piece of household furniture.

But Patrick Henry's father could not afford the luxury of one of these teachers, therefore what education Patrick Henry received, he received from his father himself. Fortunately, the father was well educated in the classics, and although the boy's education may have been irregular, it was along best lines, such of it as there was. So at the age of fifteen he was well versed in Latin and Greek and mathematics. At this time Patrick Henry was set to work in the shop of a country tradesman near his home. At the end of one year, the father established Patrick and an older brother in business, and together the two tried to carry on a country store. But Patrick was lazy, and his brother was lazier. Both were roaming in their tastes, preferring hunting and fishing to attending to business. In a short time, then, the business was a failure, and Patrick and his brother retired from the merchant world.

Then Patrick married the daughter of a farmer near by, and the fathers established the young people on a small farm. But to one of Patrick's temperament farming was even less congenial than shop-keeping. Therefore, at the end of two years Patrick sold off his farm and slaves and with the money again opened a village store. For three years he carried on this store, and at the end "failed" in most royal fashion.

Nevertheless the problem of how to earn a living was staring him boldly in the face. What should he do? Return to the farm? No. To shop-keeping? No. For neither of these had he any liking or talent. One day the thought came to him, "Why not be a lawyer?" The more he thought of it the more it seemed to be the one thing in which he might succeed. From a boy he had been master of the art of conversation, and

among his fellows he was looked upon as something of a genius at argument.

Accordingly, one morning in the early spring of 1760, Patrick Henry presented himself at the door of Thomas Jefferson, then a college lad at the college of William and Mary, and announced that he had come to gain admission to the bar.

One of the examiners was Mr. John Randolph, who was afterwards the king's attorney-general for the colony—a gentleman of the most courtly elegance of person and manners, a polished wit, and a profound lawyer. At first, he was so much shocked by Mr. Henry's very ungainly figure and address, that he refused to examine him. Understanding, however, that he had already obtained two signatures, he entered with manifest reluctance on the business. A very short time was sufficient to satisfy him of the erroneous conclusion which he had drawn from the exterior of the candidate. With evident marks of increasing surprise (produced, no doubt, by the peculiar texture and strength of Mr. Henry's style, and the boldness and originality of his combinations), he continued the examination for several hours, interrogating the candidate, not on the principles of municipal law, in which he no doubt soon discovered his deficiency, but on the laws of nature and of nations, on the policy of the feudal system, and on general history, which last he found to be his stronghold. During the very short portion of the examination which was devoted to the common law, Mr. Randolph dissented, or affected to dissent, from one of Mr. Henry's answers, and called upon him to assign the reasons of his opinion. This produced an argument, and Mr. Randolph now played off on him the same arts which he himself had so often practiced on his country customers, drawing him out by questions, endeavoring to puzzle him by subtleties, assailing him by declamation, and watching continually the defensive operations of his mind. After a considerable discussion, he said, "You defend your opinions well, sir; but now to the law and to the testimony." Hereupon he carried him to his office, and, opening the authorities, said to him: "Behold the force of natural reason! You have never seen these books, nor this principle of the law; yet you are right and I am wrong. And from this lesson which you have given me (you must excuse me for saying it) I will never trust to appearance again. Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius, I augur that you will do well, and become an ornament and an honor to your profession."

From this trying ordeal Patrick Henry rode back to his home. He was elated by his success, to be sure, and told it proudly to his admiring family; but in his own heart there was serious reflection. He knew his own lack of fitness for the work; he knew his shallowness, as he had seen himself in comparison with the four men by whom he had been examined, and then and there promised himself solemnly and seriously to begin at once hard work and study, and so in very truth fit himself for the profession he had chosen.

In the year 1775, Virginia held another convention, and Patrick again placed himself before his people as a fiery speech maker and an ardent son



of liberty. Matters had been going from bad to worse in the weeks that had passed since the Congress at Philadelphia. There seemed now no possibility of peace, and Patrick Henry boldly declared his desire to fight for the principle of liberty. Everywhere in the colonies the militia was in training, and war was expected; even Pennsylvania, that Quaker, peace-loving colony, had boldly proclaimed that if the administration should determine by force to effect a submission to the late arbitrary acts of the British Parliament, it would resist such force; and at every hazard defend the rights and liberties of America.

Then it was, in the midst of such uprising, that Patrick Henry took the floor of this Virginia convention and presented his famous resolutions:

*“Resolved”* — and his strong, clear voice rang out — “That a well-regulated militia, composed of gentlemen and yeomen, is the natural strength and only security of a free government; that such a militia in this colony would forever render it unnecessary for the mother country to keep among us, for the purpose of our defence, any standing army of mercenary forces, always subversive of the quiet and dangerous to the liberties of the people, and would obviate the pretext of taxing us for their support.

*“Resolved,* That the establishment of such a militia is at this time peculiarly necessary, by the state of our laws for the protection and defence of the country, some of which have already expired, and others will shortly do so; and that the known remissness of government in calling us together in a legislative capacity, renders it too insecure, in this time of danger and distress, to rely that opportunity will be given of renewing them in general assembly, or making any provision to secure our inestimable rights and liberties from those further violations with which they are threatened.

*“Resolved,* therefore, That this colony be immediately put into a posture of defence; and that . . . be a committee to prepare a plan for the embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men as may be sufficient for that purpose.”

These resolutions were resisted by the convention with vigor. Not that the men were not in sympathy with Patrick Henry in this matter, but no public man had before spoken openly of war with Great Britain. In every colony men were saying, “If this, that, or the other is not done, war will come.” But Patrick Henry, as he introduced his resolutions, said, “Why talk of things being done which can avert this war? Such things will not be done. The war is coming. It has come already.” The feeling in the convention was that to adopt the resolutions — innocent enough in themselves. — would be to declare war; and for that the men of Virginia were not ready.

Patrick Henry, however, was not to be put down. Again he rose; and then followed that speech which every patriotic American boy loves to recite.

## PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH

### NOTE

A clergyman in describing this scene in the convention said, "Henry rose with an unearthly fire burning in his eye. He commenced somewhat calmly, but the smothered excitement began more and more to play upon his features and thrill in the tones of his voice. The tendons of his neck stood out white and rigid like whipcords. His voice rose louder and louder, until the walls of the building, and all within them, seemed to shake and rock in its tremendous vibrations. Finally, his pale face and glaring eye became terrible to look upon. Men leaned forward in their seats, with their heads strained forward, their faces pale, and their eyes glaring like the speaker's. His last exclamation, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" was like the shout of the leader which turns back the rout of battle." The old man from whom this tradition was derived added that, when the orator sat down, he himself 'felt sick with excitement.' Every eye yet gazed entranced on Henry. It seemed as if a word from him would have led to any wild explosion of violence. Men looked beside themselves."

Another man describing this same scene said, "The orator's voice, countenance, and gestures gave an irresistible force to his words, which no description could make intelligible to one who had never seen him, nor heard him speak"; but, in order to convey some notion of the orator's manner, this man described the delivery of the closing sentences of the speech: "You remember, sir, the conclusion of the speech, so often declaimed in various ways by school boys, 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!' He gave each of these words a meaning which is not conveyed by the reading or delivery of them in the ordinary way. When he said, 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?' he stood in the attitude of a condemned galley slave, loaded with fetters, awaiting his doom. His form was bowed; his wrists were crossed; his manacles were almost visible as he stood like an embodiment of helplessness and agony. After a solemn pause, he raised his eyes and chained hands towards heaven, and prayed, in words and tones which thrilled every heart, 'Forbid it, Almighty God!' He then turned towards the timid loyalists of the House, who were quaking with terror at the idea of the consequences of participating in proceedings which would be visited with the penalties of treason by the British crown; and he slowly bent his form yet nearer to the earth, and said, 'I know not what course others may take,' and he accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighed down with additional chains. The man appeared transformed into an oppressed, heart-broken and hopeless felon. After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colony under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly, and exclaimed, 'but as for me'—and the words hissed through his clenched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was

strained against the fetters which bound him, and, with his countenance distorted with agony and rage, he looked for a moment like Laocoön in a death struggle with coiling serpents; then the loud, clear, triumphant notes, 'give me liberty,' electrified the assembly. It was not a prayer, but a stern demand, which would submit to no refusal or delay. The sound of his voice, as he spoke these memorable words, was like that of a Spartan pæan on the field of Platæa; and, as each syllable of the word 'liberty' echoed through the building, his fetters were shivered; his arms were hurled apart; and the links of his chain were scattered to the winds. When he spoke the word 'liberty' with an emphasis never given it before, his hands were open, and his arms elevated and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood erect and defiant; while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of Freedom, and expressed all that can be acquired or enjoyed by nations and individuals invincible and free. After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the echo of the word 'liberty' to cease, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side, and clenched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast. He stood like a Roman senator defying Cæsar, while the unconquerable spirit of Cato of Utica flashed from every feature; and he closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, 'or give me death!' which sounded with the awful cadence of a hero's dirge, fearless of death, and victorious in death; and he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast with the right hand, which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart."

No man, Mr. President, thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very honorable gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it  
5 will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I should speak forth my sentiments freely, and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of  
10 awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we owe to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time,  
15 through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth,  
20 and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those

who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last  
10 ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious  
15 reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves,  
20 sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can the gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in  
25 this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

30 And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty, and humble supplication?  
35 What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the  
40 throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence

and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.  
5 If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir — we must fight! An  
10 appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are  
15 totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of Hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

20 Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

25 Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to de-  
30 sire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable. And let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry  
35 peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun.

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be  
40 purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

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